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THE INGENIOUS KNIGHT,
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

**"YO HE DADO EN DON QUIXOTE PASATIEMPO
AL PECHO MELANCOLICO Y MOHINO
EN QUALQUIER SAZON, EN TODO TIEMPO."**

**"I'VE GIVEN IN DON QUIXOTE, TO ASSUAGE
THE MELANCHOLY AND THE MOPING BREAST
PASTIME FOR EVERY MOOD IN EVERY AGE."**

Viaje del Parnaso, cap. iv.

Don Quixote. Lxvi.

©

THE INGENIOUS KNIGHT,
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

COMPOSED BY
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

DEDICATED TO
THE DUKE DE BÉJAR,
MARQUIS DE GIBRALEON, CONDE DE BENALCAZAR AND BANARES,
VIZCONDE DE LA PUEBLA DE ALCOZER,
SEÑOR DE LAS VILLAS DE CAPILLA, CURIEL, AND BURGUILLOS.

A NEW TRANSLATION FROM THE ORIGINALS OF 1605 AND 1608,
BY ALEXANDER JAMES DUFFIELD, WITH SOME OF THE
NOTES OF THE REVEREND JOHN BOWLE, A.M., S.S.A.L.,
JUAN ANTONIO PELLICER, DON DIEGO CLEMENCIN, AND
OTHER COMMENTATORS.

"POST TENEBRAS SPERO LUCEM."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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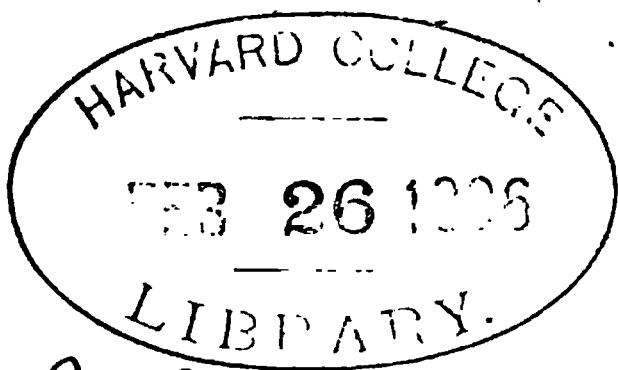
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BOUND, JUN 13 1910

TO THE
RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P.,
PRIME MINISTER AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

SIR,

I dedicate to you this translation. It is a rendering of the work of one who alone knew the nature of the fight he waged, and had assurance of the victory that would follow ; who, single-handed and bereft of sympathy at the time he most needed it, and in a dark day of unwonted length, kept a steady light shining—the light of justice and honour—which never ceased to shine in him, and which became brighter the nearer it approached a more perfect day ; whose courage grew keen and even gay as menace and danger drew near, and who had vouchsafed to him the singular grace of seeing with his mortal eyes the favourable issue of the unequal fight he fought ; who, although despised, hated, and forgotten by those whose pride it should have been to cherish, honour, and uphold him, left to their children benefits which they might have inherited direct from him, but which they must now receive through the stranger's hand ; whose constancy in adversity has endeared him to the noblest and best in the world, and whose purity of life and stainless honour have placed him in the foremost rank of men ; whose work will never die, while above and beyond it its author will live, as he himself believed, where, in a light that is eternal, “shall ripe the bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.”

For more than two centuries and a half the *Don Quixote* of Miguel de Cervantes has been regarded by the thoughtless and the vulgar as a piece of unmatched buffoonery ; and perhaps he who, on

account of the dullness of the times, could only speak to men with success, or even with safety, by means of pregnant wit and laughter, may himself in a measure be said to be the cause of this strange misapprehension. He declares that "to those who were acquainted with the humour of Don Quixote, all that he did was matter of infinite jest;" and adds in the same breath, "but to those who were ignorant of it, it seemed the greatest folly in the world." Those, however, who are in the secret know this to be in part also a jest; and it seems to me that the time has come when his great work should be read not only for the beauty of its excellence, the charm of its style, for its sweet humour and tender compassion, but in order to perceive more clearly and enjoy more thoroughly "the gross and scope" of that jest, as well as for the honour of its author, and the glory of the work which he wrought. For he was one of the most renowned refiners of taste and manners of whom Christendom can boast, and, though dead, yet speaks in all the languages of the polite nations of the world. Therefore I dedicate this translation to you, in the hope that those of our countrymen who have not read this work may be induced to do so, in the belief that no one would dedicate to you a book that was not worthy of their approbation, their esteem, and love.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your faithful and obliged servant,

A. J. DUFFIELD.

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CERVANTES.

AS I sat down to write this notice of the immortal poet, dramatist, novelist, and soldier, whose name is at the top of this page, in my fancy there came a beautiful and flashing angel, which stood over against my desk, and said to me in a clear, free voice—

“Mortal, thou art not worthy to stoop down to unloose the shoe latchet of Cervantes, much less to write of his life.”

As the same thought had many times before passed through my own brain, I was not surprised by the angel's message, albeit I much wondered at his presence ; so, without rising from my settle, I looked up at the fair but sexless being, and said—

“Your highness, I do not presume to write of this renowned man because I deem me worthy, but because I will not suffer any hand but mine to raise this tablet to his memory. I have made two pilgrimages to his birthplace, and I have visited the other places where he lived and wrote his plays, his poems, and his stories ; I have wandered through the now miserable town where, against all law and justice, they thrust him into gaol, and I have stood, many hours at a time, on many a sunny day, on the Spanish shore where he landed free from his long and cruel captivity ; I have read all his works more than once, excepting those which his countrymen tore up, or burnt, or suffered to be lost ; I have read his *Don Quixote* more than twenty times, and have translated it into English better than it has ever been done before, nor have I allowed one graceless or unchaste

word of mine to intrude itself into this, the most chaste and loving book which mortal man has written ; I would have visited his grave, but they could not tell me where they had laid him ; and——”

“ Enough,” said the shining one, and straightway soared into the blue ether ; and, while yet a good way off, the immortal turned and bestowed upon me a most sweet smile, and then, swift as lightning, swept from my sight, and I went on with my work, glad that the heavenly ones had not forgotten the way to our earthly tabernacle.

I did afterwards think that, perhaps, the angel would have remained a longer time with me, but for that earthly failing of mine in boasting of my labours. Nor should I have done so ; nor, in good sooth was it meant for boasting, but rather because I have always held it good manners to speak the truth to those who cannot be deceived. But I spoke more in anger than vain-glory. For if Cervantes was maligned, neglected, and otherwise ill treated in his own time, the same might be said of his works in the all-succeeding time. The *Don Quixote* has been rendered into English after such sort that no publisher with the necessary indecency could be found at this time of day to reprint it, although a priest of Toledo quite recently has publicly praised this special villainy done to one of the immortal books of the world. But on that I will speak more particularly in another page ; at present we are concerned with the man Cervantes, and it is my intention that he shall tell us in his own words such things of himself which all shall be glad to hear, and be much the better for the hearing of them.

He was born at Alcala de Henares, in Castile, on the 9th of October, 1547—at least, so it has been said in official quarters ; but neither the month nor the place of his birth was known to any of his contemporaries, not even to Nicholas Antonio, the great literary chronicler of all Spanish things of note, who died in the same century as Cervantes ; nor was either of these facts known with any certainty until more than two hundred years had rolled on. The day of his birth is

disputed yet, for the only document which Alcala de Henares can produce is a certificate, not of his advent to the earth, but of his regeneration by water, which took place in the church of Santa Maria. However, as it is Cervantes himself who declares that he was born in this said Alcala, we may trust the statement. After his fame had spread through the world, and the honours which had been denied him in his own country had been lovingly bestowed on his memory by all the polite nations of the world, there ensued a general scramble throughout the towns and cities of Spain for the renown of having given him birth.* Seven cities, with the fierce heat which is the special property of religious or literary disputes, contended for this much-envied honour—Madrid, Seville, Toledo, Esquivias, Lucena, Consuegra, and Alcazar de St Juan; but, as has been said, we may rest assured with regard to Alcala de Henares. The fact is of little value. No one now cares for a place which has been allowed to fall into the filthiness which breeds an infectious consumption. It was once glorious in men and in letters. Here, among other noble and famous books, was printed the first great polyglot Bible, in six folio volumes; here Solis was born, as well as Cervantes, and here the great Ximenes lived and built his famous palace of learning. The chapel of this palace still retains some of its ancient excellence, and there are a few relics of the past remaining to make us regret that Spain did not know she was undermining the house of her glory when she allowed the house and city of Cervantes to be invested with the muddy vesture of decay.

At an early age Cervantes left the still banks of the

* The limits which I have imposed on this notice of Cervantes do not admit of the subject of his influence on European literature being discussed here. That is a large topic which, I trust, will ere long be rightly handled. We shall then see to what extent his genius moved and moulded the drama, both in France and in England, and how to him we are indebted for many of the best books which men and women will, in every age, find their delight and pastime in reading. It is to Cervantes we are beholden for the Waverley Novels; and when that fact has been duly recognized, then it will be time to tell how Beaumont and Fletcher, Molière and Fielding, Hudibras-Butler, De Foe, and a host of minor spirits, owe some of the finest emanations of their wisdom and art to him.

Henares for the court, as the staring town on the brink of that motionless cataract of stones, the Manzanares, was then called. In Madrid the young Cervantes was supposed by his kindred to be busy in law studies, or perhaps in the study of physic, or, still more likely, of divine theology. The only certain thing is that he inclined to neither. He rather betook him to poetry, and idleness, and going to the play; he became the friend of the father of the Spanish theatre, and preferred the delights of the stage to the honours of the schools. It is, however, a libel on the character of Cervantes to say that his disregard for learned studies and the seductions of histrionic art unfitted him for the pleasures and pursuits of domestic life. We find him in his twenty-first year still in Madrid, beloved and praised by those who had the guidance of his life. It was about this time that he printed his first verses; and only a few months afterwards, at the invitation of Cardinal Julius Aquaviva, he quitted Madrid for the wider world of Rome. This was in 1569. The year following, the treacherous Turk, who broke his alliance with Venice, like one who can see his way in the night, came and seized upon Cyprus, and took it by assault. For, in a brief parenthesis, it might be said that in 1570 there was much gold in Cyprus, and the official Turk, according to authentic history, has ever had an all-devouring hunger and thirst for ready gold. The gold, in this case, was not yet in its native quartz or mixed with alluvial mud, requiring art and industry to reclaim it, but chased and wrought into fineness and ornament, and worn on the arms and necks and in the ears of Christian maidens, ready for the bloody, snatching fingers of Selim II. and his crew. This taking of Cyprus by the Turk brought on the alliance of Italy with France and Spain and Venice, and the battle of Lepanto; and Cervantes, at the call of a mightier enthusiasm, gave up literature and Rome, and enlisted, first under the banner of the Colonna, but finally deciding for the career of a soldier, fought his first and last battle under Prince Don John of Austria. Here Cervantes lost his left hand, "for the

Hell yes!
The chance to
get rich
quick!

greater glory of the right," and had perforce to give up soldiering with the sword and take to fighting with the pen. Before entering on the new campaign, his experience, that was in after life to give such mastery to his tongue, must needs be widened; and unexpectedly the Turk, against whom he went to fight, took him prisoner on the high seas, carried him to Africa, and kept him there in captivity more than five years—all of which necessary facts, and many more, may be learned in books which dare tell of nothing else. In this captivity he saw more devils than vast hell can hold. Here Cervantes proved that—

*The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name;*

and here he proved the possession of that Ithuriel dignity and splendour of manhood which struck terror in the coward and cruel hearts of the bloody-sceptred tyrants who held him in chains; and here, too, he was the compulsory witness of atrocities committed on his fellow-countrymen, the mere recital of which, three hundred years later, chills the blood with horror, and makes pale with shame for the crimes of man the face of the most courageous amongst us. But that which cowed the spirit of other men made Cervantes bold. He never ceased to hope for deliverance from bondage, but planned and plotted night and day to give freedom to his friends and himself; and no threats, no dreadful, unnamable tortures done upon his companions before his eyes, could daunt his soul or disturb his constant mind.

It appears that a Greek renegade, one Hassan by name, had a garden, some three miles from Algiers and close to the sea, which was placed under the care of a Christian captive, a native of Navarre. It appears also that a large cave had been made in the most hidden recesses of this garden. Cervantes discovered the friendly cave, and in the February

of 1577 fled to it, but not before he had communicated its secret to his friends. By the end of August of the same year many captives made their escape to this now sacred hiding-place, all of them chief men, and among them some of the nobility of Spain. The government, charge, and sustenance of this subterranean commonwealth belonged to Cervantes. It became necessary to take two men into his confidence—one the gardener, to act as a scout; the other a captive and Christian renegade, called El Dorador, who was to be guide on the day of deliverance, and who, in the mean time, acted as steward in the buying of stores for the cavered Christians, and in conveying them to their hiding-place beneath the cover of night. In this way did Cervantes and his friends live for a few months, without any favouring fortune. At length came some hope. It had been agreed and arranged that one Viana, a man accustomed to the sea, should fit out and arm a small vessel; and he, being brave as well as a man of honour, kept his word, after much trial and traffic, and in the middle of one winter's night dropped anchor close in shore, and not far from the cave of our waiting friends. All things being ready, Viana landed at the garden, and made straight for his captives, whose deliverance was nigh. But at that moment it pleased fate that certain careless Moors should pass that way, and suddenly perceiving Viana, perceiving also the delivering barque dancing on the waters, they raised a cry. The authorities were aroused, and the faithful Viana was compelled to retreat to his ship with all speed, and make off before the wind, and before the Algerine pirates could launch out and catch him. In the mean time, Cervantes and his friends remained in ignorance of this furtive visit of the deliverer whom they were expecting.

But El Dorador, or The Gilder, as we should call him, proved to be a worthy helpmate of the devil, and a base, dunghill villain in many ways. Still young, he had for his own lust renounced the Christian religion. Opportunity serving him, he was again received into the Church of his fathers; but lust and lucre again making their appeals to a

heart incapable of honour or pity, he was now to relapse into the renegade again, and it was at that state and stage of his unholy career that Cervantes entrusted him with the secret of his life. The Gilder, perceiving that he could make some gold by the business, went straightway to the authorities on the next morning, and betrayed Cervantes and the secret of the cave. What followed the reader may easily guess, or he may peruse it at length in the formal pages of biographers. The friendly gardener, I may say, was hanged up by one foot, and "strangled in his own blood." Failure followed several other daring attempts to escape, and the great man appears to have passed the years of his captivity in constantly irritating the hearts of his jailers, and fruitlessly cherishing the hope of deliverance in his own. We can thus understand the meaning that he attached to the memorable words which he puts into the mouth of his hero in chapter lviii., Part II., of what may be called his own history: "Liberty, Sancho, is one of the most precious gifts that Heaven hath bestowed upon man; the treasures which are hidden in the earth do not equal it, nor those which are covered up of the sea; for liberty, as for honour, we may, nay must, adventure life, and the greatest ill which can overtake a man is slavery, its contrary."

Deliverance came at length, and by the merciful hand of a monk. Father John Gil borrowed the money by which the redemption of Cervantes was secured, and borrowing money was not sanctified until then. On September 19, 1580, Cervantes returned to his own land to resume his native destiny, "the awful task of achieving fame." "Of delicious love he fabled, yet with stainless virtue;" and because there is not time for all things, with that line from one of our own poets, I propose to pass from the limits of task knowledge and give place to what Cervantes has to tell us of himself. It is taken from the preface to his twelve novels called *Las Novelas Exemplares*, some of which were written before the *Don Quixote*, and all at different times. He first printed them in a collected form in 1613. They throw considerable light on

many passages in his great work ; each has a distinct moral purpose, and all are animated with the same spirit, and written with equal grace and eloquence. "I have called them EXEMPLARY," he explains, "because, if rightly considered, there is not one of them from which may not be drawn some helpful example ; and were it not for fear of being too wearisome, I could show what pleasant and wholesome fruit may be gathered from each separately, or from all of them together." Then, "As there are many persons who would like to know what kind of face and figure he has who makes bold to come before the world with so many works of his own invention," he proceeds to draw the following picture of himself.

"He whom you behold here, with an oval visage, chestnut hair, smooth, open forehead, lively eyes, a curved but well-proportioned nose, a silvery beard which twenty years ago was golden, a full moustache, a small mouth, teeth not much to speak of (for he hath but six, in ill condition and worse placed, no two of them meeting each other) ; a figure midway between two extremes, neither tall nor short ; a quick complexion, rather fair than dark ; somewhat bent in the shoulders, and not very nimble of foot—this, I say, is the author of *Galatea*, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, *Travels in Parnassus*, which he wrote in imitation of *Cesare Caporali Perusino*, and other works which are current among the people and perhaps without the author's name. He is commonly called MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. He was for many years a soldier, and lived for five years and a half in captivity, where he learned to have patience in adversity. He lost his left hand by a musket-shot in the battle of Lepanto, and ugly as this maiming may appear, he regards it as most fair, having received it on the most memorable and sublime occasion which past times have ever seen, or future times can hope to equal, fighting under the victorious banners of the son of that thunderbolt of war, Charles V. of blessed memory. . . . My intent hath been to set up in the midst of our commonwealth a billiard-table,* at which every one may amuse

* A billiard-table, or *tabla de truco*. As played in the time of Cervantes, it

himself without hurt of body or soul, for innocent pastimes do good rather than harm. One cannot always be at church, or always saying one's prayers, or for ever at business, however important that might be. There are hours for recreation when the wearied mind should seek repose. It is to this end that groves of trees are planted in which to walk, waters are brought from distant springs, hills levelled, and gardens cultivated with care. One thing I dare affirm : could I by any means suppose that these novels would excite one evil thought or desire in those who read them, I would rather cut off the hand with which I write than give them to the people. I am at an age when it does not become me to trifle with the life to come, for I am upwards of sixty-four."

This is a portrait fitter than any limner could have drawn for us, and which, in reality, has supplied painters and engravers with the means of producing his likeness.

Besides this, and the autobiographical passages contained in both of the prefaces to the *Don Quixote*, Cervantes speaks even more directly of himself in his delightful satire, *Travels in Parnassus*, or *El Viaje del Parnaso*, than he does in any of his other works. Here he tells us—

*I cut and fashioned by my wit the dress
With which fair GALATEA sought the light,
And left the region of forgetfulness.*

He speaks next of his CONFUSA as "that fair fright which shone at the theatres in bright array ;" of his DON QUIXOTE, which provides "pastime for every mood in every age ;" of his NOVELS, his ROMANCES, and his COMEDIES—

*Whose style of play
To reason so conformed, that on the stage
They showed fair mingling of the grave and gay.*

merely resembled billiards by being played with ivory balls and cues, and on a table supplied with loops or rings, through which the balls were played instead of into pockets. When played with three balls it was called *carambola*. It is a game of skill, requiring patience and temperance in all things, and which yields much pleasure from the exercise it demands and the intelligence it develops in its practice. "Let's to billiards," said Shakespeare in his *Cleopatra*, and Cervantes would also have us play sometimes at the same game.

PERSILES, he expected, would raise his name and works higher than ever. He had also written sonnets "by the dozen," "full of chaste thoughts and subtleness." He also adds that he did array "Three scullion maidens in a comely dress," and—

*To rival Phyllis, my Filena gay
Hath carolled through the woods, whose leafy land
Gave back the sound of many a merry lay.*

The *Travels in Parnassus* did not appear until 1614, when it passed through two editions. The title that Cervantes gave to his poem was *El Viage del Parnaso*, which a bookseller took the liberty to change into *Al Parnaso* in 1784, and which it has retained ever since. What could be the possible sense of *Travels in Parnassus*, the tradesman could not see, but as books of travel were in great demand at the time, "A Voyage to Parnassus" was adopted as an excellent bait to catch a market; nor is this the only daring and forcing violation which the works of Cervantes have suffered at the hands of those whose only object in reproducing them has been to make gain. In this poem, which is full of noble thoughts and happy phrases, the author speaks not only of his works, but of his sorrows, and with perfect freedom describes his extreme poverty and need, his merits as a soldier, his quality as author, and the neglect he had met with, not only from the world, but from those distinguished men who should have been proud to succour and befriend him.

The main object of the *Travels in Parnassus* is to give due praise to all Spanish poets worthy of the name, as well as to banish for ever all the poetasters and couplet-spinners who had debased the Spanish tongue, and corrupted the taste of Spanish readers. Cervantes does this in a vein of inimitable humour, by making himself for the occasion into the responsible adviser of Apollo, and reporter to Mercury on the merits of his contemporaries. What he had already done for the godless books of chivalry by his *Don Quixote*, there is little doubt that he designed to do for the spiritless

pretenders to Poetry, who, by adventitious ways and dishonest means, got themselves proclaimed and praised as favourites of the Muses, and therefore worthy to be the friends of royal people, illustrious persons, and even publishers and booksellers. "If, perchance, thou," he observes in his preface to the poem, "O curious reader, art a poet, and these Travels reach thy fingers—even though they be filchers—and thou findest thyself written about, and noted among the good poets, give thanks to Apollo for the favour done to thee; and if thou art not found there, then also give thanks, and so God keep thee."

It would occupy too much space to enter here upon the construction of this unique composition, and I must content myself with one short extract, if only to endeavour to show somewhat of its beauty and spirit. It is from the fourth book. There we see Cervantes boldly making his way to Apollo, addressing him in a lengthy speech of some hundred lines, and is thus answered by the god :

*"But wouldst thou show thyself, all quarrel gone,
Gay, gladsome, not put out in any wise,
Double thy cloak and seat thyself thereon !
For he who merits luck, which fate denies
Without good reason, and in mood severe,
Is honoured more than if he won the prize."
"My lord, it hath escaped you quite, I fear,
That I possess no cloak," was my reply.
"No less," quoth he, "I'm glad to see thee here ;
For virtue is the cloak which poverty
Wraps round her form to clothe withal her shame,
And so the shafts of envy pass her by."
I bowed my head before the court of Fame,
Remained on foot ; good seat hath none by right
If wealth or favour do not urge the claim.
One near me murmured, pitying my plight,
Deprived of honour which he thought my due,
Fresh from the orb of vigour and of light.
Methought at once a strange resplendent hue
O'erspread the sky, and, lo ! the smitten air
Was pierced with sweetest music through and through ;
And through a gap I spied a squadron fair
Of beauteous nymphs come dancing to the song,
With whom the ruddy god made sporting rare.
In rear of these there came at last along*

*A wondrous being, radiant as the light
 The sun emits amid the starry throng;
 The highest beauty pales before her sight,
 And she remains alone in her array,
 Diffusing round contentment and delight;
 She looked the likeness of Aurora gay
 When, 'mid the roses and the pearly dew,
 She wakes to life and ushers in the day;
 The garments rich and jewels bright of hue,
 Which gemmed her person, might hold rivalry
 With all the world of marvels ever knew;
 The nymphs that did her bidding faithfully,
 In brilliant bearing and in sprightly ease,
 Seemed to me all the liberal arts should be.
 They all with tender love, and, joined to these,
 The sciences, most clear and most reserved,
 Did pay her reverence as on bended knees—
 Showed that in serving her themselves were served,
 And that through her they, 'mid the nations all,
 A higher honour and respect preserved.
 The ocean's currents at her simple call
 Their ebb and flow displayed; the abyss revealed
 The parent source of waters great and small;
 The herbs their virtues at her touch did yield,
 The trees their fruits, its sweetest flowers the vale,
 The stones their worth which lay in them concealed;
 To her did love its chastest joys unveil,
 Benignant peace its quietude and cheer,
 Terrific war its horrors and its wail;
 The spacious path was to her vision clear,
 Through which the sun in never-ending line
 Pursues its natural and fixed career;
 The force of fate which makes our wills incline,
 The elements that form the starry light,
 The influence of this planet or that sign—
 All this she knows, all this she wields aright,
 That holy maid of loveliness complete,
 Who claims at once our wonder and delight.
 I asked the spokesman if beneath that sweet
 And radiant form no god lay in disguise,
 Whom to adore in her were worship meet,
 Since by the rich adornment of her guise,
 And by her gallant mien and bravery,
 She seemed no child of earth, but of the skies.
 "Thou showest," he replied, "thy crass stupidity,
 Since thou hast wooed her now for many a year,
 And knowest not that she is POESY!"*

The GALATEA was his first work, at least of those that have reached us; it was written in 1585, in the midst of his public services and private vicissitudes, the precise nature of which has never been made known. It is a pastoral novel, very characteristic of the youth of Cervantes; is full of the promise of genius, and was written to please the lady with whom he was then in love. It was never completed, perhaps for the reason that he achieved the object of his affection whilst the book was yet half finished. Not only does *Galatea* represent a real lady—and she the lady of his love—but Navarrete asserts that we have, in the character of Tirsi, Damon, Meliso, and others, portraits of Figueroa, Mendoza, Barahona de Soto, Ercilla, and Artieda, all personal friends of Cervantes, and certainly the most celebrated Spanish poets of that time. The book is full of the ways of fashionable writers, the incidents which are crowded into it have little charm, and the metaphysics are, like the poetry, those of a novice. It was, however, very well received in France and Italy as the first fruits of a promising genius, and it contains many things of much interest to him who would understand the heart and mind of our author.

PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA is somewhat better known but not much cared for by the general reader; nor is this difficult to understand, for it is a serious romantic fiction. It was first printed in 1617, and was reprinted the same year in Brussels, Valencia, Pamplona, and Barcelona. It was translated into English the following year, and printed at London in 1619. Fletcher made ample use of it in his *Custom of the Country*; but there is this difference between this, the last work of the aged Cervantes, and the play which the Englishman founded upon it, that the original has a singular grace and beauty of expression, and the play is so indelicate that it even called forth the condemnation of Dryden, who pronounced it in that regard worse than any of his own.

LA CONFUSA, a comedy, like many of his romances, is now lost. Another, *The Filena*, was supposed to have shared the same fate, until my friend DON JOSÉ M. ASENSIO, of

Seville, suggested in the *Cronica de los Cervantistas* for October, 1871, that *Filena* was simply a misprint for *Silena*, the name of the heroine of *La Galatea*. The poem, like all the works of Cervantes, contains many printer's errors,* which have been carefully preserved in all subsequent editions, to the utter confounding of all who have tried to translate it; and there need be little hesitation in accepting Señor Asensio's emendation.

In consequence of it becoming generally known in Spain that many of the works of Cervantes were lost, a strong market sprang up for forgeries, and a young aspirant for fame, Don Adolfo de Castro, made it known, in 1848, that he had discovered a copy of the *Buscapié*, or *The Cracker*, the title of which ran as follows:—"The very pleasant little Book called the Cracker, in which, besides its much and excellent learning, are explained all the hidden and unexplained Matters of the Ingenious Hidalgo, Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by a certain Cervantes de Saavedra." The interest taken in this discovery was great indeed; how many copies its author sold, and what profit he made thereby, I never knew. It was twice translated into English, and is still regarded by many as a rare book, to be carefully read by all who would understand the *Don Quixote*. It is an impudent forgery, made by the help of Bowle's concordance, and an irreverent kind of knowledge of the character and writings of Cervantes, which only a designing impostor could acquire. It is only worth reading to ascertain how far it is possible for a modern Spaniard to misconceive the scope and spirit of the great work of his countryman. This literary fraud was first detected in Spain, but not until after a loud cry had been made, and, of course, many copies sold. It had been rumoured as early as 1775 that the *Buscapié* was written by Cervantes, and Don Antonio Ruydias said that he had seen a copy as much as sixteen years earlier than that date, at the house of

* *Company vereda*, for *campo y vereda*, which are supposed by some to be "plants of rare kind," like *el mastranzo y juncia*, is only one example out of many that might be cited.

El Conde de Salceda, and had also read it, giving a slight sketch of its contents. "This," however, to borrow a phrase from our modern drama, "is another lie," but it served for the foundation of Castro's baseless fabric.

In another preface, that to his Comedies, Cervantes shows himself in another light ; while it may be remarked that in one of the plays, *El Gallardo Español*, he represents a roistering soldier, who gains his living by begging money for the putting up of official prayers for the deliverance of souls from purgatory, and, alas ! getting drunk on the proceeds, of which revolting conduct he declares that he himself was a witness. Such abuses obtained, and being observed by Cervantes, he must needs speak his mind. No wonder, therefore, that those who gained their living by saying such prayers very much hated the man who thus ridiculed and held them up to derision.

It must not be supposed that Cervantes levelled his shafts at religion itself, or at those whose holy lives he was ever foremost in holding up to the love and imitation of men. As he had a quick eye for perceiving good, so had he for the detecting of evil, which could not live in his presence in any of its forms ; and in his dealing with evil he ever sought the use of happy and appropriate means. For which reason he laboured to improve and elevate the theatre, and spoke of it as being a possible means of grace ; and what he has said on players and the value of the theatre to a nation, the reader will discover for himself as he becomes acquainted with his *Don Quixote*. He says in chapter xii. Part II. : "Nor would it be fitting that the properties of comedy should be real, but only feigned and seeming show, like comedy itself, with which, Sancho, I would have thee stand well, holding it in thy favour, and for the same reason those also who represent, as well as those who write comedies ; for they are all instruments of great good to the republic, holding before us at every step a mirror, in which we see in vivid form the actions of human life ; and there is no embodiment of fancy which does more truly present to us what we are, and what we ought to be, than comedy and

comedians." At that time the influence of the drama was greater in Spain than it had ever been. Churches and convents were frequently turned into theatres for the occasional playing of spiritual comedies, but there was a melancholy lack of players, and, the parts being taken by monks and nuns and other ecclesiastical persons, great irregularities ensued. Nor was the Church strong enough to provide a remedy. What, therefore, Cervantes has to say on a matter so vital is full of interest, while it affords us a fresh gleam of his delightful nature and the grasp of his apprehending mind:—

"A few days ago, I took part in a conversation with some friends on the subject of comedies and things pertaining to them. It was discussed with so much subtlety and learning that they came wellnigh to perfection. They spoke also of him who first of all in Spain drew comedy from her swaddling-clothes, gave her an habitation, and decked her in pomp and show. I, as the eldest of those who were present, told how that I remembered seeing the great Lope de Rueda, a man as famous in acting as he was in understanding. He was born at Seville, and by trade a goldbeater. He was admirable in pastoral poetry, and in this quality nor then nor now has there been found his equal. Although, being then a child, I could not judge of the excellences of his verses, yet there still abide in my memory some which I perceive in this my riper age to be worthy of all praise.

"In the time of this celebrated Spaniard all the furniture of a comedian was carried in a bag, and consisted of four white coats of skins trimmed with gilt leather, four beards, as many wigs, and four shepherd's crooks more or less. The comedies were mere colloquies, like eclogues between two or three shepherds and a shepherdess. These were embellished and prolonged by two or three interludes, now by a negress, now by a ruffian, now by a clown, and now by a Biscayan. These four parts, and many others, did Lope make with the greatest excellence and truth imaginable. In those days there was no stage machinery, no combats of Moors with Christians on foot or on horseback. They had no figure

which arose, or appeared to rise, from out the centre of the earth, through a trap-door of the stage, which was formed of four benches with some four or six boards placed upon them and raised about four palms above the ground; one did not then see angels or ghosts descending from heaven in clouds. The ornament of the stage was an old rug, suspended by cords from one side to the other, by which was formed the tiring-room. Behind it were the musicians, who sang, without guitar, some ancient ballad. Lope de Rueda died; and, for the good and famous man he was, they buried him in Cordova (where he fell on sleep), in the cathedral, between the two choirs, where also was interred that famous jester Luis Lopez.

“ Naharro, a native of Toledo, succeeded Lope de Rueda, who was celebrated in the character of the ruffian coward. He increased somewhat more the decoration of comedy, and exchanged the bag for chests and trunks. The orchestra, which before sang behind the rug, he introduced into the theatre. He abolished the beards of the comedians; for, till then, no one acted without a false beard. It was his will that all should act with unmasked batteries, excepting such as took the part of old men, or those which demanded a change of visage. He invented scenery; devised clouds, thunder, lightnings, combats, and battles. But none of these attained the sublime height in which we find them now. This is true, and none can contradict me; and here I may be allowed to trespass the bounds of mine own modesty in observing that we now see acted in the theatres of Madrid, *Life in Algiers*, which I wrote, and *Numancia*, when I ventured to reduce comedy from five acts to three. I was the first to show—or, rather, I was the first who represented—the imaginings and secret working of the soul, producing on the stage images of morality attended with the general and heartiest applause of the audience. About that time I wrote from twenty to thirty comedies, which were all acted without any offerings of orange-peel or cucumbers, and they ran their course without whistlings, hissings, or clamour. Then came

other things to occupy me. I abandoned the pen and the drama ; and immediately afterwards appeared that prodigy of nature, the great Lope de Vega, who bore away the sceptre of comedy, subjugated and brought beneath his sway all the comedians, and filled the world with his own dramas, happily conceived and well wrought out, and so numerous that those which he has written may not be contained in ten thousand leaves ; and all (which is most wonderful to tell) he has seen acted, or, at least, been assured that they were. If all those, and they are many, who wished to follow in his steps and share in his glory were to write their works together, they would not have written the half of what he alone has composed.* But not for this—since God gives not all things to all men—must we omit to mention with esteem the works of Doctor Ramon, which were the greatest after those of the great Lope. Highly likewise must we esteem the ingenious intrigues of the licentiate Miguel Sanches ; the modesty of Doctor Mira de Mescua, a signal honour to our nation ; the discretion and variety of conceit of Canon Tarraga ; the gentleness and sweetness of Don Guillen de Castro ; the brilliancy of Aguilar ; the pomp, the pageantry, the show, and splendour of the comedies of Luis Velez de Guerara ; and those

* The relation in which Lope de Vega stood to Cervantes is full of deepest interest, and will, I trust, receive full justice when the time comes. That will be when the people, whose chief delight in life is reading, require more knowledge than that which at present suffices them on the progress of literature in Spain, and the particular part it played in human life and conduct at the beginning of the seventeenth century. As we perceive in what spirit Cervantes wrote of Lope de Vega, I will give some lines of Lope to show what he had to say of Cervantes. They are taken from *El Laurel de Apolo* :—

*'Twas in the fight when that famed bolt of war,
The Austrian Eagle's son, that scorned to yield,
Plucked from the Asian king of luckless star
Bright leaves of laurel on the billowy field—
'Twas then that envious fate with cruel stroke
Struck down CERVANTES and bemaïmed his hand ;
When, lo ! his genius in its strength awoke
And changed dull lead to purest diamond,
Chanting such sweet, refined, sonorous verse
As after ages will for aye rehearse ;
For men will tell how one hand maimed in strife
Could give its master an immortal life.*

in provincial jargon, born of the subtle wit of Don Antonio de Galarza, and those which give such promise of the traps and spirit tricks of love, by Gaspar de Avilar—all of whom, and many others, have helped the great Lope in raising up this vast and stately fabric.”

It will be noted, in the foregoing extract from his works, how great was the generous interest which Cervantes took in the literary labours of others, his contemporaries, while we have only to turn to the records of the day, and particularly to the pages of the spurious *Don Quixote*, by Avelaneda, to show how to Cervantes himself was meted out a very different measure. Many attempts at explanation have been made by critics and students of the history of literature of the cold, cruel treatment by the court of Spain of Cervantes, while it courted and caressed others of vastly inferior merit, and whose works have long since been buried in oblivion; and not only by the court and circles of fashion, but also by the Spanish Church, its priests, and some of its people. “Este ilustre escritor digno de mejor siglo y acreedor á todos las recompensas debidas al valor, á la virtud, y al talento, vivó pobre, despreciado y miserable en medio de la misma nacion que ilustró en la paz con sus obras, y á cuyos victorias habia contribuido con su sangre en la guerra y murió sin lograr despues la fama postuma que merecia. . . . Los contemporaneos de Cervantes que le despreciaron, ó persiguieron mientras vivió trataron tambien con igual injusticia su memoria.” Such is the testimony to these things of the members of the Royal Academy of Spain, which they published in 1780, and which I had better translate into English. “This illustrious writer,” they say, “worthy of a better age, and who merited all the recompense due to courage, to virtue and ability, lived poor, despised, and wretched in the midst of that nation which in peace he enlightened by his works, and to whose victories in war he contributed his blood; and he died without reaping even the posthumous fame * which was his due.

* This refers to the bones of Cervantes, which the Spaniards of to-day would honour, if they could find them; and it is unquestionably a source of bitter

. . . The contemporaries of Cervantes, who hated or persecuted him while living, also treated his memory with equal injustice."

What explanation will satisfy us for so much cruelty done to one who was so loving to all? It is more than likely that Cervantes himself would now answer, "They knew not what they did." But as the members of the Royal Academy of Spain have had the courage to confess the crime of their people, it becomes us to turn the confession to profit, and, if we can do nothing else yet, to hand down to the next generation the lighted torch of the fame of Cervantes, held in a firmer grip, and without yielding the least chance of its falling into the waters of forgetfulness.

There can be no doubt that Cervantes was jealous for the cleanliness, the beauty, and holiness of the temple of God; it is equally certain that he found the Spanish temple full of uncleanness, foulness, and unrighteousness. A cloud of darkness hung over it, and the inside of it was filled with a dull fog of unanswered prayers. All through Spain, the country of his birth and his love, the only living faith to be found among people of every class, from the king to the begging cripple, was a faith in the miraculous deeds of the Cid, in Amadis of Gaul, the Twelve Peers, and the awful exploits of Jack the Giant-Killer. The whole country, from Coruña to Granada, from Oviedo to Seville, and from Barcelona to Salamanca, was given up to that form of delirium which comes from the unnatural excitement of the fancy. Nobles and priests, people and princes, women and children, passed their time in nothing else but in reading, or in hearing rehearsed, the marvels of sages, the glorification of enchanters, and the dazzling wonders of a heavenly, an earthly, and an infernal chivalry which made men mad. People of all ages were caught by a new book of chivalry as easily as gnats in a cobweb, and were held there and poisoned; and their souls and minds were held in like captivity by the

sorrow to many that these relics of their great man are out of the reach of touch or even the ken of the parish.

Church of those days, whose business it was to sweep away all such cobwebs. But the Church was unequal to the task, and unwilling to expose its weakness. It had already gained experience of bitter defeat in attempting to abolish another popular scandal, that of the bull-fight. Pius V., in 1567, anathematized these spectacles of hideous—they might safely be called infernal—cruelties, but in vain. In vain did he excommunicate princes, priests, and all who should frequent these sights, as well as the cities in which they should be held. For more than nineteen years did the thunders of the Vatican continue to roll over the bull-ring of Spain, Gregory XIII. keeping up the pother of Pius V., and Sixtus V., in 1586, making it even louder and more awful ; but it had no more effect than shooting peas at a rhinoceros. In like manner did the books of chivalry continue to delight and degrade the people, and in like manner was the Church helpless to provide a remedy. It was also unwilling to make the effort. Ever since the introduction of the printing press into Spain, down to the year 1605, or for the space of a century and a half, little or nothing was given it to do but the multiplying of these infamous books, amorous poems and ballads, all bristling with lies and licentiousness. Seville and Toledo, Barcelona and Alcala de Henares, Valladolid and Burgos, Cuenca and Huesca, Medina del Campo and Valencia, Peripiñan and Saragossa, Salamanca and Tarragona, Bilbao and Madrid, all prided themselves on their editions, magnificent in folio and vellum, of *Tirante el Blanco*, *The Quest of the Holy Grail*, *Don Belianis*, *The Ballad of Merlin*, *The Ten Books of the Fortune of Love*, *Tristan de Leonis*, *The History of Charlemagne*, *The Mirror of Chivalries*, *The Book of the Mighty Giant Morgante*, *Amadis of Gaul*, *Amadis of Greece*, *Palmerin of England*, *The Sergas de Esplandian*, *Belianis of Greece*, *The Knight of the Rose*, and nine hundred others, including their several editions, some of which reached as many as nineteen in the space of fifty years.

Nor is this the whole of the story. The Archpriest of Hita, the Spanish Ovid of the fourteenth century, had given

an unholy ensample to writers in the publication of poems, the very titles of which cannot be named here for their lewdness, which spread like wildfire, and burnt up nothing except the simplicity and purity of life of the people, as well as that of their priests and rulers, and gave to every fascinating form of vice a local habitation and a name. After the Arch-priest came others with different wares, but all bearing the same insidious, poisonous scent, such as *Los Discursos de la Viuda de Veinte Cuatro Maridos*, *La Celestina*, *Los Coloquios de Damas*, *La Lozana*, *La Picara Justina*, the spurious *Don Quixote*, and a nameless crew of imitators, whose painting forth of filthiness was less harmful on account of the nakedness of the figures and their lack of shade.

There were, without doubt, other works read and published in Spain during this period, but they were as cottages in gardens of cucumbers, voices crying in the wilderness, or like the sweet and lowly flowers whose existence is known only to the eyes which search for them. It was against the corruption, the decay, the death of moral life and spiritual faith produced by the universal sway of these books of chivalry and those wicked poems, that Cervantes set himself to do battle ; and, besides his warlike pen, he took the censer of simple, healing nature, and went in among the living and the dying, and stayed the plague which slew the people.

No more books of chivalry were printed in Spain after the appearance of *Don Quixote*.

In working that wonderful miracle, Cervantes must needs tread on the corns of the official guardians of the faith and the mongers of prayers. But so gently did he do this, and so great was the chorus of laughter which he evoked, that no notice could be taken of any outcry from them ; and for more than a couple of years people were so busy taking in the health-procuring and triumphant arguments of mirth with which Cervantes filled the popular mouth, that no priest or bishop, or prince or inquisitor, dared to raise a finger against him. But it was easy to wink with the eye, and from behind the great man's chair, as he sat at meat, those who were afraid

to speak against him, or who could not have been heard had they ventured upon denouncing him, had recourse to the silent but safe and sure methods of social destruction ; and thus it was that Cervantes lived poor, despised, and wretched in the midst of that nation upon whose darkness he shined a divine light, and for whose freedom he risked his own.

Strange to tell, it has been stoutly denied on all hands that Cervantes held any secret and hidden spirit in his *Don Quixote*, which he designed should creep between the huge stones of ignorance, superstition, and the other forms of mental slavery and spiritual destitution on which the Church was then built, which was by-and-by to split those foundation stones asunder, and demolish the fabric which needed their support ; and it has been set forth by critics of all shades, all depths, and shallows, that as Cervantes has most frequently set forth in clearest words that his one motive in writing his delightful satire was the destruction of the influence of the pernicious books of chivalry, it is an impertinence to ascribe to him any other motive or any spiritual design. No writers are more troubled on this question than our Spanish friends of to-day, who quote in triumph the simple words of Cervantes, "My sole object has been to sweep away the whole swarm of the books of chivalry."

Do these critics, shallow and other, ever reflect on what a book of chivalry is made of ; on how it came first to make men drunk, and then to make them mad—to steal away their brains, and then leave them to the mercy of those men and that system, be it what it may, to whom and to which all forms of manliness and manful responsibility are as antagonistic as light is to darkness, and fresh air and the sun are to vermin ? Books of chivalry are full of foul and dismal lies, dogmatically set forth as truths. They appeal to men's fancies with the full force of that authority which children love to obey ; they stretch the wonder of men till it splits, and their victims become absolutely enfeebled in heart and spirit, and their moral life is not more quick than the ashes of poppies or tobacco, unless it be to defend the impostures

in which they believe, and for which—it is quite true—many have been known to lay down their lives.

In scattering to the winds the books of chivalry, therefore, Cervantes could not help but smite down such forms and semblance of life as depended on them for nourishment ; and if it happened that the queen of heaven had no other source of existence but that which nourished Oriana and Dulcinea, then the one is bound, sooner or later, to follow the fate of the other, and to share a common end. This, at least, was thoroughly understood at the time.

It would be more than foolish, it would be a stupendous wickedness, equalled only by its crass stupidity, to say that Cervantes levelled his summer breath of satire, which has been known, however, to pass the power of storms, against the pure religion of the Church to which he owed all that he held dear, and to one of whose fathers he was indebted for his deliverance from captivity, in whose faith he died, by whose loving hands he was buried, and but for whose divine charity he might have ended his last days in a gutter of Madrid. Yet, in accounting for the neglect which Cervantes suffered—how he was despised, and hated, and forsaken of those who should have held it an honour to wait upon and serve him—we have to take account of the inevitable weakness which belongs to a guilty conscience, as well as the indiscretions of sworn friends. There were many men in Spain in 1605—and for some time before, especially during the reign of Philip II.—who were afraid to call their souls their own ; and if a prebendary of Toledo caught any one of them carrying a torch which did not bear the mark of the privileged maker of torches, he was compelled to drop it into the Tagus, and, if the man's happiness depended on torch-bearing, he must provide him with one warranted not to burn. This reminds me of the sonnet (which has never been translated before) found in manuscript by Pellicer in the Royal Library of Madrid, which is ascribed to Gongora, and which was written and privately circulated before the *Don Quixote* was published. It will serve to explain much to those who know anything of those times.

The queen brought forth. The Lutheran came here,
 Six hundred heretics and heresies
 To boot. In fifteen days a million flies
 To give them jewels, wine, and all good cheer.
 We gave a grand parade—a farce, I fear—
 And certain feasts, which were but flummeries,
 To please the English legate and his spies,
 Who swore on Calvin peace had brought him here.
 Then we baptized the babe Dominican,†
 Born to become lord paramount in Spain.
 We gave a dance might for enchantment pass;
 Poor we became, Luther a wealthy man,
 And all these feats they bade be written plain
 By one Don Quixote, Sancho, and his ass.*

This allusion to Sancho's ass taking part in writing the history of the day is no idle figure of speech. In chapter lxxiii., Part II., will be found how Sancho, on entering his village on the return home from their errandries, placed the mitre on Dapple's head, and the infamous tunic of the Inquisition, or *sanbenito*, all painted with flames, upon his back for trappings; when we are told that this "was the most novel transformation and odd adorning that had ever before been seen on any ass in the world." There are numerous other allusions which I will not point out, all of which together, or any one of them singly, will be sufficient to explain why Cervantes remained poor, despised, and forsaken, not only among a people who held in veneration the flames of purgatory and the power of the keys, but by the wicked priests of these people, who made great gains of their faith. One more reference in proof of this will not be out of place or without profit. In chapter viii. Part II., which I trust the reader will find full of delightful things, Don Quixote, in one of his lucid moments, observes, "We cannot all be friars; and many are the ways by which God carries his own to heaven."

Some time ago I saw it roundly denied, in a London

* The English admiral, "Don Carlos Howard, Conde de Huntingdon," who disembarked at Corunna with six hundred Englishmen in 1605.

† Philip IV., born in Valladolid, April 8 of that year.

literary journal of some repute and many years' standing, that this line could be found in the *Don Quixote*; that it was contrary to the spirit of the book; and, moreover, that such words would never have been allowed to circulate among the Spanish people by the guardians of Spanish faith, and the preachers of the patristic theology. There the words are, however, and there they have been ever since Cervantes wrote them; and the wonder is, not that he died poor, despised, and forgotten, but that he was not sent to heaven in a chariot of fire, at the expense of the municipality of Madrid, and under the special conduct of the familiars of the Holy Office.

There is yet another reason why Cervantes was hated. The magic power of his eye was wonderful. Just as there are people who can look through the earth and see the treasures buried in it, so did the eye of the great poet penetrate the hearts of men, and see plainly what lay buried there. To the good his glance was a sunbeam which lighted up their souls with gladness; to the vile his glance was a sword which mercilessly hacked their feelings.

I can give no date or page of reference for the truth of this statement; it is the unsupported testimony of Heinrich Heine in the *Reisebilder*, the only man of genius who has written at length on the genius of Cervantes, and I will give one other verdict from the same judge on the same subject, because it carries with it the evidence of truth and right. "Society," says Heine, "is a republic. When the individual strives to rise, the community presses him back by ridicule and calumny. One is not to be better or cleverer than the rest; and so he who, by the inflexible force of genius, towers above the standard of commonplace meets the ostracism of society, which persecutes him with such pitiless mockery and slander, that at length he has to withdraw to the solitude of his own thoughts. Yea, society is in its essence republican. Everything princely is hateful to it, whether spiritual or material. The laurel of a great poet was [once] just as hateful to our republicans as the purple of a great king."

The reader has now an opportunity of selecting for himself a reason why Cervantes, a man of sweet temper and superior mind to any of the writers of his nation, was hated, despised, and forgotten by every one who made literature a trade, and religion a profession, and how this hatred and neglect came to last through centuries of time ; and if it should be thought that all the reasons here cited hold good, I, for one, shall not be surprised.

I cannot forego the pleasure of giving another authentic means of judging of the spirit and temper of our author, although it be but of slight dimensions. It is his own sonnet, as he calls it, on the funeral pile erected in Seville to Philip II. It has already been mentioned in the *Viaje del Parnaso*, and has never before been translated :—

*“ I vow to God such grandeur stuns my brain !
 I’d give a crown its wonders to detail ;
 For such a grand machine on such a scale
 Beggars amazement, makes description vain.
 Now, by the living Christ, each piece, ’tis plain,
 Is worth a million. Pity it should fail
 To last an age. O great Sevilla, hail !
 In wit and wealth a second Rome again !
 I’d wager that the soul of the deceased,
 On such a sight this day to gloat and gaze,
 Hath left its joys eternal in the skies.”
 A listening puppy answered, “ I, at least,
 Sir soldier, doubt not what your honour says :
 Who dares affirm the opposite, he lies ! ”
 On this, to my surprise,
 Stinted the stripling, fumbled with his blade,
 Looked sideways, vanished—and no more was said.*

There is in this more than meets the eye, and which may be safely left to the same discussing minds to whom alone is reserved the meaning of the lines—

*I penned the sonnet with this opening strain
 (To crown my writings with their chiefest grace),
 “ I vow to God such grandeur stuns my brain ! ”*

And now we come to the last piece of writing which the

great man has left us, in which is the same gaiety and quiet, the same sweetness and light, which give permanent character to all that he ever wrote, all that he ever did. It is from his prologue to the *Travail of Persiles and Sigismunda*, first printed in 1617, a little less than a year after his death :—

“It happened, reader most beloved, that as two friends and I were coming from Esquivias, famous for a thousand reasons—one for its illustrious families, and another for its most illustrious wines—I heard behind me, pricking along in great haste, one who seemingly had a great wish to overtake us, and even called out, desiring us not to spur on so fast. We waited, and there came up to us a grey student, mounted upon an ass—grey because his whole dress was grey : goggles, gaiters, a sword with its brass chape, and a burnished collar having equal braids ; it is true he wore but two, so that the collar got every moment away, which caused him infinite trouble to set it right. Coming up to us, he said—

“‘Your worships must be going to search for some office or prebendal stall at court, or because the Archbishop of Toledo is there, or his Majesty at least; you make such speed ; for my ass, which has gained prizes before now, has not been able to come up with you.’

“To which one of my companions answered, ‘It is the rounchy of Master Miguel de Cervantes which is at fault, for he is a fast trotter.’

“Scarcely had the student heard the name of Cervantes, than, alighting from his beast, his cushion falling here, his valise there (for he travelled thus ostentatiously), he threw himself upon me, seizing me by the left hand, and exclaiming—

“‘Yes, yes ; this is the sound cripple, the famous one, the merry writer, and, in fine, the delight of the Muses !’

“I, on hearing so much praise poured forth on me, thought it would be scant courtesy not to acknowledge it ; so, taking him round the neck, by which he lost his collar altogether, I said to him, ‘This is an error into which many of my ignorant admirers have fallen. I, sir, am Cervantes, but not

the delight of the Muses, nor worthy of any of the other toys which your worship hath conferred upon me. Go and catch your ass, and mount, and let us jog along together in good discourse the short distance of the way which remains to us.'

"The gentle student did as I desired. We drew rein a little, and went on our way at a leisurely pace, in the which the good student, discoursing upon my infirmity, stopped my mirth in a moment.

"'This malady,' he said, 'is the dropsy, which all the waters of the ocean, however sweet they were, could not cure. Your worship, Master Cervantes, must put a tax on your drink, but not forgetting to eat, you shall cure you without need of other remedy.'

"'Many have told me this,' I answered, 'but I can as easily cease to drink for my pleasure as I can cease to breathe. No, my life closes, and, by the journal kept by my pulse, at the most its course will be over by this coming Sunday, when I shall end my life. Your worship has made my acquaintance in the nick of time, but no space will be left me to show you the gratitude I feel for the kindness you have shown to me.'

"On this we reached the bridge of Toledo, over which I passed, and he went over by that of Segovia. As to what will be said of my hap, fame will take care of it; my friends will have delight in rehearsing it, and I in listening to it.

"He again embraced me, I again gave thanks; he pricked on his ass, and left me as ill disposed as he was scurvily mounted. He had given great occasion to my pen to write pretty things, but all seasons are not alike. Perhaps the time will come when, taking up this broken thread, I may say what is now lacking, as well as that which I well know is needed.

"Farewell, gaiety! farewell, wit! farewell, joyous friends! I am dying, and hoping soon to see you happy in the other life."

With this I conclude what at present has seemed to me sufficient to tell of Cervantes. I trust the time will come

when it may be needful to say more, and the closing words of this brief notice shall be those of one of whom it may be said, with all the praise that can belong to it, that he is the only Don Quixote now living, at least in the British Isles:—

“The lowest mind will find in the *Don Quixote* perpetual and brutal amusement in the misfortunes of the knight, and perpetual pleasure and sympathy in the squire. A mind of average feeling will perceive the satirical meaning and force of the book, will appreciate its wit, its elegance, and its truth. But only elevated and peculiar minds discern, in addition to all this, the full moral beauty of the love and truth which are the constant associates of all that is even most weak and erring in the character of its hero, and pass over the rude adventure and scurrile jest in haste—perhaps in pain—to penetrate beneath the rusty corslet, and catch from the wandering glance the evidence and expression of fortitude, self-devotion, and universal love.” *

* *Modern Painters*, vol. i. p. 3.

OF THIS TRANSLATION AND OTHERS.

CERVANTES never gives place to anger, except for a moment, when he steps aside to defend his *Don Quixote* against the malice of enemies, and such as wilfully sought to discredit his character by ascribing to him unworthy motives, and putting into his mouth words which he never uttered, and which, indeed, rather than they should pass his lips, he would have sewn them up with the point of his sword. Now and then he urges a godlike hatred of the traitor who sought to rob him of his good name, which is awful to read even at this remote time ; and well would it have become some of his translators to take the terms of his displeasure to heart before they ventured on what one of them calls "making *Don Quixote* into English, according to the humour of our modern language." Nor will this determined tone cause us much wonder when we recollect that Cervantes, besides being the most courageous man of his day, was, at a time of great national frivolity, of all men the one most in earnest. He was no longer young when he wrote his renowned book, and he wrote it for a great and well-defined, and what cannot otherwise be called than a noble, purpose. He lavished upon it not only his wit and his wisdom, but also the hard-earned profit of his vast and varied experience, and if he wrote for glory and immortality, it was in the service of his countrymen, and for the advancement of the best interests of mankind. We must, therefore, regard what he says of his own book in the face of his detractors with the same earnestness and honesty of purpose, and in precisely the same spirit, as he regarded it himself.

He says of his work, in words which are as modest as

they are true: * "The history is the most savoury and the least hurtful pastime which has been seen until now, for in the whole of it there cannot be discovered so much as the seeming of an immodest word, nor a thought which is other than Catholic;" and he adds, "To write after other fashion would be not to write truths but lies; and historians who have recourse to lies should be burnt, like those which make bad money." And again, as the scene is drawing to a close, he says, "In sooth, I know not if I may say that I am good, but I do know that I am not bad;" and he rightly boasts that his book is read of old and young, by maidens as well as men, and by all with equal pleasure.

When I began to make this new translation I proposed to myself to preserve, so far as in me lay, all the excellences of the original, and to enable all classes of readers to see the Ingenious Knight through a clean glass, free from stain of blue or green or other colour. It was but lately that I read the *Don Quixote* in English. My first acquaintance with him was in his native tongue, and an accident, as unexpected as it proved to be happy, discovered to me that English mothers had not a complete English *Don Quixote*, fit to put into the hands of their daughters. When I set to work, I found that the closer I kept to my author, the more loyal I proved to him, and the more of a slave in bearing his words, the better would be the result of my most sweet toil. This might have been a sufficient reason for making a new translation, but I found many other reasons, which I trust readers will be able also to discover for themselves.

If I now give a brief account of my predecessors—and they are very few—together with some examples of their work to compare with my own, I shall have given all that the reading public and their natural and legitimate guardians have a right to expect from one who sues for their love and hopes to merit their favour.

The first translation into any language was by Thomas Shelton, in 1612. It was made from the second edition of the

* Chapter iii., Part II.

original work, printed in Madrid in 1605, and reprinted in Brussels in 1607. It is the best of all the translations, but it is out of date. Many of his words have lost their old and once pregnant meanings, while the book itself has not been reprinted for a hundred and thirty years, and it is now rare. It will, however, as Godwin has observed, continue to be the delight of mature minds, wearied with the mannerless babble of a chaffering and frivolous time. Shelton tells us that he made his translation in forty days. This is a merry jest, after the manner and in the words of the original in chapter ix. of Part I., where the *Morisce* is said to have translated it from the Arabic of Cid Hamete Benengeli into Spanish in a month and a half. Shelton's work certainly bears the marks of hurry, and there is little doubt that it was published without his final revision. This suffices to account for the ludicrous printer's and other errors with which its pages are fairly sprinkled. It should also be said that, out of the eleven sonnets at the beginning of the original, Shelton omits three which are now given for the first time. Part II., printed in Madrid in 1615, and translated into English in 1620, cannot be by Thomas Shelton, although it is invariably ascribed to him; unless it can be conceived that a scholarlike gentleman, of quick discernment and fine taste, could lose within the space of half a dozen years his knowledge of the Spanish tongue, his fine old English, his poetic fancy, his modesty, and his delightful manners. Also the verses in chapter lxviii., beginning *Amor quando yo pienso*, are left out altogether, and the reason given is "that being basely made 'on purpose, I omit them, as not being worth the translation;" and, again, in chapter xlix. he says, "Here I left out a line or two of a dull conceit, so it was no great matter, for in English it could not be expressed." This is not Shelton's method, and there are numerous other proofs which clearly show that the work is not that of Master Thomas Shelton. Part I. is seldom seen by itself; it is generally bound up with the quarto edition of Part II., printed in 1620. While the

titlepage of Shelton's work contains his name, that of the second does not, and a designed appearance is given to the two works to make them seem like that of one author. Had Shelton translated Part II., he would have said so, and not omitted to make fresh allusions to the first, and the reception it met with in the world.

He was followed by John Philips, the unworthy nephew of Milton, who published his folio in 1687. It is to the hateful filthiness of this most foul production that an impression got abroad that the *Don Quixote* was an impure book. Philips did not translate—he simply disfigured Shelton's work by introducing between the lines his own ribaldry and the coarse and scandalous jests of the roistering night of the Restoration. Shelton's work went through five editions; that of Philips was never reprinted; nor, as said before, could any publisher be now found, at least in London, who would place his name on the imprint, or even in the shade of the colophon, of a book so infamous in spirit, and which swelters with an uncleanness in which only wicked men could find pleasure, and smug and sanctimonious traitors seek to make profit.

And here I am reminded that when, some years ago, I went to Spain to buy a knowledge which could not be acquired at home, I made it known, by means of the generous editors of the press of Seville, Cadiz, and Madrid, that I was much in want of light on the meaning of certain words and phrases, and that, after all, I was afraid the *Don Quixote* could not be verbally rendered into the English tongue. One of the prebendaries of Toledo took upon him to answer me in *La Ilustracion Española* of Madrid, April 24, 1872, in a letter which is full of furious and overwhelming advice; and, with that perhaps unconscious dogmatism which is peculiar to the priest of Toledo, he counselled me to "follow in the footprints of Smollett and Philips, and others" of my nation. But I will not do the prebendary the wrong of believing that he knew what he was saying when he heaped upon me the weight of his ghostly and literary counsels; and I will venture to affirm that he has never read the work of Philips,

and that, if he has, he is an unworthy and graceless student of the immortal work of the high and pure-minded Miguel de Cervantes.

Following Philips, came Motteux in 1712; and Lockhart made use of this translation, in 1822, to illustrate the work with learned notes, and to embellish it with those Spanish ballads which are so well known. Motteux followed a little in Philips's vein, and the method of what might be called making remarks instead of rendering words; and it is not a faithful translation in other respects, although it has been a great favourite in its time, and has been often reprinted.

After Motteux came Jarvis in 1742, the second edition of which appeared in 1749, and it has been more frequently reprinted than the others. I must refer to it at some length, in order to clear up an unfair charge which he brings against his master Shelton.

Jarvis starts off in his preface by accusing Shelton's translation of being "very defective, and made, not from the original, but from the Italian of Lorenzo Franciosini." Jarvis also says, "That of Motteux is done by several hands, and is a kind of loose paraphrase, rather than a translation." I am not inclined to defend the translation of Motteux, and I omit that of Stevens, because the latter was nothing more than "a bare attempt to correct some passages of Shelton's," as Jarvis correctly remarks.

Now, because of the delight which many men of letters and refinement have ever derived from Shelton's translation, I beg to tell the discriminating reader that these remarks of Mr. Jarvis are not true; and, more, that while there are many excellences and what may justly be called beauties in Jarvis, they are all taken, word for word, from Shelton. Part II. of the original contains as many carefully written studies of nature as does the first, and numerous happy flights of genius, yet, not having been translated by Shelton, Jarvis, losing his guiding hand, falls beneath all the other translators in spirit and in verbal accuracy. One instance out of many of Jarvis's servility, to his own damage, may be

cited from chapter xxxviii., Part II., where plainly the poets are said to promise us, among other things, "the *caballos del sol*," or the horses of the sun. The putative Shelton makes it "*hairs* of the sun," which Mr. Jarvis carelessly copies—for I am unaware of any edition of the original in which the word *cabellos* has been substituted for *caballos*. It is only fair, however, to say that Jarvis does not always follow this course ; as, for example, in chapter v. of the same Part II., where the putative Shelton renders an obvious printer's error of *dexó* for *dixo*, and so makes unravellable nonsense of a phrase consisting of nine words, Jarvis, followed by Smollett, unable to correct the blunder, and unwilling to imitate a piece of glaring stupidity, omits the entire sentence.

Shelton, as I have said, translated from the Spanish edition of 1607, printed in Brussels. This is proved by Shelton's own references to that edition, which are to be found in the margin of his own book, and which appear to refer to certain words, of the meaning of which he was not sure. Thus, in his seventh chapter Shelton makes a reference to *page 47*, with the words *Buçardo pan de trastigo* in the margin, and this will be found to correspond with the Brussels edition, where the phrase occurs at page 47 of that work. In the eleventh chapter a similar reference is made to *Arca-duz de Noria, page 76*, which corresponds to the page of the Brussels edition ; and another reference is made with equal accuracy to *page 200*, touching the "commissary's rod." These three references—there are a dozen others—conclusively show that Shelton translated from the original Spanish of the Brussels edition of 1607, and not from the "corrupt Italian of Franciosini." Further, there is not in existence a "corrupt Italian" translation, and that of Franciosini is infinitely nearer to the original than that of Jarvis, notwithstanding his indebtedness to Shelton. But more : the Italian version was not made until 1621, nine years after Shelton's quarto first appeared ; therefore it is much more likely that Franciosini translated from Shelton, than Shelton from Franciosini. No doubt both used the same original reprint.

With one more confuting I will have done with Mr. Jarvis, and I may perhaps be allowed to say that if he had not falsely accused Shelton, and then proceeded to adorn his own work with the spoils of the man whose memory he sought to defame, I would have taken no notice of him or his translation ; unless it had been to say that he keeps closer to the actual words of his author than the others—always excepting Shelton—but that it is a tame and spiritless rendering of the charm, the stately dignity, the smiling sweetness, and peaceful humour of the great original. The other reference I propose to make to Jarvis is the following.

It had long been desired by some of the over anxious and zealous officers of the Church in Spain and Italy, Portugal and France, that *Don Quixote* should be brought into discredit. It was not easy to do this ; but the attempt, it was urged, must be made, and made at Rome ; for edition after edition was being printed, the fame of the book was spreading, the laughter of men began to increase in the world—that form of laughing which, as Milton says, hath in it oftentimes a strong and sinewy force in teaching and confuting—and it became necessary for those who were mocked to do something. It appears that within fourteen years—that is, up to the year 1619—no fewer than eighteen new editions of the work were published in those several countries which were now most interested in having it brought under the ban of the Pope. For, in addition to the contagious element of laughter, the mirth-moving book was found to contain things of deeper meaning than could be discerned by eyes while as yet they were pregnant with tears or wrinkled with smiles, and it was also perceived to be most plentifully sprinkled with quotations from Holy Writ—not always rendered in the words of the authorized translation of the Spanish Scriptures, but sometimes in those of the early Spanish reformers, which were made direct from the Greek ; and, besides all this, the now obnoxious book was found to be full of sly hits at the confederates of hell, and torture-loving priests, and at other

things worthy of the contempt and scorn of the secular mind. Thereupon *Don Quixote*, with full benefit of clergy, took his stand in that pillory of knowledge, the *Index Expurgatorius*, and in 1619 the work of Cervantes had the honour of appearing in that notorious list. Certain words were also ordered to be expunged, under pains and penalties, from all future editions, and these words (which are harmless enough, being founded on a passage in the Apocalypse of St. John) were expunged accordingly on the first appearance of the Italian translation in 1621; but the words are to be found in chapter xxxvi., Part II. of the putative Shelton. Mr. Jarvis's charge, therefore, that Shelton translated from the Italian of Franciosini falls to the ground. It should also be stated that Jarvis omits all the introductory sonnets, which robs the work of much of that festive gaiety which Cervantes used as a means to teach and elevate the men and women of his native land.

The effect of *Don Quixote* being pilloried at Rome was great indeed, but not greater than had been expected. No other edition was printed in Spain for twenty-seven years afterwards, and in France not for nineteen years; and since 1619 all the French editions, down to the one of this present year of the Republic, still bear the mark of the Pope's ban. In Portugal there were two editions printed in the year of its original publication in 1605, but none followed; nor was the work translated into Portuguese until two hundred years after its first appearance.

I have now to mention Smollett, who followed Jarvis in 1755. In publishing this work, he says, "I have endeavoured to retain the spirit and ideas, without servilely adhering to the literal expression of the original." This is sufficient. Smollett is not content to follow the original; but he does servilely follow Jarvis, adding, however, much that is of the genius of Smollett, and that not of the most chaste and pleasing kind. The translation is as much a paraphrase as that of Motteux, and is only redeemed from the weakness of plagiarism by the occasional use of choice and special words,

to which all future translators must stand indebted. But nothing can redeem it from its wilful impurity; whilst no one, who is capable of forming a judgment on the matter, can allow that Smollett has retained even a shadow of the spirit of the original. He also omits all the introductory sonnets.

It has been very frequently republished, and it was illustrated by Cruikshank in an edition expurgated by Mr. Thomas Roscoe. The portraits of Don Quixote and Dulcinea, which are not by Cruikshank, are not happy; but the blanketing of Sancho, the attack on the windmills, and the return home, may be especially pointed out for their humour and tenderness of expression.

It is very pleasant to know that the *Don Quixote* has been rendered into English by an English lady who omits no important passage from her text. Mary Smirke edited, as she modestly terms it, a translation that was published with her father's illustrations on steel, many of which are of exquisite sweetness and delicacy, only that in the figures of Don Quixote, of Sancho, and all the women, as well as of the priest and the barber, there is not one single touch of Spanish character; they are all English. Of the translation itself, Miss Smirke says that "when a phrase or expression can neither be translated nor supplied by one of a similar kind, the omission will be a slighter injury to the text than the substitution of one which has either no meaning or not the true one." This is a candid confession, and the omissions of words and phrases are not few; I think, therefore, no more need be said regarding the merits of a work which would have been very great had Miss Smirke's knowledge of the Spanish tongue been greater. She, no doubt, for this reason omits all the introductory sonnets. This edition has never been reprinted.

It now remains for me to supply a few examples of the translations to which reference has been made. The words printed in italics are not in the original, nor even their equivalents; and it must be stated that the passages here given are not the most striking, for the simple reason that those which would more have suited my purpose are not fit for publication in these pages.

FIRST EXAMPLE TO COMPARE WITH PHILIPS.

SHELTON.

“There lived not long since in a certain village of the Mancha, the name whereof I purposely omit, a gentleman of their calling *that used to pile up in their halls old Launces, Halberts, Morrions, and such other Armour and Weapons. He was besides Master of an Ancient Target*, a lean Stallion, and a swift greyhound. His pot consisted daily of somewhat more Beef than Mutton; a Galli-mawfry each Night, Collops and Eggs on Saturdays, Lentils on Fridays, and now and then a *lean* pigeon on Sundays, did consume three parts of his rent. The rest *and remnant thereof* was spent on a jerkin of fine Puke, a pair of velvet Hose, with Pentofles of the same, for holidays, and one suit of the finest vesture; for therewithal he honoured and set out his person for the work days.”—Chapter i., Part I.

PHILIPS.

“In some part of Mancha, of which the name is at present slipt out of my memory, not many years ago there lived a Certain Country Squire *of the Race of King Arthur's Tilters that formerly wandered from Town to Town cas'd up in rusty old Iron, with Lance in Rest, and a Knight Templar's Target; bestriding a forlorn Pegasus, as Lean as a Dover Post-Horse, and a Confounded Founder'd Fade to boot. Beef-steaks stew'd in a Nasty Pipkin with a Red Herring to taste his Liquor a Nights, Fasting and Prayer a Fridays, parched Pease a Saturdays, with a Lark now and then a Sundays to mend his Commons*, consumed three parts of his Estate. The rest *he as prodigally wasted in an extravagant wardrobe: In which was an ancient Plush-Jacket, purchas'd from a Mountebank's widow, a Pair of Black Bays Breeches, for Holidays, purchased of the Hangman, and a pair of Boots, first exchanged for Heath-Brooms, and then new vamp't by the Cobler; with one Spur and Spur leather: well knowing that if one side of the*

horse went forward, the other must follow. And you may add to these extravagances one Sute more of Irish Frize for worky-days."

MOTTEUX.

"At a certain village in La Mancha, of which I *cannot* remember the name, there lived not long ago one of those *old-fashioned* gentlemen *who are never without* a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound. His diet consisted more of beef than mutton, and with minced meat on most nights, lentils on Fridays, griefs and *groans* on Saturdays, and a pigeon *extraordinary* on Sundays, he consumed three quarters of his revenue ; the rest was laid out in a plush coat and velvet breeches, with slippers of the same, for holidays, and a suit of the very best homespun cloth, which he bestowed on himself for working days."

JARVIS.

"In a village of La Mancha, the name of which I purposely omit, there lived not long ago one of those gentlemen *who usually* keep a launce upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound for coursing. A dish of boiled meat, consisting of somewhat more beef than mutton, the fragments served up cold on most nights, an *amlet* on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a *small* pigeon by way of addition on Sundays, consumed three-fourths of his income. The rest was laid out in a surtout of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches, with slippers of the same, and on week days he prided himself in the very best of his homespun cloth."

SMOLLETT, REVISED BY ROSCOE.

"In a certain *corner* of La Mancha, the name of which I do not chuse to remember, there lately lived one of those country gentlemen, *who adorn* their halls with a *rusty* lance and a *worm-eaten* target, and *ride forth on the skeleton* of a horse, to course *with a sort of starved* greyhound.

"Three-fourths of his income were *scarce sufficient to afford*

a dish of hodge-podge, in which the mutton bore no proportion to the beef, *for dinner* ; a plate of salmagundy, commonly at supper ; *gripes and grumblings* on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and the addition of a pigeon *or some such thing* on the Lord's Day. The remaining part of his revenue was consumed in the purchase of a fine black suit, with velvet breeches, and slippers of the same, for holy-days ; and a coat of homespun, which he wore *in honour of his country*, during the rest of the week."

As Cervantes had a great artistic purpose in setting forth the condition and way of life of his hero at the very beginning of his history, it should have been rendered by the translators with all the precision which Cervantes had himself observed. This purpose was no other than to provide a natural cause, or predisposition, in Don Quixote for turning mad ; and the quality of his miserable food, added to his forsaking of the healthy sports of the field, giving up early rising, and taking to reading late on into the night in his pernicious books of chivalry, speedily produced the wonderful madman with whose exploits the world will never cease to be amused.

SECOND EXAMPLE, SHOWING LACK OF TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE.

THE ORIGINAL.—*Fue luego a ver su rocin, y aunque tenia mas quartos que un real*, etc., chapter i., which may be literally rendered thus : "Straightway he went to see his rouncy, and although he had more sand-cracks than farthings in a florin," etc.

SHELTON.—"Then did he presently visit his Horse, who, though he had more Quarters than pence in a sixpence," etc.

PHILIPS.—"In the next place he went to visit his *warlike* steed, *which, tho' a lean, ill-favoured jade, whose bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish Reyal*," etc.

MOTTEUX.—"The next moment he went to view his

horse, whose *bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish real*," etc.

JARVIS.—"The next thing he did was to visit his steed, and, though his *bones stuck out like the corners of a real*," etc.

SMOLLETT.—"He next visited his horse, which, though he had more *corners* than a real," etc.

In this example it will be seen that there is but one translator, Shelton, who, as usual, is the nearest and the best ; but he, not knowing that *quartos* was a word for sand-cracks, as also for parts of the coin called a real, left the passage unintelligible, and the rest followed in his wake. In a similar manner Shelton errs in making the words "O Rozinante," followed by "for that, ladies, is the name of my horse," in chapter ii. an exclamation, instead of a connective which marks the alternative, "*Or* Rozinante;" and Shelton is servilely followed by all the rest—a small matter, it is true, but even straws serve to show which way the wind blows. Also in chapter lxxii., Part II., we are told that Don Alvaro left the spurious Don Quixote of the traitor Avellaneda in *la Casa del Nuncio* in Toledo to be cured." The translation of 1620, reputed to be Shelton's, renders this, "I left him in the nuncio's house to be cured;" and all follow this rendering, strange to say, except Philips, who gives the right word, probably by accident, namely, *Bedlam*. According to Jarvis, Smollett, Motteux, and the rest, the pseudo Don Quixote became a guest of the papal legate in Toledo. The error arose from not knowing that one of the first mad-houses ever built in Christendom was founded by the legate Ortiz in Toledo, in 1483. It was, however, always called by the vulgar *La Casa del Nuncio*, "the legate's house." But there is a graver error in this than that which is involved in a technical ignorance of local terms. It is this: if Father Ortiz is to be credited with the loving mercy of having built a separate house for the care and cure of the insane, to Cervantes belongs the glory of being the first to suggest and carry out on rational bases the merciful, loving, and tender treatment of lunatics without sending them to a mad-house.

To have confined Don Quixote in a public asylum was deeply resented by Cervantes, for many reasons ; but for any of his translators to talk of the house of the papal legate as the place where Don Quixote had been left to be cured, is to add insult to injury, and is only one out of many instances of general misapprehension, and ignorance of local colouring, which should not longer be allowed to exist.

One other example of this class, out of many, must suffice. In chapter xvi., Part II., reference is made to a sword, "and that not of the sharpness of those of the little dog"—*y no las del Perrillo cortadoras*, simply a trade-mark—which the translation of 1620 renders, "none of your cutting Fox-blades ;" Motteux, "a sword, and that none of the sharpest ;" which being observed by so great a Spanish scholar as Lockhart, he says in one of his notes taken from Pellicer, "This Perillo, *or little stone*, was the mark of Julian del Rey, a famous armourer." Jarvis, "with a single sword, and that none of the sharpest ;" Smollett, "a sword far from being sharp ;" Philips, "with nothing but a sword, and that none of your try'd Bilbo's nor trenchant Fox-blades neither, but a poor sorry ammunition weapon, God wot." Franciosini is literally correct ; so are the later French editions.

These errors are not in themselves of grave importance to the general reader. He could have got on very well without greater accuracy of local knowledge, or even the knowledge of Rozinante's sand-cracks or the right way of spelling names, and even with still greater drawbacks. But I think we ought now to do some justice to the author himself ; and, the broad outlines of Don Quixote being so well and universally known, surely the time has come when we should not be satisfied with these outlines of a great portrait by an artist so famous, but should be jealous for the delicate and tender touches of his pencil. And I have thought that some earnest effort might be put forth to make common among English readers the chaste beauty of our author's words, his singular eloquence, and his unrivalled mastery over the fancies and passions of men. I will therefore ask for another

comparison to be made in matters which involve not only accuracy of knowledge, but loyalty to the original, with some power to represent the exquisite fineness of his feeling, the truth of the instincts of his imagination, and the excellence of his taste. I will place my own version first, and then give those of others. The passage is taken from chapter xvi., Part II. :—

“Poetry, noble sir, to my seeming, is like unto a gentle maiden, young in years, and of extreme beauty, whom to enrich, beautify, and adorn, is the care of the many maidens who attend her—which be the other sciences,—and she must be served of all, while to all these she must lend her lustre. But this same maiden will brook no handling, nor be haled through the streets, nor be published at the corners of the market-place, nor in the palace woods. She is made of an alchemy of such virtue that he who knoweth how to treat her may change her to purest gold of greatest price. He who enjoyeth her must keep her within due bounds, not allowing her to run into unchaste satires or impious sonnets. She must by no means be vendible, unless for heroical poems, or woeful tragedies, or for pleasant and artful comedies ; she must not be left to the touch of jesters, nor of the ignorant vulgar incapable of knowing and esteeming the treasures which she holds enshrined within her. Nor think, sir, that I mean here by the ‘vulgar’ merely plebeian and humble people, but rather that all who are ignorant, whether lord or prince, must be reckoned among that crew. Thus, he who with the requisites I have mentioned holds commerce with POETRY, shall become famous, and his name be honoured among all the polite nations of the world.”

The putative Shelton translates this passage with unusual fidelity, and need not therefore be given here.

MOTTEUX.

“Poetry, sir, in my judgment, is like a tender virgin in her bloom, beautiful and charming to amazement ; all the other sciences are so many virgins whose care it is to enrich,

polish, and adorn her ; as she is to make use of them all, so are they all to have from her a grateful acknowledgment. But this virgin must not be roughly handled, nor dragged along the streets, nor exposed to every market-place and corner of great men's houses. A good poet is a kind of an alchymist, who can turn the matter he prepares into the purest gold, and an inestimable treasure. But he must keep his muse within the rules of decency, and not let her prostitute her excellency in lewd satires and lampoons, nor in licentious sonnets. She must not be mercenary, though she need not give away the profits she may claim from heroic poems, deep tragedies, and pleasant and artful comedies. She is not to be attempted by buffoons, nor by the ignorant vulgar, whose capacity can never reach to a due sense of the treasures that are locked up in her. And know, sir, that when I mention the vulgar I do not mean only the common rabble, for whoever is ignorant, be he lord or prince, is to be listed in the number of the vulgar. But whoever shall apply himself to the muses with those qualifications which, as I said, are essential to the character of a good poet, his name shall be famous and valued in all the polished nations of the world."

SMOLLETT.

"I liken poetry to a young, tender, and beautiful virgin, whom many other virgins, that is, all the other sciences, are assiduous to ornament, enrich, and embellish ; now as she makes use of them all, so likewise does she reflect a lustre upon them all. But then this tender virgin is not to be handled roughly ; she is not to be dragged through the streets, exposed in public places, or stand as a prostitute at the gates of palaces. She is a kind of alchemy of such rare virtue, that whoever knows the nature of her composition may change her into pure gold of inestimable value : whoever would keep her must narrowly look after her ; she must not be indulged in the indecency of obscene satire, nor allowed to run into insipid sonnets," etc.

JARVIS.

"Poetry, good sir, I take to be like a tender virgin, very young and extremely beautiful, whom divers other virgins, namely, all the other sciences, make it their business to enrich, polish, and adorn: and to her it belongs to make use of them all. But this same virgin is not to be rudely handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor exposed in the turnings of the market-place, nor posted on the corners or gates of palaces. She is formed of an alchemy of such virtue, that he who knows how to manage her will convert her into the purest gold of inestimable price. He who possesses her should keep a strict hand over her, not suffering her to make excursions in obscene satires or lifeless sonnets. She must in no wise be venal, though she need not reject the profits arising from heroic poems, mournful tragedies, or pleasant and artful comedies. She must not be meddled with by buffoons, or by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of knowing or achieving the treasures locked up in her. And think not, sir, that I give the appellation of vulgar to the common people alone. All the ignorant, though they be lords or princes, ought and must be taken into the number," etc.

PHILIPS.

"I must tell ye, sir, Poetry is like the youngest Daughter in a family, whom all the elder Sisters tend upon. She is the ornament caress'd by all her other sister-sciences, and adds to their grace and beauty wherever she appears among 'em. However, men must have a care how they prostitute her excellency in Libels and Obscoenity. She's Curtisand upon the stage by Licentious Pens and prophan'd by popular adulation, to please the vulgar, that are utterly ignorant of her real worth and Beauty," etc.

It may be mentioned that in the immediate context Philips makes use of the following interpolation: "But as for your Modern Poets, he allows very few to be worth a straw; among the rest he has a particular Peek against Du

Bartas and *Paradise Lost*, which he says has neither Rhime nor Reason." [I commend this elegant extract from Philips to the attention of the eloquent prebendary of Toledo already referred to, who will perhaps abstain in future from recommending the writing of this mountebank as a model of style.]

Of interpolations and omissions, of the copying of errors and following the evident mistakes of the Spanish printers, on the part of all the translators, I have not made mention, for the task is odious ; and although justifiable, and perhaps needful, yet it is attended with much pain. I may, however, point out that the errors of the press in the early Spanish editions are very numerous, and great care is needed to detect and correct them. This is not always easy. As an example I will give the last which has occurred to me. In chapter xxxiv., Part II., the duke exhorts Sancho to occupy him in the sports of the field when he comes to his government—*y vereis como os vale un pan por ciento*. The putative Shelton translates this, "Follow the chase and thou shalt be a hundred times better ;" Motteux, "You will find the great advantage of these sports and diversions." Philips, who appears never to consult the original, renders the passage—"Use the sport of Hunting, for then you will find the benefit of it." Jarvis follows this rendering, and so does Smollett, who adds in a note : "Literally, 'And you shall see it will be worth a loaf that will serve an hundred.'" The expression *Como os vale un pan por ciento*, if not an error of the compositor for *Como os vale un pamporcino*, is certainly very obscure, and the meaning, if it ever had any, is now lost ; while the latter might be, "Thou shalt be as fresh as a daisy"—the *pamporcino* being the wild cyclamen, which, when its pink petals shine in the dew, is as delightful a picture of freshness and health as a rose. *Pamporcino* has also a double meaning when thus used, which, as applied to Sancho, might express that the exercise of hunting would fatten and make him round as a sucking-pig. But I prefer the more direct rendering. Again, the beautiful passage on

comedy in chapter xii. is spoiled by the translators blindly following each other, without each examining the original for himself. There the word *comparacion* is substituted for *comparicion*; the first bearing the ordinary rendering of comparison, and the last meaning nothing else than an "appearance," but an appearance under special conditions, and which cannot take place except in company with others. There are numerous other examples of a like and more serious kind, to cite which would swell this notice to an unreasonable length. I would also point out that in all the translations Sancho speaks in the same words as Don Quixote himself. This is not easy of remedy, except by adhering closely to the original. It is not possible to distinguish, for example, the *fermosura*, *fecha*, *fizo*, *facer*, and *fazaña* of the hidalgo from the simpler forms of those words used by the squire, and render the difference in plain English; but it is possible to make an unlettered villager speak the short and simple words of nature, while putting into the mouth of his master the polished, sometimes the pompous, words and phrases of the literature of the day, and particularly of that literature which it is the author's intent to bring into ridicule. In the Second Part the language of Sancho undergoes a remarkable change, which Cervantes is at great pains to point out, and which it is the translator's duty to observe with all fidelity.

I most willingly turn to another matter of a very different complexion.

Among the many friends in Spain—including the Prebendary of Toledo—and elsewhere, to whom I am indebted for valuable books, help in verbal difficulties, and in many other ways, to whom I here make my grateful acknowledgments, it gives me great pleasure to mention the name of my friend Mr. J. YOUNG GIBSON, who made himself responsible for the faithful rendering of the lays, songs, and ballads which belong to the First and Second Parts. These, in many cases, are of great difficulty. They are not of the ordinary kind of poetry, which authors of fiction incorporate in their writings: the Spanish critics pronounce them to be unin-

telligible, perhaps for the reason that they are the productions of varied kinds of madmen ; while the critics of Seville and Madrid, unequal to the task, have uselessly been trying to turn them into the ordinary prose of their own infallible and unfallen reason. It never occurred to them that—

*Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends ;*

and so, like some of the English translators, they have, with much unfruitfulness, been trying to make sense out of constructed nonsense. Under these circumstances, it was compulsory to translate these poems with all the literalness that was possible ; and I am compelled, with gratitude, to confess that, but for the constant and helpful sympathy of Mr. GIBSON, nor these nor the whole work would ever by me have been anew translated. The reader, I have no doubt, will recognize the difficulty of the undertaking in question, when he discovers that the sonnets of Cardenio, the Lay of Chrysostom, and the songs of Don Quixote, were not only the productions of lunatics of differing types, but that they were designed to prove that their authors must have been mad at the time they wrote them. Cervantes knew that—

*The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact ;*

and of these materials is the one great madman, not of Spain, but of the universal world, formed and fashioned. Not to perceive and apprehend this is to miss one of the primary objects for which the *Don Quixote* was written.

A. J. DUFFIELD.

OF THE NOTES AND COMMENTS.

For more than twenty years I have been engaged in collecting and making critical and historical notes on the *Don Quixote*, and it had been my intention to give a large selection from those which seemed to throw some light on the times in which it was written, on the purpose it was intended to serve, the purposes it has served, and the uses to which it still may be applied in our own day. But I discovered that to do this would make six formidable folio volumes: it further occurred to me that the present generation had better read *Don Quixote* for itself before it is given any long and learned comments upon it; that perhaps, after all, it will not require comments; and that if it does, the time to supply them will be when they are demanded by the public. Another thought had occurred to me, namely, of showing, especially in the First Part, the constant reference which Cervantes makes to the evil books whose influence it was his purpose to destroy in the world, and at the same time give the general reader an opportunity for judging of the art and skill used by this gentle satirist in the accomplishing of his end; and although this would have been comparatively easy for me, I was not quite sure that it would prove of much pleasure to those whose grace I am anxious to obtain. So I gave up the intention of writing a hundred essays on the sources of Cervantes' knowledge, and contented me with making a few notes here and there, with the design of keeping before my readers the high object which he set himself to achieve. I have been greatly indebted to the Rev. John Bowle, to Pellicer, to Clemencin, and other Spanish critics

and commentators, to whose labours I make occasional reference because they help us to understand the temper of the Spaniards of our day, and the value they place upon the great book which sprang from their country, but which has ceased to belong to it exclusively.

The commentary of Clemencin has been variably estimated. Ticknor, for example, looks upon it as "one of the most complete commentaries that has been published on any author, ancient or modern. It is written, too, with taste and judgment in nearly all that relates to the merits of the author, and is free from the blind admiration for Cervantes which marks Vicente de los Rios and the edition of the Academy." * This, I would observe, is far from being the opinion of those who have read the book. It may be also observed that the commentary is evidently not the production of one and the same writer; while it is much doubted whether the name of its real author has been correctly given.

One work to which I have been most indebted, next to Bowle, is the Brussels edition of the original, printed in 1607, of which no Spanish critic of my acquaintance makes mention. Many of the emendations of the London edition of 1738 were taken from this, the most carefully read of the early copies, while all its more important corrections are taken from it bodily, and without any acknowledgment. Who the editor or official reader of the Brussels edition was, has, I believe, never been ascertained.

If I add that the somewhat ample quotations from books of chivalry, classical authors, and ancient ballads, not to mention the proverbs and citations from Holy Writ, are in number nearly two thousand—which are freely scattered through the Two Parts—nothing more need be said to show how bulky this work would have become had they all been verified in these pages.

A. J. D.

* Ticknor, *History of Spanish Literature*, iii. 383, edit. 1855, 8vo

OF THE WOMEN OF CERVANTES.

THE modern critic of *Don Quixote*, whom the American authority on Spanish literature has so much praised, finds considerable fault with two of the fair characters who take leading parts in our great novel. Marcela, observes Clemencin, preaches a sermon, and Dorothea is very affected with her sighs and long speeches. "Marcela's discretion," he says, "is highly scholastic, and sits upon her very ill; much rather does she appear as a woman of the world, learned in love matters and the metaphysics of the passions, than a timid, candid, and sensible girl. How is it possible," exclaims this writer, "that she can interest any one?" He adds, "The sermon of Marcela" (forgetting that she had lost her mother, and was brought up in the house of a priest) "is impertinent, affected, ridiculous, and anything else you like. The apparition of the homicidal shepherdess at a critical moment; her metaphysical, polemical, critical, apologetical dissertation; her barefacedness, her freedom, her babble and syllogisms, take from the episode that interest which the character and death of the ill-fated Chrysostom might have given to it, whom it is impossible to regard as other than a fool in dying for a female (*hembra*) who was so gifted in grammar, and such a talker withal."—Tom. i. p. 306.

His observations on Dorothea are of a similar kind, with a little added vehemence, and he declares that the discourse she makes in chapter xxviii. was in no way needed to sustain the context of her story, etc., etc.

There are other ladies whose characters the reader will not fail to notice, which Cervantes has drawn for us with great

care, and with an evident and proclaimed purpose, namely, Lucinda, Clara, the duchess, and Claudia. These ladies, we are explicitly and repeatedly told, were much given to the reading of books of chivalry, and Clemencin, either ignoring the words of Cervantes or not minding to understand their meaning, supposes that the great limner is drawing the portraits of ordinary Spanish women of the period, and takes offence at the romantic airs with which their manners and conversation, or rather their practised speech-making, are abundantly surrounded.

We must bear in mind that Don Quixote was not the only victim of the pernicious influence of the popular tales of the day, but these ladies also, whose minds becoming inflamed with vanity, and their fancies carried into forbidden regions, being made familiar with the amazing improprieties of queens, and dames, and many other highborn damsels, they lose the sense of their own modesty, and some of them lose that which their modesty should have been powerful to preserve, but was not. The case of Dorothea is purposely made more plain to the reader than that of the others, and only a dunce could have mistaken the part which the Princess of Micomicona was intended to play, not only in the deliverance of Don Quixote from his mania, but in helping Cervantes to carry out the task which he had set himself to achieve. The reader will also find that Dorothea had her type in the Princess de Niquea, in the *Chronicle of Amadis of Greece*, who likewise had the gift of making long and opportune speeches, to be overheard by the Prince of Anastarax, who knew how to turn them to proper account. It is inconceivable that Clemencin, who cites the passage in question from the *Amadis of Greece*, should have been incapable of discerning the evident intent of the great master against whom he directs his frivolous rebukes. Nothing could justify the account which Dorothea gives of her being surprised by Fernando in her own room, but the great moral purpose that directed the mind and governed the pen of Cervantes in his conflict with the books of darkness which then ruled over the men and

women of Spain. These books were not only in every one's house—their contents were on everybody's tongue, while their heroes and heroines were the guiding stars of the youth of the country. The story of Dorothea, and how she became the spoil of Fernando, is what may be called the stock plot of a hundred different chivalry books, plays, songs, and ballads of the day—with this difference, that their design was to create idleness and concupiscence, and that of Cervantes to paint these vices in their own colours, stripped of the fine trappings in which they were decked by those who traded in them and made much gain thereby, and at the same time to hold them up to the scorn and detestation of men.

Of the men of Cervantes this is not the place to write; many pages would not suffice to deal with the character of Sancho alone. But one word may be allowed to point out that the adventure of the windmills, mentioned in chapter viii., by which the knight is chiefly known to those who prefer the fancies of traditions to the facts of history, is intended to ridicule the monstrous ambition of the squire. Why did so shrewd a villager as Sancho consent to go and serve a master who could mistake thirty or forty windmills for so many giants? The answer is that he had been promised the governorship of some island, and that of itself would suffice to make any Spaniard of his day swallow, not only two or three dozen windmills, but as many camels as well. To return to the women of Cervantes. If the reader will bear in mind the kind of books which Dorothea and Marcela, Lucinda and the duchess, Altisidora and Claudia, were in the habit of reading, and which the author of these beings tells us some of them knew by heart, these personages will, perhaps, be found to possess a higher value than that at which they are held by the venerable Spanish critic, whose commentary on the *Don Quixote*, although frequently of much use, is often hypercritical as well as misleading.

A. J. D.

*Biblioth. - Hist. - Modern.
816.1.1.1.1.1.
Biblioth. - Modern.*

OF THE BOOKS OF CHIVALRY.

A BOOK of chivalry may be described in a few words as a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing; and if the tale had not been printed and circulated under the distinguished authority of kings, princes, cardinals, bishops, and all that were in authority, and the reading of it, in short, made into a fashionable pastime, it could have done no harm, nor would it have come into a general demand, and still less into what it ended in becoming, namely, a necessity of the national mind of Spain, just as contagion is a necessity of corruption. How the contagion spread the reader will understand by one illustration. The Church had lost its hold on the popular mind through the influence of the idiot's tale, and it was thought necessary to adopt its form and use its extravagances to propagate the faith and maintain the Church's power. So in 1587 there was given to the world the Poem of St. Francis and other saints of his order, under the title of the *Knight of Asisi*, in all the usual magnificence of type and binding; and the book was dedicated to the High Constable of Castile, while it also contains many written eulogiums and *aprobaciones* from men of letters, including a letter of recommendation from one of the most famous poets of Spain, Alonso de Ercilla. The saint is pictured on horseback; his helmet is surmounted by a cross, with the nails and crown of thorns; on his shield are emblazoned the five wounds; and on the pennon of the lance is the figure of Faith holding the cross and a chalice in her hand, and underneath is the legend, *En esta no faltaré*. But it was of no avail: the people preferred Oriana and her naughtiness to the queen of heaven and her unspottedness, and the guilty loves of Lancelot and Guinevere were more attractive than the austerities of

saints or the miracles of devout missionaries; and the more the deeds of the holy men of old were put in competition with those of Orlando and Amadis, the more did the saints, with their simple lives and lowly virtues, sink in the estimation of those who were asked to draw a comparison between them. There were more original books of chivalry published in Spain from the year 1547 to 1605, than from 1490 (the date of *Tirante el Blanco*) to 1547. Then arose Miguel de Cervantes—not on the ebb, but on the flood of this tide of literary chivalry—a poor man and modest, who had served as a private soldier and got maimed, and, being unfitted for other work, took to writing books and poems and plays, as we have seen; and the one book which he wrote on purpose to swallow up all the others had that precise effect, and what the Emperor could not do by edict, nor the Pope by bulls, nor the Church by precepts, Cervantes did by making men laugh.

I think that the list of his slain should be hung up to view, so that some fair estimate may be formed of the great odds which Cervantes encountered. And it gives me great pleasure to say that for this list, as well as its form of classification, I am indebted, as well as for much other help, to my illustrious friend EL SEÑOR DON PASCUAL DE GAYANGOS, Member of the Royal Academy of Madrid, and author of many learned works, to whom all English students of Spanish literature are indebted, evidently, more than they can express, not only for a knowledge of books, but also how to read them.

It will be seen that the list is of books printed in Spain only, and are what may be supposed to have formed the library of Don Quixote.

CLASS I.

OF THE BRETON PERIOD.

LANCELOT OF THE LAKE.

The Quest of the Holy Grail, with the marvellous acts of . . . and of Galaz his son. The work concludes as follows:

“ Here ends the second and last book of the books of the

Quest of the Holy Grail, with the ballad of the most famous prophet and negromancer Merlin, with his prophecies. Here will be found, therefore, the whole book of the Quest of the Holy Grail, in which is contained the beginning and end of the Table Round, together with the lives and deaths of one hundred and fifty knights companions thereof. The which was imprinted in the imperial city of Toledo by Juan de Villaquiran, printer of books. Finished on the tenth day of October, in the year of the birth of our Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ 1515." Folio, Grenville Library, British Museum.

The Quest of the Holy Grail, with the marvellous deeds of Lancelot and of Galaz his son. "Here concludes the first and second book of the Quest, etc., which was printed in the very noble and loyal city of Seville, and finished in the year of the incarnation of our Redeemer Jesus Christ 1535, on the twelfth day of October." In the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh.

MERLIN.

The Ballad of Merlin the Sage. "The present work was printed in the very noble and most loyal city of Burgos, the metropolis of Castile, by Juan de Burgos, on the tenth day of the month of February, in the year of our salvation 1498." Library of the Marquis de Pidal.

Merlin, and the Quest of the Holy Grail. Seville, 1500.

THE SECOND TABLE ROUND.

The Triumphs of Sagramor, which treats of the deeds of the Knights of the Second Round Table. Coimbra, by João Alvares, 1554.

Another edition, 1567.

TABLANTE AND JOFRÉ.

The Chronicle of the noble Knights . . . of Ricamonte, and Gofré, son of Donason. Toledo, 1513. In the Imperial Library, Vienna.

Another edition. In Seville, 1599.

Ditto. Alcala de Henares, 4to, 1604.

Ditto. Seville, folio, 1629.

TRISTAN DE LEONIS.

Book of the Valliant Knight Don . . . and of his great feats
in arms. Valladolid, 1501.

Ditto. In Seville, 1528.

Ditto. Ditto, 1533.

Ditto. Ditto, 1534. Library of Don Justo Sancha.

CLASS II.

OF THE CARLOVINGIAN PERIOD.

CARLO MAGNO AND THE TWELVE PEERS, *Part I.*

History of the Emperor Carlo Magno, and of the Twelve
Peers of France. By Nicholas de Piamonte. Seville, 1528.

Ditto. Seville, 1547 and 1548.

Ditto. Seville, 1549. Imperial Library, Vienna.

Ditto. Alcala de Henares, 1570.

Ditto. Lisbon, 1613.

Ditto. Huesca, 1641.

Ditto. Cuenca, without date.

Ditto. Seville, 1650.

Ditto. Barcelona, 1696. *Bowle.*

Ditto. Coimbra, 1732.

Ditto. Barcelona, 1708.

Ditto. Ditto, without date.

Ditto in Portuguese. Lisbon, 1728.

Ditto. At the Hague, 1728.

Ditto. Barcelona, without date, probably 1711.

Ditto. Madrid, 1744. The same has been often printed since

CARLO MAGNO AND THE TWELVE PEERS, *Part II.*

Lisbon, 1737.

Ditto. Lisbon, 1799.

Ditto. Ditto, 1784.

CARLO MAGNO, *Part III.*

In Lisbon, 1745. "Beginning with the creation of the world, the flood, and the confusion of tongues."

THE MIRROR OF CHIVALRIES, *Part I.*

Which treats of the deeds of the Count Don Orlando and of Don Reynaldos. Seville, 1533, 1545, 1551.

Ditto. Medina del Campo, 1586.

THE MIRROR OF CHIVALRIES, *Part II.*

The Second Book of the Mirror of Chivalries, which treats of the amours of Don Orlando with Angelica the Fair, and of the strange adventures wrought by the Prince Don Roserin, son of the King Don Rugiero and Bradamante. Seville, 1536.

Ditto. Seville, 1536.

Ditto. Without place, 1586. Grenville Library, British Museum.

MIRROR OF CHIVALRIES, *Part III.*

Third Part of Reynaldos de Montalban, in the which is recounted the famous acts of the Prince Don Roserin, and what came of the amours of the Princess Florimena, where may be seen the high and princely deeds of arms of Don Roselas of Greece, his son. Seville, 1550.

Ditto. Toledo, 1586. Grenville.

Ditto. Medina del Campo, 1586. *Bowle.*

MIRROR OF CHIVALRIES, *Part IV.*

The Duke of Calabria presented a book of chivalries to the monastery of San Miguel de los Reyes in Valencia, in 1554, bearing for its title *The Fourth part of Reinaldos de Montalban*, and in another place, *The Fourth Books of the Mirror of Chivalries.*

GUARINO MESQUINO.

The Chronicle of the noble Knight Guarino Mesquino, which

treats of the deeds and adventures which happened in all parts of the world, and in the Purgatory of St. Patrick, and in the mountain of Norca, where the Sybil dwelt. Seville, 1548. Library of the Countess de Campo-Alange.

MORGANTE.

Book of the mighty Giant Morgante, and of Roldan and Reinaldos. It thus concludes: "To the praise and glory of Almighty God, and of the most blessed Virgin Mary, his mother. The present book was finished in the renowned city of Valencia, Sept. 16, 1533." Grenville Library.

Ditto. Valencia, 1533.

Ditto. Ditto, 1535.

Ditto. Seville, no date.

REINALDOS OR RENALDOS DE MONTALBAN, *Parts I. and II.*

The Book of the noble and mighty Knight Renaldos de Montalvan. Toledo, 1523. In folio iii., at the head of the page, we read, "Here begin the two books of the very noble and mighty knight Don Renaldos de Montalvan, called in the Tuscan language *El Enamoramiento del Emperador Carlo Magno*. Translated by Luis Dominguez." It is a translation of the Italian book printed in Venice, 1481.

Ditto. Seville, 1525.

Ditto. Salamanca, 1526.

Ditto. Seville, 1535 (doubtful).

Ditto. Burgos, "Cabeça de Castilla," 1564.

Ditto. Alcala de Henares, 1563.

Ditto. Ditto, 1534.

Ditto. Perpiñan, 1585.

Ditto. Ditto, 1585.

Ditto. Ditto, 1589.

REINALDOS DE MONTALBAN, *Part III.*

The Trapesonda. Seville, 1533.

Emperor of Trapesonda. Toledo, 1538.

Ditto. Seville, 1543.

Emperor of Trapesonda. Toledo, 1558.

Ditto. Alcala de Henares, 1562.

REINALDOS DE MONTALBAN, *Part IV.*

The Trapesonda. Seville, 1542. Preserved in the library at Wolfenbüttel.

CLASS III.

BOOKS WHICH PERTAIN TO THE GRECO-ASIATIC PERIOD.

SECTION I. THE AMADISES.

AMADIS OF GAUL.

Books I. to IV.

The Four Books of the very mighty and very virtuous Knight Amadis of Gaul, newly written and amended. Salamanca, 1510. In the library of Sir Thomas Phillips, and in the public library at Oporto—an edition printed in 1519, probably at Rome.

Ditto. Zaragoza, 1521.

Ditto. Seville, 1526.

Ditto. Ditto, 1531.

Ditto. Venice, 1533.

Ditto. Seville, 1535.

Ditto. Ditto, 1539.

Ditto. Medina del Campo, 1545.

Ditto. Seville, 1547.

Ditto. Lovaina, 1551.

Ditto. Seville, 1552. Library of Sir Thomas Phillips.

Ditto. Burgos, 1563.

Ditto. Seville, 1563.

Ditto. Salamanca, 1574.

Ditto. Ditto, 1575.

Ditto. Ditto, 1575.

Ditto. Seville, 1575.

Ditto. Alcala de Henares, 1580.

Another edition. Seville, 1586.

Ditto. Burgos, 1587.

SERGAS DE ESPLANDIAN.

The Fifth Book of Amadis.

The exploits of the virtuous Knight Esplandian, son of Amadis of Gaul. "Was printed in the imperial city of Toledo, by Juan de Villaquiran, on the eighth day of May, in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 1521."

Another edition. 1525.

Ditto. Burgos, 1526.

Ditto. Seville, 1526, 1542. Sir Thomas Phillips.

Ditto. Burgos, 1587.

Ditto. Çaragoça, 1587.

Ditto. Alcala de Henares, 1588.

DON FLORISANDO.

The Sixth Book of Amadis.

The Sixth Book of Amadis of Gaul, in which is recounted the great deeds of Florisando, Prince of Cantaria. Salamanca, 1510.

Another Edition. Seville, 1525.

LISUARTE DE GRECIA Y PERION DE GAULA.

The Seventh Book of Amadis.

The Seventh Book of Amadis, which treats of the great feats in arms of Lisuarte of Greece, son of Esplandian, and of Perion of Gaul. Seville, 1525. Sir Thomas Phillips.

Another edition. Toledo, 1539.

Ditto. Seville, 1548.

Ditto. Ditto, 1550. The author in the prologue to this edition says that the original was found in London.

Ditto. Seville, 1550.

Ditto. Zaragoza, 1587.

Ditto. Lisbon, 1587.

Ditto. Tarragona, 1587.

Ditto. Without place or date.

LISUARTE DE GRECIA Y MUERTE DE AMADIS.

Eighth Book of Amadis.

The Eighth Book of Amadis, which treats of the wonderful adventures and great exploits of his grandson Lisuarte of Greece, and of the death of the illustrious King Amadis. By Juan Diaz, bachelor in canons. Seville, 1526.

AMADIS DE GRECIA.

Ninth Book of Amadis.

The Chronicle of the very valiant and mighty Prince and Knight of the Burning Sword, Amadis of Greece, son of Lisuarte of Greece. Burgos, 1535.

The Ninth Book of Amadis of Gaul, being the Chronicle of the valiant and mighty Prince and Knight of the Flaming Sword, Amadis of Greece, son of Lisuarte of Greece, Emperor of Constantinople and of Trebizond, and King of Rhodes, which treats of his great deeds in arms, and of his sublime and extraordinary amours, Seville, 1542.

Another edition. Medina del Campo, 1564.

Ditto. Valencia, 1582.

Ditto. Lisbon, 1596.

Ditto. Without place or date.

DON FLORISEL DE NIQUEA, *Parts I. and II.**Tenth Book of Amadis.*

The Chronicle of the very valiant and mighty and invincible Knights Don Florizel and of the stout Anaxartes, sons of the very excellent Prince Amadis of Greece. Amended from the ancient style, as it was written by Cirfea, Queen of Argines, by the very noble Knight Feliciano de Silva. Valladolid, 1532.

Another edition. Seville, 1546.

Ditto. Lisbon, 1566.

Ditto. Zaragoza, 1568.

Ditto. Çaragoça, 1584.

Ditto. Tarragona, 1584.

ROGEL DE GRECIA (*Part III. of Don Florisel de Niquea*).

The Eleventh Book of Amadis.

The Third Part of the Chronicle of Don Florisel de Niquea.

By Feliciano de Silva. Seville, 1536.

Another edition. Seville, 1546.

Ditto. Salamanca, 1551. In the Imperial Library, Vienna.

Ditto. Evora, without date.

Ditto. Ditto, without date.

Ditto. Lisbon, 1566.

Ditto. Fourth Part. Salamanca, 1551.

Another edition. Ditto, 1551.

Ditto. Çaragoça, 1568.

Ditto. Ditto, 1568.

DON SILVES DE LA SELVA.

Twelfth Book of Amadis.

The Beginning of the Twelfth Part of the invincible Knight Amadis of Gaul, which treats of the great deeds in arms of the mighty Knight Don Silves de la Selva, with the end of the Ruxian wars ; together with the birth of the terrible Knights Esferamundi and Amadis of Astra, as also of the two illustrious Princes Fortunian and Astrapolo. Dedicated to the illustrious Lord Don Luys Ponce de Leon, Duke de Arcos, Marquis de Tahara (*Zahara*), Count de Casares, Lord of Marchena. Seville, 1546.

Another copy. Seville, 1549.

ESFERAMUNDI DE GRECIA.

Thirteenth Book of Amadis.

The Italian author Mambrino Roseo de Fabriano says that he translated this work out of Spanish into Italian.

PENALVA.

Nicholas Antonio speaks of a Portuguese book of chivalry bearing this title, which contains the end of the chivalrous career of Amadis, and recounts the manner of his death. This would be the Fourteenth Book of Amadis.

SECTION II. THE PALMERINS.

PALMERIN DE OLIVA.

Book I.

The Book of the famous and very mighty Knight Palmerin de Oliva. *Cum privilegio*, Salamanca, 1511. Attributed to a Spanish lady. Imperial Library, Vienna.

Another edition. Salamanca, 1525.

Ditto. Venice, 1526.

Ditto. Ditto, 1534.

Ditto. Seville, 1540.

Ditto. Ditto, 1547.

Ditto. Toledo, 1555.

Ditto. Medina del Campo, 1562.

Ditto. Toledo, 1580.

PRIMALEON.

Book II. of Palmerin.

The Second Book of Palmerin, which treats of the sublime deeds in arms of Primaleon, his son, and of his brother Polendos, and of Don Duardos, Prince of England, and of other proud knights of the court of the Emperor Palmerin. (Doubtful.) 1516.

Another edition, translated into Castilian. Corrected and emended by Francisco Vazquez, of the very noble city of Ciudadrodrigo, and imprinted in Seville, 1524.

Another edition. Venice, 1526.

Ditto. Toledo, 1528.

Ditto. Venice, 1534.

Ditto. Medina del Campo, 1563.

Ditto. Lisbon, 1566.

Ditto. Bilboa, 1585.

Ditto. Lisbon, 1598.

POLINDO.

Book III. of Palmerin.

History of the invincible Knight Don Polindo, son of King Paciano, King of Numidia, and of the marvellous deeds and strange adventures he had all the world over, ending in his amours with the Princess Belisia, daughter of King Naupilo, King of Macedonia. Toledo, 1526.

PLATIR.

Book IV. of Palmerin.

Chronicle of the valiant and mighty Knight Platir, son of the Emperor Primaleon. Valladolid, 1533.

FLOTIR.

Book V. of Palmerin.

The History of the Knight Flotir, son of the Emperor Platir. Written originally in Italian, according to Quadrio; date of Spanish translation unknown.

PALMERIN OF ENGLAND.

The Book of the very valiant Knight Palmerin of England, son of King Don Duardos, and of his great achievements, and of Floriano of the Desert, his brother, together with others of the Prince Don Florendos, son of Primaleon. At the beginning the date is 1548; at the end, 1547.

Another edition. Toledo, 1548.

Ditto. Burgos, 1567.

Ditto. Lisbon, 1592.

Ditto. Ditto, 1786. In three volumes.

DON DUARDOS II. DE BERTANHA.

Book VII. of Palmerin.

The Third Part of the Chronicle of Palmerin of England. Lisbon, 1587.

The Third and Fourth Part of the Chronicle, etc. Lisbon, 1604. The author was Diego Fernandez de Lisboa.

DON CLARISEL DE BERTANHA.

Book VIII. of Palmerin.

The Fifth and Sixth Parts of Don Palmerin, etc. By Baltasar Gonzales Lobato. Lisbon, 1602.

Another edition. Lisbon, 1602.

SECTION III. OF BOOKS INDEPENDENT OF THE ABOVE SERIES.

ARDERIQUE.

Book of the valiant Knight Arderique, in which is recounted the progress of his amours, his very distinguished deeds and adventures, and how in the end he came to be married to the Lady Leonora, daughter of the Duke of Normandy. Translated from a foreign tongue into Castilian. 1517.

BELIANIS OF GREECE.

History of the valorous and invincible Prince Don Belianis, son of the Emperor Don Belanio and of the Empress Clarinda. Translated from the Greek tongue, in which it was written by the sage Friston, by a son of the virtuous man Toribio Fernandez. 1547.

Another edition. Antwerp, 1564.

Ditto. Burgos, 1579. *Bowle.*

Ditto. Çaragoça, 1580.

Ditto. Burgos, 1587.

BELIANIS. *Parts III. and IV.*

The Third and Fourth Part of the invincible Don Belianis. Burgos, 1579.

Another edition. Ditto, 1587.

BELINDO.

The Chivalries of Don Belindo. By a Portuguese lady. Manuscript, folio.

KNIGHT OF THE MOON.

The Third Book of the Knight of the Moon, which relates the cruel wars the Babylonians and Tartars, Turks and Persians, had with the Greeks, and their conversion to the faith. Manuscript. Royal Library, Madrid.

KNIGHT OF THE ROSE.

Cited among those found in the monastery of San Miguel de los Reyes. Valencia, 1554.

CIFAR.

Chronicle of the very valiant and illustrious Knight Cifar, newly imprinted, wherein is recounted his famous deeds of chivalry ; on account of which, and by his many and great virtues, he came to be monarch of the kingdom of Menton. This history likewise contains numerous catholic doctrines and good ensamples, as much for knights as for other persons of what estate soever. And this same doth recount the distinguished acts in knight-hood of Garfin and Roboan, sons of the Knight Cifar. In especial, it recounts the history of Roboan, who was that knight who came to be emperor of the empire of Tigrida. Seville, 1512. Imperial Library, Paris.

CIRONGILIO DE TRACIA.

The Four Books of the valorous Knight Cirongilio of Thrace, son of the noble King Elesfron of Macedonia, according as it was written in Greek by Novaco, and by Promusis in Latin. Seville, 1545, 1547. Sir Thomas Phillips.

CLARIAN DE LANDANIS.

The First Book of the valiant Knight Don Clarian de Landanis, son of the noble King Lantedon of Sweden. Toledo, 1518. Imperial Library, Vienna.

Another edition. Seville, 1527.

Another edition, to which is added the very dreadful entry into

the Cave of Hercules, which was a marvellous act, and appears to surpass all human endeavour. Imprinted in the very noble city of Medina del Campo, 1542.

CLARIBALTE.

The Book of the very valiant and invincible Knight of Fortune, rightly called Don Claribalte, which, according to the true interpretation, means Don Felix or Don Blessed. Valencia, May xxx., 1519.

CLARIDORO DE ESPAÑA.

The Book of Don Claridoro of Spain. Manuscript. Sold with Southey's library, June, 1825.

CLARIMUNDO.

The Chronicle of the Emperor Clarimundo. Coimbra, Barreira, 1520.

Another edition. Lisbon, 1522.

Ditto. Coimbra, 1533.

Ditto. Lisbon, 1601.

CRISTALIAN DE ESPAÑA.

The History of the unconquerable and magnanimous Knight Don Cristalian of Spain, Prince of Trebizond, and of the Infante Luzescanio, his brother, sons of the famous Emperor of Trebizond, Lindedal. Corrected and emended according to the ancient originals by a lady, native of the most loyal city of Valladolid. 1545.

Another edition, corrected by Doña Beatrice Bernal, native of Valladolid. Imprinted in Alcala de Henares, 1586.

FEBUS.

The Mirror of Princes and Knights, with the sublime chivalries and very extraordinary amours of the beautiful and consummate Princess Claridiana, and of other sublime princes and knights. By Diego Ortuñez de Calahorra. Zaragoza, 1562.

Another edition. Alcala, 1580.

Ditto. Medina del Campo, 1583.

Ditto. Valladolid, 1586.

Ditto. Çaragoça, 1617.

FEBUS. *Part II.*

The Second Part of the Mirror of Princes. Alcala de Henares, 1581.

Another edition. Valladolid, 1586.

Ditto. Alcala de Henares, 1589.

Ditto. Çaragoça, 1617.

FEBUS. *Parts III. and IV.*

The Third and Fourth Parts of the Mirror of Princes, etc. Alcala de Henares, 1589.

Another edition. Çaragoça, 1623.

FEBUS. *Part V.*

The Fifth Part of the Mirror of Princes. Pellicer, in his *Life of Cervantes*, refers to this Fifth Part as existing in his time in the National Library at Madrid.

FEBUS EL TROYANO.

Febus the Trojan. By Stephen Corbera. Barcelona, 1576.

FELIX MAGNO.

The Four Books of the most valorous Knight Felix the Great, son of King Falangris of Great Britain, and of Queen Clarinea. Barcelona, 1531. The author was a son of Don Fadrique of Portugal, Bishop of Sigüenza.

Another copy. Seville, 1543.

Ditto. Ditto, 1549.

FELIXMARTE DE HIRCANIA.

First Part of the great History of the very courageous and valiant Prince Felixmarte of Hyrcania, and of his extraordinary birth. Valladolid, 1556.

Another edition. Without place or date.

FLORAMANTE DE COLONIA.

The Second Part of the valiant Knight Don Clarian de Landanis, and of his son Floramente de Colonia. Seville, 1550.

FLORAMBEL DE LUCEA.

The history of the valiant Knight Florambel, the son of King Florineo of Scotland. Valencia, no date.

Another edition—the Fourth Part. Valladolid, 1532. In the Imperial Library, Vienna.

Ditto—the Fourth and Fifth Parts. Burgos, 1549. In the library of Sir Thomas Phillips.

FLORANDO DE INGLATERRA.

The Chronicle of the valiant and mighty Prince Don Florando of England, son of the noble Prince Paladine, in which are related the great and marvellous adventures which ended in the amours of the beautiful Princess Rosalind, daughter of the Emperor of Rome. Lisbon, 1545. It is said that this work was translated from English. British Museum.

FLORIMON.

History of the Knight Florimon. No place, 1528.

FLORINDO.

The Book newly found of the noble and very valiant Knight Florindo, son of the good Duke Floriseo of the extraordinary venture, by which with great labour he took the enchanted castle of the seven ventures, etc. Çaragoça, 1530.

FLORISEO.

The Book of Floriseo, who by another name is known as the Knight of the Desert, who by his great valour and much wisdom came to be King of Bohemia. By the bachelor Fernando Bernal. Valencia, 1517.

LEPOLEMO, *Part I.*

Book of the invincible Knight Lepolemo, son of the Emperor of Germany, and of the deeds for which he was called the Knight of the Cross. Seville, 1534. *Bowle.*

Another edition. Toledo, 1543.

Ditto. Valladolid, 1545.

Ditto. Seville, no date.

Ditto. Ditto, Black letter, 1548.

Ditto. Toledo, 1562.

LEANDRO EL BEL.

The Second Part of Lepolemo.

Book the Second of the valiant Knight of the Cross Lepolemo, Prince of Germany. Toledo, 1563.

LIDAMAN DE GANAIL.

The Chronicle of Don Clarian, Fourth Part. Toledo. 1528.

LIDAMOR DE ESCOCIA.

History of the valorous Knight of Scotland. By the Master Juan de Cordara. Salamanca, 1539.

OLIVANTE DE LAURA.

History of the invincible Knight Don Olivante de Laura, Prince of Macedonia, who by his excellent acts came to be Emperor of Constantinople. Barcelona, 1564.

OLIVEROS AND ARTUS.

The History of the noble Knights Oliver and Arthur. Burgos, 1499.

Another edition. Valladolid, 1501.

Ditto. Valencia, 1505.

Ditto. Seville, 1510.

Ditto. Alcala de Henares, 1604.

Ditto. Madrid, no date.

PHILESBIAN DE CANDARIA.

The First Book of the very noble and valiant Knight Don Filesbian de Candaria, son of the noble King of Hungary and of Queen Florisena. No place, 1542.

POLICISNE DE BEOCIA.

The famous History of Don Policisne de Bœotia. Valladolid, 1602.

POLINDO.

The History of the invincible Knight Don Polindo, son of King Paciano, King of Numidia. Toledo, 1526.

POLISMAN.

The Book of the valorous Knight Polisman Floriseo, who by another name is known as the Knight of the Desert, who by his great valour and wisdom became King of Bohemia. (Doubtful.) Valencia, 1527.

REYMUNDO DE GRECIA.

The History of the great and virtuous Knight Reymundo of Greece, who by his valour and the strength of his heart was elected Emperor of Constantinople. Salamanca, 1524.

TIRANTE EL BLANCO.

Tirante the White. Valencia, 1490. Three copies of this rare book are known to exist—one in the British Museum,* the other at Rome, and the third in the University of Valencia.

Another edition. Barcelona, 1497.

Ditto. Valladolid, 1511.

* On the fly-leaf of this beautiful example of early printing is the following note: "This is the identical copy of *Tirante lo Blanch* described by Father Menendez in his *Typographia Española*. No other copy is known to exist in Spain of the edition of this most curious romance. *It is one of the few spared from the flames by the curate in his scrutiny of Don Quixote's library.*—Madrid, December 1, 1824. O. RICH, Consul of the United States of America in Madrid."

VALERIANO DE HUNGRIA.

Book the First, consisting of two parts, the first being the Chronicle of the very high and valiant Prince and Knight Valeriano of Hungary. Now newly translated from its original Latin by Dionysius Clemente, notary. Valencia, no date.

HISTORIES AND NOVELS OF CHIVALRY.

The Moor and the Beautiful Xarifa. Novel. Toledo, 1561.
Another edition. Milan, 1593.

ARNALTE Y LUCENDA.

On the loves of Arnalte and Lucenda. Burgos, 1491.
Another edition. Ditto, 1522.
Ditto. Seville, 1525.
Ditto. Burgos, 1527.

AURELIO Y ISABELLA.

The amorous History of Aurelius and Isabelle, daughter of the King of Scotland. Venice, 1529.
Another edition. Antwerp, 1556. In Spanish, French, English, and Italian.
Ditto. Brussels, 1596. In Spanish and French.
Ditto. Ditto, 1608. In Spanish, French, English, and Italian.

CANANOR.

The History of King Cananor, of the Infante his son, and the great adventures he achieved. Seville, 1528.
Another edition. Seville, 1546.
Ditto. Ditto, 1550.
Ditto. Ditto, 1558.
Ditto. Ditto, 1567.

CLAMADES Y CLARAMONDA.

The History of the very valiant and mighty Knight Clamades, son of the King of Castile, and of the lovely Claramonda, daughter of the King of Tuscany. Burgos, 1521.
Another edition. Alcala de Henares, 1603.
Ditto. No place or date.

CLAREO Y FLORISEA.

The History of the loves of Clareo and Florisea, and of the labours of Isea, etc. Venice, 1552.

ERASTO.

The sad History of Prince Erasto, son of the Emperor Diocletian. Antwerp, 1573.

EURIALO Y LUCRECIA.

The true History of the two lovers Franco and Lucrecia. Seville, 1512. A translation from the Latin.

Another copy. Seville, 1524.

Ditto. Ditto, 1533.

FIAMETA

de Juan Bocacio. Printed in Salamanca, 1497. It is called Fiameta, because it treats of the loves of a notable duenna of Naples, which book was made by the famous Florentine poet, Juan Bocacio.

Seville, 1523.

Lisbon, 1541.

FILIBERTO OF SPAIN.

4to. Seville, without date. Imperial Library, Vienna.

FLORES Y BLANCAFLOR.

The story of the two lovers, King and Queen of Spain. 1512.

4to. A very rare book, translated from Italian in 1485.

Another edition. Alcala de Henares, 1604.

Ditto. Without place or date. British Museum.

GAZUL.

The deeds and the loves of Gazul the Good, a Moorish gentleman of Granada. By the bachelor Pedro de Moncayo. Seville, 1599.

GRISEL AND MIRABELLA,

by Juan de Flores, wherein is contained the sad end of the loves of Grisel and Mirabella. No date and no place,

but my friend Don Pascual is of opinion that it belongs to the fifteenth century.

Another edition. Seville, 1524. 4to.

Ditto. Toledo, 1526. 4to.

WILLIAM, KING OF ENGLAND.

Chronicle of the King Don . . . King of England and Duke of Anjou, and of the Queen Doña Beta, his wife. Toledo, 1526.

Another edition. Seville, 1553. A very rare book.

HENRIQUE FI DE OLIVA.

History of Enrique, King of Jerusalem, Emperor of Constantinople. It was printed in Seville in 1498, by three Germans, companions. Very rare. In the Imperial Library, Vienna.

Another edition. Seville, 1533.

Ditto. Ditto, 1545.

ISEA.

The History of Isea. A Portuguese novel, first printed in the fifteenth century.

Another edition. Lisbon, 1837.

JUAN, ABBOT OF MONTEMAYOR (sixteenth century).

The Labyrinth of Love. Seville, 1646. There were earlier editions, but this is the only one at present known.

LERIANO AND LAUREOLA, OR THE PRISON OF LOVE.

Printed by four Germans. Seville, 1492. An Italian translation was made in 1513, a French in 1526.

Another edition. Barcelona, 1493. Grenville Library.

Ditto. Burgos, 1496.

Ditto. Ditto, no date.

Ditto. Logroño, 1508.

Ditto. Zaragoza, 1516.

Ditto. Burgos, 1522.

Another edition. Zaragoza, 1523.

Ditto. Seville, 1525.

Ditto. Venice, 1531.

Ditto. Medina del Campo, 1544.

Ditto. Venice, 1553.

Ditto. Antwerp, 1556.

Ditto. Ditto, 1556.

Ditto. Ditto, 1560.

Ditto. Paris, 1560.

Ditto. Ditto, 1567.

Ditto. Salamanca, 1580.

Ditto. Paris, 1581.

Ditto. Lyons, 1583.

Ditto. Paris, 1595.

Antwerp, 1598.

Another edition. Louvain, without date.

Ditto. Paris, 1616.

LUZMAN AND ARBOLEA.

An account of the extraordinary loves of a gentleman of Seville. Printed in Seville, 1572.

Another edition. Salamanca, without date.

Ditto. Seville, 1578.

Ditto. Alcala, 1588.

Ditto. Ditto, 1590.

Ditto. Brussels; 1592.

Ditto. Zaragoza, 1615.

Ditto. Cuenca, 1615.

MAGALONA.

History of Magalona, the fair daughter of the King of Naples. Seville, 1533.

Another edition. Ditto, 1542.

Ditto. Zaragoza, 1602.

Ditto. Baeza, 1628.

Ditto. Barcelona, 1600.

Ditto. Toledo, 1526.

MELOSINA.

History of Melosina the Fair. Tolosa, 1489.

Another edition. Geneva, 1478.

Ditto. Seville, 1526.

OTHAZ DE ROMA.

Manuscript. In the library of the Escorial.

PARIS AND VIANA.

The History of the noble Knight Paris and the very beautiful maiden Viana. "It is very agreeable and mighty pleasant reading for all such persons who are really and truly in love." Burgos, 1524. Translated from the French.

Another edition. Antwerp, 1487.

PARTINOPLES.

Book of the famous Partinoples, who was Emperor of Constantinople. Alcala de Henares, 1513.

Another edition. Without date or place. British Museum.

Ditto. Alcala de Henares, 1515.

Ditto. Toledo, 1526.

Ditto. Burgos, 1547.

Ditto. Seville, 1548.

Ditto. Valladolid, 1623.

Ditto. Seville, 1643.

Ditto. Madrid, 1756.

Ditto. Barcelona, 1700.

PEDRO DE PORTUGAL.

Zaragoza, 1570.

Another edition. Barcelona, 1595.

Ditto. Lisbon, 1767.

PEREGRINO AND GUINEVER.

Seville, without date, possibly 1520.

Another edition. Seville, 1527. Imperial Library, Vienna.

THE BOOKS OF CHIVALRY.

Another edition. Seville, no date.

Ditto. Ditto, no date.

Ditto. Salamanca, 1548.

THE HISTORY OF PONTO AND SIDONIA.

No place or date.

THE PROCESS OF LETTERS.

Being the plaint of a gentleman of the name of Lucindaro
against Love and a certain dame. Venice, 1553. Vienna.

THE QUESTION OF LOVE.

A very rare book. Toledo, 1527.

Another edition. Valencia, 1513.

Ditto. No place, 1539.

Ditto. Medina del Campo, 1545.

Ditto. Venice, 1553.

Ditto. Antwerp, 1556.

Ditto. Ditto, 1587.

Ditto. Ditto, 1598.

Ditto. Louvain, no date.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT THE DEVIL.

Son of the Duke of Normandy, etc. Alcala de Henares, 1530.

Another edition. Seville, 1582.

Ditto. Ditto, 1604.

Ditto. Salamanca, 1627.

Ditto. Jaen, 1628.

Ditto. Lisbon, 1733.

ROSELAURA AND FRANCELISA.

Manuscript. 1630. National Library, Madrid.

SEBILLA.

History of the Queen Sebilla. Seville, 1532.

THE SEVEN WISE MEN OF ROME.

Burgos, 1530.

Another edition. Without place or date.

Another edition. Seville, 1538.

Ditto. Barcelona, 1583. In the British Museum.

Ditto. Ditto, 1593.

Ditto. Ditto, 1621.

Ditto. Ditto, 1725.

Ditto. Ditto, no date.

HISTORY OF THE MAIDEN TEODOR.

Zaragoza, 1530.

Another edition. Segovia, no date. Imperial Library, Vienna.

Ditto. Seville, no date. Ditto.

Ditto. Alcala de Henares, 1607.

Ditto. Madrid, 1726.

Ditto. Lisbon, 1735.

Ditto. Ditto, 1658.

Ditto. London, 1838.

HISTORY OF THE KING TUNGARO.

No place, 1550.

VESPASIANO.

History of the Roman Emperor. Lisbon, 1496. This is much mixed up with matters connected with the Holy Grail. Seville, 1498. A very wonderful and daring composition.

CLASS IV.

BOOKS OF SACRED CHIVALRY.

The Celestial Chivalry. Antwerp, 1554.

Ditto. Alcala de Henares, 1570.

Ditto. Ditto, 1590.

The Knight of the Star. Manuscript.

Knight of the Clear Star. Seville, 1580.

The Knight Asisio. Bilbao, 1587.

Another edition. 1587.

The Knight of Day. Manuscript.

Knight of the Sun. Medina del Campo, 1552.

Knight of the Sun. Valladolid, 1564.
 The Palmer Knight. Cuenca, 1610.
 The Palmer of Hungary. Manuscript.

CLASS V.

BOOKS OF CHIVALRY FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL MATTERS,
 PRINCIPALLY SPANISH.

Bernardo del Carpio. Lisbon.
 The Cid. Seville, 1498. Imperial Library, Vienna.
 Chronical of the Cid. 1541. British Museum.
 Another edition. Burgos, 1568.
 Ditto. Brussels, 1588.
 Ditto. Alcala de Henares, 1604.
 Ditto. Madrid, 1616.
 Ditto. Cuenca, 1616.
 Ditto. Salamanca, 1627.
 Ditto. Cordova, 1627.

The above are editions of the popular, and not the authentic, chronicle, printed by the Abbot Bellorado in 1512 at Burgos, reprinted at Medina del Campo in 1552, and at Burgos 1593.

The Counts of Barcelona. Barcelona, 1600.
 The Chronical of Troy. Seville, 1502.
 Ditto. Toledo, 1512.
 Ditto. Seville, 1519.
 Ditto. Ditto, 1540.
 Ditto. Ditto, 1552.
 Ditto. Toledo, 1562.
 Ditto. Medina del Campo, 1587.
 The Maiden of France, History of the. Seville, 1531.
 Ditto. Burgos, 1557.
 Ditto. Ditto, 1562.
 The Chronical of Fernan Gonzalez. Burgos, 1516.
 Ditto. Ditto, 1537.
 Ditto. Seville, 1542.
 Ditto. Ditto, 1545.

The Chronical of Fernan Gonzalez. Burgos, 1546.

Ditto. Salamanca, 1548.

Ditto. Brussels, 1588.

Ditto. Alcala de Henares, 1605.

Ditto. Madrid, 1777.

The Nine of Fame. Lisbon, 1530.

Ditto. Valencia, 1532.

Ditto. Alcala de Henares, 1585.

Ditto. Barcelona, 1586.

The Chronicle of Rodrigo. Seville, 1511.

Ditto. Ditto, 1526.

Ditto. Ditto, 1527.

Ditto. Toledo, 1549.

Ditto. Seville, 1587.

CLASS VI.

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS OF THE ORLANDO AND OTHER POEMS OF CHIVALRY IN SPANISH.

Angelica the Fair. By Luys Barahona de Soto. Granada, 1586.

Ditto, The Tears of. By Lope de Vega. Madrid, 1602.

Ditto. Lisbon, 1604.

Ditto. Barcelona, 1604.

Ditto. Lisbon, 1605.

Ditto. Madrid, 1605.

Ditto. Ditto, 1608.

The Battle of Roncesvalles. Toledo, 1583.

The Deeds of Bernardo del Carpio. Toledo, 1585.

Ditto. Madrid, 1624.

Celidon de Iberia. Alcalá, 1583.

Felixis and Grisaida. MS.

Florando de Castilla. Alcala de Henares, 1588.

The Gaya of Almanzor. Lisbon 1630.

The Loves of Milon d'Anglante. Pamplona, 1609.

Orlando, The Count. Valladolid, 1594. The first translation
of this poem was made in Venice, 1572.

- Orlando Determinado. Lerida, 1578.
 Ditto. Saragossa, 1578.
 Orlando Enamorado. Alcalá, 1577. The first edition of this poem was published in Venice, 1486.
 Another edition. Toledo, 1581.
 Orlando Furioso.* Translated by Urrea. Lyons, 1550.
 Another edition. Venice, 1553.
 Ditto. Lyons, no date.
 Ditto. Antwerp, 1564.
 Ditto. Lyons, 1556.
 Ditto. Antwerp, 1558.
 Ditto. Medina del Campo, 1572.
 Ditto. Venice, 1575.
 Ditto. Salamanca, 1577.
 Ditto. Ditto, 1578.
 Ditto. Toledo, 1583.
 Ditto. Ditto, 1588.
 The same. Translated by Alcocer. Toledo, 1550.
 Ditto. Translated by Contreras. Madrid, 1583.
 Ditto. Second Part. Zaragoza, 1558.
 Ditto. Ditto. Antwerp, 1577.
 Ditto. Ditto. Alcalá, 1579.
 El Sacreyana di Martin Caro. St. Leonardeo, no date.
 The Discrete Toledan. Alcala de Henares, 1604.

The prices which some of these and other books realized at the sale of the Roxburgh Library are worth preserving :—

					£	s.	d.
The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye.	By						
Raoul le Fevre	1060	10	0
The French edition	116	11	0
Il Decamerone di Boccaccio	2260	0	0
Percival le Galloys	15	15	0
L'Histoire de Tristan	32	0	6
Ysaie le Triste	15	0	0
L'Histoire de Perceforest	30	0	0

* In the *Letters of an English Traveller*, 1781, page 219, it is said that the *Orlando Furioso* was translated at Toledo in 1510.

	£	s.	d.
L'Histoire de Montauban	32	11	0
„ la Table Ronde	78	15	0
Roman du San Graal	38	17	0
„ Roy Artus	37	16	0

While the prices, in francs, given for the same books in the summer of 1878, at the Didot sale in Paris, show that they have lost nothing in value and interest, but, on the contrary, have greatly increased in both :—

	Francs.
Cronique de Turpin, Paris, 1527, first edition ...	553
Fierabras, Lyon, 1489, first edition which reveals the author's name	3000
Another edition, with a different title, 1501, Lyon ...	1360
Histoire de Morgant de Géant, Paris, 1584	960
Ogier le Dannoys, Lyon, 1525	2800
Hystoire de Milles et Amys (two saints of the Roman Calendar converted into knights of romance), Lyon, 1553	1910
Les Quatres Fils Aymon, Lyon, 1506	2960
Renaud de Montauban et Conqueste de Trebisonde, first edition	960
Mabrian (a continuation of the Four Sons of Aymon), Paris, 1525, the only known copy ...	2900
Hystoire du Saint Gresal, Paris, 1523	7600
Merlin (two volumes out of three), published by Vérard in 1498	1720
Lancelot du Lac, Paris, Vérard, 1494	6800
Lancelot, the edition of P. Lenoir, 1533	1600
Perceval le Galloys, Paris, 1530	2800
Artus de Bretagne, Paris, 1536	1850
Meliadus de Leonnoys, Paris, 1528	1750
Tristan, Paris, 1553	550
Isaie le Triste filz de Tristan, Paris, undated ...	1650
Clériadus et Meliadice, Paris, Vérard, 1495, first edition, a copy printed on vellum	19,100
Hystoire de Perceforest, Paris, 1531	1500

	Francs.
Amadis de Gaule, Lyon, 1575-1615	580
Hystoire d'Olivier de Castille, undated (Geneva, about 1492)	20,000
Palmerin d'Olive, Paris, 1553	330
Palmerin d'Angleterre, Lyon, 1553, first edition ...	690
Jason et Médée, Paris, undated	810
Recueil des Hystoires de Troye, Lyon, 1529, the text which Caxton had printed	500
Cronique de Florimont, Paris, 1528, first edition ...	1310
Hystoire du Roy Alexandre le Grant, Lyon, undated	980
Croniques du Preux Judas Machabeus, Paris, 1514 ...	900
Destruction de Jerusalem, Lyon, about 1480 ...	250
Les Sept Sages de Rome, Genève, 1494, almost unique	3350
Triumphe des Neuf Preux, Abbeville, 1487	3950
Les Neuf Preux, Paris, 1507	750
Les Trois Grans (Alexandre, Pompée, Charlemagne), undated, unique	1580
Gerard de Nevers, Paris, 1520, first edition	1300
Clamades, Vienne, undated	650
Valentin et Orson, Lyon, 1539	800
Robert le Dyable, Lyon, 1545	2610
Guillaume de Palerme, Lyon, 1552, first edition ...	260
Hystory wie Hug Schäpter ein Küng zu Franckrich ward, Strassburg, 1500, German translation of the poem on Hugh Capet	1400
Ystoire de Melusine, Paris, about 1495	1510
Abenteuerlich Buch von Melusina, Augsburg, 1480 ...	2300
Geoffroy à la Grand Dent, Lyon, 1549	1580
Livre de Baudoyne, Conte de Flandres, Lyon, 1478, first edition	6000
Paris et la Belle Vienne, Lyon, 1520	760
Le Chevalier Doré, 1542 (an episode of Perceforest)	1000
Pierre de Provence, Lyon, about 1478, unique ...	2950
Another edition of the same, 1530	1020
Hystoire du Preulx Guerin Mesquin, Lyon, 1530, first edition	4010

	Francs.
Don Quixote de la Mancha, 1608-15	2500
Roman de la Rose, manuscript	3800
Roman de la Rose, avec Testament de Jean de Meung, manuscript of exceptional beauty ...	9600
Combat de Trente Bretons contre Trente Anglais, manuscript	3700
Poésies d'Alain Chartier, manuscript	4000
Chartier, Triomphe de l'Espérance, manuscript ...	2400
Le Débat de la Noire et de la Tasnée (par Simonet Caillau), avec des Ballades et Rondeaux, manuscript	5900
Porchier (Etienne), Livre des Trois Ages, manuscript, executed for Louis XI.	8000
La Coche ou le Débat d'Amour, by the Queen of Navarre, Marguerite d'Angoulême, manuscript ...	20,100
Homère traduit par Sallé, the fifth and sixth books in manuscript, for presentation to Francis I. ...	2900
The Romance of Fierabras, in French, manuscript ...	1400
Roman de Joseph d'Arimathie, Vie de Merlin, Quête du Saint Graal, manuscript, dated 1301	3600
Aventures des Chevaliers de la Table Ronde, an original work of fiction composed in imitation of the old Arthurian romances, manuscript	1550
Lancelot du Lac, dernière partie, Quête du Saint Graal, Mort d'Arthur, the famous romances attributed to Walter Map, manuscript	2300
Noms, Armes, et Devises des Chevaliers de la Table Ronde, manuscript, a work of very little value ...	2000

OF THE PROPER NAMES.

PROBABLY no writer of any period manifests so much taste, ingenuity, and wit in the invention of names as Cervantes. There are no less than thirteen hundred proper names mentioned in both parts of the *Don Quixote*, and a brief word may not be out of season on their significance and pronunciation. It is only in Spain that the hero's name is ever pronounced aright. It was first made known to us when the Spaniards were more accustomed to the use of the X than the letter J, which has now taken its place. Had Don Quixote's name been first introduced to us as Keehoty, we might have made an effort to acquire its proper pronunciation, but having called him Quixot for the last two hundred and seventy-five years, we shall continue to do so to the end ; it is, in short, our own name, nor is it found in any other nation, except of course in North America. It is probable that Cervantes himself pronounced it Keetchoty.

All the letters in Spanish names and words are invariably pronounced. This is the key to their right pronunciation. Thus Bustamente is Boostamenty ; Pasamonte, Passamonty ; Pintiquiniestra, Peentekeeneëstra ; Maritornes, Marytorneys, that is, Mari la tuerta, or *Polly One-Eye* ; Brilladora, Brilyadora ; Alicante, Aleecanty. The *d* is mostly soft, as also the single *z*, both of which letters are pronounced as *th* ; the *ch* is also soft, as in *church* : hence we have Mancha and Sancho, not Manka or Sanko ; Thervántes for Cervantes ; Theed for Cid ; Tharagotha and Mathrid for Saragossa and Madrid ; Toledo is Tolatho (the *a* here as in *flat*). The *g* preceding an *e* and an *i* is strongly aspirated, and for Ginesillo de Pasamonte we have Heeneeseelyo de Passamonty ; La Giralda is

La Heeralda, and Cid Hamete Benengeli is Theed Amety Ben Enhayly. The unhappy initial *h* is dropped altogether, and we have Eedalgo for Hidalgo, *the Son of something or of somebody*, and Alambra for Alhambra—although, by the way, this celebrated “Red-house” of Granada is never mentioned in the *Don Quixote*.

The accent is always on the first syllable in Córdoba and Úbeda; on the second syllable in Cervantes, Arévalo, Toboso, Segovia, Urganda, and Zamora; on the third in Saavedra—Saaveythra; on the fourth syllable in Antonomasia; and on the last in Amadís, Nicolás, Sandoval, Roldán, and Ginés. Henrique is Enreeky. The *ñ* is equivalent to *ny*, and *ll* to *ly*: hence Sansueña is Sansooenya, and Tiñoso Teenyoso; Olalla is Olalya, and Olla podrida, Olya pothrida. The *c* before an *e* and *i* is also pronounced like the *z*, under similar conditions, and we have Ronthesvalyes for Roncesvalles, and Rothinanty for Rocinante. The *u* is as two *o*'s in *poor*, and hence for Dulcinea, Urraca, and Urganda we say Doolthinaya, Orraka, and Oorganda. These are only a few examples, but they may suffice.

With regard to the personal appearance of the leading characters in this our great comedy, as well as to the meaning of their names, all that need be said at present is that Don Quixote was tall of stature, very spare, thin in the extreme, and his face could be seen, half a league off, to be long and lank, both cheeks kissing each other on the inside; also it was very dry and sere; his moustache was long, the beard pointed, the hair on his head being cut short to the very roots, and his dress was that of the times of Charles V. and Philip II.

Sancho has hitherto been quite misrepresented by all the artists who have drawn his figure. He has been handed down in the pictures—notably those of Leslie and Smirke—as a rustic Falstaff; whereas he was long in the legs, short in the waist, with a large pot-belly, round well-bronzed cheeks, and spare beard. So that, as the author of his being remarks, “he might properly have been called Sancho Panza y Zancas,” that is, Sancho de Paunch and Shanks.

Rozinante is more accurately known than his master or the squire. He was a poor jade from the beginning, very long and lean, his bones standing staring upon him, and in a galloping consumption—*tan etico confirmado* ; no horse in the world ever did so little that was expected of him, or achieved so great renown for what he did not do. For his sake the original text of the dialogue that took place between him and Baviaca, the famous charger of the Cid, is inserted here.

Bav. Cómo estais Rocinante, tan delgado ?

Roc. Porque nunca se come, y se trabaja.

Bav. Pues qué es de la cebada y de la paja ?

Roc. No me dexa mi amo ni un bocado.

*Bav. Andad, Señor, que estais muy mal criado,
Pues vuestra lengua de asno al amo ultraja.*

*Roc. Asno se es, de la cuna á la mortaja :
Quereislo ver ? Miraldo enamorado.*

Bav. Es neceded amar ? Roc. No es gran prudencia.

Bav. Metafisico estais. Roc. Es que no como.

Bav. Quejaos del escudero. Roc. No es bastante.

*¿ Como me he de quejar en mi dolencia,
Si el amo, y escudero, ó mayordomo,
Son tan rocines como Rocinante ?*

The eighteenth chapter, Part I., contains a long list of famous names that cannot fail to excite attention, and if haply sufficient interest be manifested as to demand their significance, as well as other meanings which there lie hidden, this I promise shall be done with due alacrity.

END OF THE PREFATORY MATTER BY THE TRANSLATOR.

DEDICATION,
PROLOGUE TO THE READER,
AND THE
CUSTOMARY ROLL OF SONNETS.

THE AUTHOR'S DEDICATION

TO THE

DUKE DE BÉJAR,

MARQUIS DE GIBRALEON, CONDE BENALCAZAR AND BAÑARES,
VISCOUNT, ETC., ETC.

IN trust of the hearty welcome and honour which your Excellency extends to all kinds of books, like a prince who loves to encourage the fine arts—more especially those which for their nobleness stoop not to the service and greediness of the vulgar—I have determined to bring to light, under the shield of the most illustrious name of your Excellency, the Ingenious Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, whom, with the reverence I owe to so much greatness, I pray you graciously to receive under your protection, so that beneath its shadow, destitute as my work may be of that precious ornament of elegance and erudition in which are wont to go clothed the productions composed in the houses of men of knowledge, it may dare to face securely the judgment of some who, restraining themselves not within the bounds of their own ignorance, are often given to condemn, with more rigour and less justice, the works of others. I trust, therefore, that your Excellency, regarding with the eye of prudence my good intent, will not disdain the poverty of so lowly a service.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

September 26, 1604.

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE.

INDOLENT READER,

Without an oath thou mayest believe me that I wished that this book, as an offspring of the mind, should be the most beautiful, the most brave, and most wise that could be imagined. But I could not oppose the order of nature, wherein each creature begets its like ; which being so, what could my barren and ill-nurtured genius engender, save the history of a child, asered, shriveled, whimsical, and full of divers conceits, never fancied by any other ? Well might it have been begotten in a prison,¹ where every molestation finds its home, and each doleful noise its habitation. Tranquillity, the still retreat, the pleasantness of fields, the serenity of skies, the murmur of brooks, and peace of the spirit, are great means whereby the muses most barren become fruitful, and bring forth for the world such offspring as fill it with astonishment and delight.

Ofttimes it befalls that a father hath a child ill-favoured and without a single grace, and the love he bears it puts a bandage on his eyes, so that he sees not its faults ; rather does he take them for wise and pretty things, which he repeats to his friends as wit and prettiness. But I, who, although seeming to be the father, am only the stepfather of Don Quixote, have no wish to be carried away on the tide of that custom, nor to entreat, almost with tearful eyes, as do others, most dear reader, that thou pardon, or pretend not to see, the faults of this my child. For neither art thou his kinsman nor his friend, and holdest thy soul in thy body, and thy liberty like the most capable of them, and art in thy house, where thou art lord of it, as is the king of his taxes ; and thou

knowest the common saying, *From under my cloak I can say, Down with the king!*—all of which doth exempt thee and leave thee free of all restraint and obligation ; therefore thou mayest say of this history all that thou pleasest, without fear of reproach for thy censure, or hope of reward for thy praise.

Fain would I have given it to thee pruned and naked of all ornament of prologue, and without the chorus and roll of the customary sonnets, epigrams, and eulogiums which ordinarily appear at the beginning of books. For I may tell thee that albeit mine cost me some labour to compose, yet no part of it cost so much as this preface which thou art now reading.

Many times did I take pen in hand to write it, and many times I laid it down, not knowing what I should write ; and once, being in a muse, with paper before me, pen behind my ear, mine elbow on the table, and my hand to my cheek, thinking what I would say, there entered, incontinently, a shrewd and witty friend of mine, who seeing me pensive, asked me of the cause ; and I, having no mind for secresy, told him that I was musing on the Prologue which I had to make for the History of Don Quixote, and that I was half inclined not to do it, still less to bring to light the exploits of so noble a gentleman.

“For,” said I, “wouldst thou have me be put to shame by what that ancient legislator, called the *fool multitude*, will say when he sees me, at the end of so many years in which I have slept in the silence of oblivion,^a come out now, bowed down with time, with a legend dry as a rush,^b a stranger to invention, barren of style, poor of conception, void of learning and scholastic lore, without notes in the margin or annotations at the end of the book, such as I see in other works ; which, although they be profane and fabulous, are so full of pithy sayings from Aristotle, and Plato, and the whole troop of philosophers, that they are much admired of the readers, who hold their authors to be men well read, learned, and eloquent ? And then they cite the Holy Scriptures, as one would say they are no less than so many St. Thomases and other doctors of the Church ; observing withal a respect so ingenious, that in

one line they will paint you a mopish lover, and in another give you a Christian *sermoncico*, which is a great pleasure and delight to hear or to read. Of all this my book will be bereft, for I have nothing to cite in the margin, nor to note at the end ; still less do I know what authors I have followed in it, in order to put them at the beginning, as all do, in A B C order, commencing with Aristotle, and ending with Xenophon and Zoilus, or Zeuxis, albeit one was a scoffer, and a painter the other. So also will my book lack sonnets at the beginning, at least sonnets whose authors are dukes, marquises, counts, bishops, dames, or very famous poets ; although, if I were to ask them from two or three journeymen friends of mine, they would give them, and such as could not be equalled by those of most name in this Spain of ours. In fine, my friend and dear fellow," continued I, "I have resolved that the Lord Don Quixote shall remain buried in the archives of La Mancha, until Heaven sends some one to adorn him with the many things which yet he doth lack ; for I myself am unable to supply them, by reason of my insufficiency and little learning, and because I am naturally careless and too lazy to look up authors to say for me what I know how to say without them. Hence the perplexity and suspense in which thou findest me—cause enough for all that I have rehearsed, and to which thou hast listened."

On hearing which, my friend, striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, and exploding with a charge of laughter, said to me, "By Heaven, brother, now am I delivered of an error in which I have laboured during all the time I have known thee, in which I did ever hold thee for a man wise and prudent in all thy doings. But now I see that thou art as far from being so as heaven is from earth. What ! is it possible that things of so little moment, and so easy of remedy, can have strength to perplex and absorb a genius so matured as is thine, and which is able to overcome and trample underfoot other and greater difficulties ? This, in good sooth, comes not from the lack of ability, but from the abounding of sloth and the penury of discourse. Wouldst

thou see the truth of what I say? Listen, then, and thou shalt see how I confound all thy difficulties and supply all thy lacking things, which, thou sayest, have held thee amazed and daunted thee in giving to the world the history of thy famous Don Quixote, light and mirror of all knightly chivalry.

"Say," replied I, hearing what he had said, "how thou thinkest to fill the void of my fear, and reduce the chaos of my confusion to order?"

To which he made answer, "The first thing at which thou haltest, this lack of sonnets, epigrams, and eulogiums for the beginning, and which should be by grave and titled persons, thou canst remedy thyself by the taking of a little trouble in making them; afterwards, thou canst baptize them, as pleaseth thee, with any names, fathering them on Prester John of the Indies, or the Emperor of Trebizond, of whom I know there is a report that they were famous poets; and even though they were not, and some pedants and babblers should backbite thee for it, and dispute the truth of it, yet care not a farthing for that, for, should they verify the cheat, they would not cut off the hand that wrote it. In that which pertains to citations in the margins of the books, and authors from which thou mayest have borrowed sentences and sayings for thy history, thou hast but to arrange it so as to lead up to certain phrases or Latinities, which thou hast by heart, or, at most, will cost thee but small labour to find; as, when treating of freedom and captivity, thou wouldst put—

*Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro;**

and then, in the margin, cite Horace, or whoever else did say it. If thou wouldst treat of the power of death, bethink thee of—

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede
Pauperum tabernas, regumque turres.*

If of friendship and love, which God commands towards our enemy, have recourse at once to Holy Scripture (which thou canst manage with the least possible trouble), and give the very words of God himself: *Ego autem dico vobis: diligite inimicos vestros.* If thou shalt treat thee of evil

thoughts, refer to the Gospel: *De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ*. If of the inconstancy of friends, there is Cato, who will give thee his distich:—

*Donec eris felix,^b multos numerabis amicos;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.*

And with these Latin scraps and others, they will take thee for a grammarian, which in these days is no small honour and advantage. Touching the addition of annotations at the end of the book, thou mayest freely adopt this course: if thou makest mention of some giant in thy book, let it be of giant Goliath; and solely with this, which will cost hardly any trouble, mayest thou have a fine annotation; for example, *The giant Goliath, or Goliath, was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with a great stone, in the Valley of Trebinthus,^b* according as it is rehearsed in the Book of Kings, in the chapter where thou shalt find it written.

“After all this, to show thee a man learned in the humanities and a cosmographer, take care to make mention in thy history of the river Tagus,⁷ and thou shalt presently come on another famous annotation, putting down, *The river Tagus was so called by a king of the Castiles; it rises in such a place, and falls into the ocean, kissing on its way the ramparts of the famous city of Lisbon, and it is thought that its sands contain gold, etc.*

“If thou treatest of thieves, I will give thee the history of Cacus, which I have at my fingers’ ends; if of courtesans, the Bishop of Mondoñedo⁸ will lend thee Lamia, Layda, and Flora, which annotation shall win thee infinite credit; if of cruel ones, Ovid shall yield thee Medea; if of enchantresses and witches, Homer hath Calypso, and Virgil Circe; if of brave generals, Julius Cæsar shall give thee himself in his own *Commentaries*, and Plutarch provide thee with a thousand Alexanders.

“If thou wilt treat of amours, with the two drachmas thou hast of the Tuscan language, Leon the Jew⁹ shall supply thee to the full; and, if thou art not mindful to go to foreign lands,

even at home hast thou Fonseca *On the Love of God*, wherein is set forth all that thou or the most ingenious investigator can desire on such a subject.

“In brief, there is nothing for it but to mention these names and touch on these histories in thine own, as I have said, and then leave it to me to put in the annotations and quotations, which I promise shall fill the margins, and also occupy four sheets at the end of the book.

“Come we now to the citations of authors, which other works have, but which thine hath not. The remedy for this is very easy, for thou hast nought else to do but to search for a book in which they are already quoted, from A to Z,¹⁰ as thou sayest. Well, this abecedary thou wilt adopt in thy book, and although the imposture may presently be seen, yet the little need thou hast had to avail thyself of it will make it of no importance ; while perhaps there may be some one simple enough to believe that of all these authorities thou hast advantaged thyself in thy simple and artless history. And if it serve no other purpose, that long file of authors shall at least serve to give, on the first blush, some authority to the book ; the more that no one will go about to verify whether thou hast used them or hast not, having nothing to gain by his labour. Besides, if I hold the thing aright, this book of thine hath no need of one of all those things which thou sayest it lacketh ; for the whole is one invective against books of chivalry, of which Aristotle never had knowledge, St. Basil never makes mention, and Cicero never dreamed. Nor does the rehearsal of its fabled extravagances demand the niceties of truth, or the observations of astrology ; nor are geometrical measurements, or the confutation of arguments for which rhetoric serves, of any importance to it ; nor doth it concern itself with preaching to any, mixing the human with the divine—a kind of patchwork in which no Christian mind should clothe itself. Only hath it to be thrifty in the imitation of that which hath been written ; for the more perfect thy model be, so much the more esteemed shall be thy work. And since this scripture of thine aims at nothing but to destroy the credit and authority which

books of chivalry hold in the world and among the vulgar, there is no need for thee to go begging sentences from philosophers, counsels from Holy Writ, fables from poets, speeches from orators, or miracles from the saints. Only procure in all sincerity that thy declamation and rolling, jocund periods sally forth with words significant, honest, and well ordered, portraying all at which thou aimest, and making as clear as possible thy design, leaving undoubted thy ideas, and not perplexing and obscuring them. Procure thee, likewise, that in the reading of thy history the melancholy man be moved to laughter, gaiety be increased, the simple be not vexed, the discreet be made to admire the invention, the serious not to despise it, nor yet the prudent withhold from it their praise. In effect, level thy aim to demolish the evil-founded structure of these works of chivalry, abhorred of many, but extolled by more. If this thou achievest, thou shalt achieve no small thing."

In profound silence I stood listening to what my friend did say to me, and after such manner did his arguments imprint themselves in me, that, without answer, I held them for good, and of them did I elect to make this Prologue ; in the which, gentle reader, mayest thou discern the wisdom of my friend, my good fortune in finding, at a time of such need, such a counsellor, and thy comfort in possessing so sincere and simple a history of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom there is opinion, among all the inhabitants of the district of the field of Montiel, that he was the most chaste lover and the most valiant knight that hath, in many years, been seen in those parts. I do not wish to magnify the service I do thee in helping thee to a knowledge of a gentleman so renowned and so fair ; but I would have thee grateful to me for the acquaintance thou wilt make in the famous Sancho Panza, his squire, in whom, according to my conceit, I have deciphered for thee all squirely graces that may be found scattered through the swarm of the vain books of chivalry.

And with that, God give thee health, and me forget not.

FAREWELL.

NOTES ON THE TITLE.

The Spanish commentators are amusing in their learned differences among themselves on the meaning of *Ingenioso*, and the application of the adjective to Don Quixote. One insists that the word belongs not to the knight, but to the history which ingeniously paints forth his exploits; another, that this cannot be true, for that Cervantes several times speaks of the "Ingenious Knight" in the course of the work; while Don Diego, Clemencin, with that boldness which is sometimes characteristic of lack of reverence, declares the title of *Ingenioso Hidalgo* to be "obscure, and consequently a little unhappy." Readers of Shakespeare have no need to be told that the word "ingenious" is pregnant with meanings; and as there is nothing obscure or unhappy in its use by him, no more is there in its use by Cervantes. The description which Gloster gives of York (*King Richard III.*, Act iii. sc. 1) would serve for Don Quixote—

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;

while the occurrence of the same word in *King Lear*, Act iv. sc. 6, invests it with still greater significance :—

*How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract :
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.*

Again, in *Hamlet*, Act v. sc. 1, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, as well as elsewhere, there are other examples which show it to have been a favourite word with the bard of all time, and therefore a word neither obscure nor unhappy.

Hidalgo is likewise a word of several meanings—"the son of somewhat," and also "the son of somebody," while he was

entitled to be called hidalgo who should beget seven sons in succession, without a daughter coming between them. But Don Quixote was the son of his own works, as well as an hidalgo of the brain. The primary meaning is that of a personage of illustrious blood, belonging to the nobility, and in this sense Cervantes always uses it. I should have preferred to use the phrase "The Ingenious Noble Soldier," but it would have done violence to very old as well as universal memories.

On the titlepage of the first edition, it will be noted that the work was dedicated to the Conde de Benalcazar, but on that of the second this was altered to the *Conde de Barcelona*, which is one of the titles of the kings of Spain, and supposed by the critics to have been an error of the press. Shelton's titlepage is, "The History of the Valorous and Witty Knight-errant, Don Quixote of the Mancha;" that of Franciosini, "Dell Ingegnoso Cittadino, Don Chisciotte del la Mancha;" while Mr. Jarvis makes his titlepage to run, "The Life and Exploits of the Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha;" and Smollett, "The History and Adventures of the Renowned Don Quixote;" Philips, "The History of the Most Renowned Don Quixote of Mancha, and his Trusty Squire, Sancho Panza." These differences in the translation of the simple original, *El Ingenioso Hidalgo, Don Quixote de la Mancha*, fairly represent the liberties which have been taken by the various translators with the text.

NOTES TO THE PROLOGUE.

Coleridge remarks, "This preface is a perfect model of the gentle, everywhere intelligible irony in the best essays of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. Equally natural and easy, Cervantes is more spirited than Addison, whilst he blends with the terseness of Swift an exquisite flow and music of style, and, above all, contrasts with the latter by the sweet temper of a superior mind, which saw the follies of mankind, and was even at the time suffering severely under hard mistreatment, and yet seems everywhere to have but one thought as the undersoul: 'Brethren, with all your faults, I love you still'—or as a mother that chides the child she loves, with one hand holds up the rod, and with the other wipes off each tear as it drops."

Note 1, page cv.

Begotten in a prison. It has been roundly stated, and is now generally believed, that the *Don Quixote* was what is called a prison book, and written, like the *Pilgrim's Progress* and other famous works, in what the gipsies in their expressive jargon call an *angustia*, and we a "stone jug;" while the priestly impostor, Avallaneda, who wrote in 1613-14, affirms that the First Part was written between the walls of the prison of Argamasilla. And to add force and confirmation to this, a magnificent Spanish edition of *Don Quixote* was, in 1863, printed in the same place, which the imprint declares to be "the prison of Cervantes;" nor should the opportunity be lost of publishing the tidings to the world that S.A.R. EL SERENISIMO SEÑOR INFANTE DON SEBASTIAN GABRIEL DE BOURBON, with his own royal hand, pulled the first sheets of that edition from the printing press, which had been cast into the same prison for no other reason. Thus, in course of years are jails, as well as mangers, made sacred in Spain. That the *Don Quixote* formed part of his prison thoughts is likely enough,

but that Cervantes wrote his work in a prison is not likely, nor is there any proof of his having done so, except what has been cited above. The cause of the poet having once lodged in the *calabozo de Argamasilla de Alba* was trivial but vexatious, and the reader will notice, with additional interest, the names of some of the magnates of that village, now given for the first time in the sonnets which Cervantes addressed to them at the end of the First Part.

Note 2, page cvi.

At the end of so many years in which I have slept in the silence of oblivion. No less than twenty-one years did Cervantes thus sleep, himself in silence and the public in forgetfulness of his existence; for Don Diego reminds us that oblivion never speaks, and cannot therefore strictly be said to keep silence. Cervantes published his *Galatea* in 1584, and from that year, so far as we know, he gave the world nothing else until he printed the First Part of the *Don Quixote* in 1605.

Note 3, page cvi.

Dry as a rush. Est Spartum hoc quod *Hispanis*, apud quos nascitur, etiam nunc *Sparto* dicitur, illud ipsum quod Plinius, lib. 19, cap. 2, describit. Eodem enim in usu nunc apud *Hispanos*, quo fuit Plinii tempore. Nam ex crudo et siccato tapetes seu aulea, storias, corbes, rudentes, aliosque funes: ex eo aqua macerato, deinde Siccato, et tuso Alpergates conficiunt.—Clusius, *Hispania*, *Hist.* 505, 506.

Note 4, page cviii.

Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro. Bowle reminds us that this line is not from Horace, but from "the anonymous author of *Æsop's Fables*, lib. 3, fab. 54 of the Dog and the Wolf"—

*Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro
Hoc cæleste bonum præterit orbis opes.*

Which the Archpriest of Hita, for his own purpose, once took occasion to translate, "Liberty and range for gold cannot be bought."

Note 5, page cix.

Donec eris felix. Ovid. *Trist.* lib. i. el. 8. On which the Spanish commentators, enlightened by Bowle, remind us that this distich is not by Cato, but by Ovid; and they add that one of the names of Lope de Vega was Felix, and that there is no doubt that much of the pleasantry of this Prologue is aimed at that famous contemporary, who could give you an acceptable five-act tragedy in as many hours, and whom, in another place, he called *aquel monstruo de la naturaleza*, which I observe a recent writer on the subject boldly translates into that "monster of nature." He was much rather a monster of art; but Cervantes was always sincere in his praise of Lope.

Note 6, page cix.

The Valley of Trebinthus. Lower down, the same laborious critics tell us that if Cervantes did write "Valley of Trebinthus," he was quoting, not from the Book of Kings, but from the *Templo Militante* of Bartholomé Cairasco, where occurs the line—

There, in the valley fresh of proud Trebenthius.

This might lead some one to imagine that Cervantes did not know, or Cairasco did not know, and that therefore Cervantes was ridiculing him, that Trebinthus was not a locality, but a tree. "The Valley of Turpentine," however, is a sonorous name, and might have its uses, especially as other writers, besides Cairasco, have made allusion to the scene of Goliath's discomfiture. Thus, in the *Justina la Picara*, we have—

On the day of Corpus Christi, Goliath and the gum come out.

It is quite likely that Cervantes knew what he was about when he wrote this prologue, and that Hartzenbusch does not. Further on, still correcting the much-erring Cervantes, he tells us, commenting on the line, "Plutarch will give you a

thousand Alexanders," that there was "but one Alexander," and therefore Plutarch could not give us a thousand—which is, perhaps, true. These are great discoveries, and quite equal to that of the parochial officer of Madrid, who found that the reason why they had called one of the streets of that town after Cervantes was because he invented windmills.

Note 7, page cix.

The river Tagus. "How solemn and striking," observes Ford, in his Handbook, "is the Tagus of Spain! No commerce has ever made it its highway; no English steamer has ever civilized its waters, like those of France and Germany. Its rocks have witnessed battles, not peace—have reflected castles and dungeons, not quays and wharves; few cities have risen on its banks, as on those of the Thames and the Rhine: it is truly a river of Spain, that isolated and solitary land. Its waters are without boats, its banks without life; man has never laid his hand upon its billows, nor enslaved their free and independent gambols."

Note 8, page cix.

The Bishop of Mondoñedo. Like the Archpriest of Hita, he was famous, both at home and abroad, for his secret histories of fair and frail women, given at length in his "Letters," which were translated into Latin, and for which the bishop was vehemently reprehended by Don Antonio Agustin, the Archbishop of Tarragon, in his *Dialogos de las Medallas*. The bishop was, Bowle tells us, Don Antonio de Guevara, and he cites for us the following lines from his "History:"—"This Lamia, this Layda, this Flora, were the three most beautiful and most famous harlots ever born, of whom writers say many other things, and for whose sakes many princes were lost." The Spanish commentators observe that the mention made by Cervantes of the Bishop of Mondoñedo, the capital of the Asturias, is meant for irony.

Note 9, page cix.

Leon the Jew. A native of Lisbon, who lived in Castile in 1492, whom the edict of the Catholic kings for the expulsion of the Jews, compelled to leave for his own country. He wrote the *Dialogues of Love*, of which there were three Spanish versions, one of which was made by the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega in 1590.

Note 10, page cx.

From A to Z. This pleasantry is obviously pointed at Lope de Vega, who, in his *Peregrino*, placed at the beginning a list of the authors whom he cites, beginning with A and ending with Z, numbering one hundred and fifty; and he did the same piece of ostentation in his poem of *El Isidro*, the authors cited in the same order reaching the number of two hundred and sixty-seven (Madrid, 1599), where appear, among others, "Aristotle, Cicero, and St. Basil."

Note the last.

I have left to the last what should have been the first note to the Prologue. Cervantes addresses himself to the DESOCUPADO LECTOR, which I have rendered INDOLENT READER, on the following excellent authority:—"Do you know, said I, what Hieronymus Rhodius has allotted for the *summum bonum*? I know, says Torquatus, he resolves it into *nihil dolere*, mere indolence. Can you imagine a greater blessing, said he, than to be free from all manner of pain and trouble? For the present, suppose it, said I, will it follow that pleasure and indolence are one and the same? Certainly, indolence is not only a pleasure, said he, but an unparalleled one too."—*Cic. De Finibus*, by Parker, I. ii. § 4. Oxford, 1812.

URGANDA THE DISGUISED¹ TO THE BOOK OF
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

*O book, if so thou hast a mind
To rise and rank amongst the good,
No simpleton will ever find
Thou dost not work with fingers shrewd ;
But if thou cook a kind of fare
That not for every mome is fit,
Be sure that fools will nibble there
Who cannot relish it one bit,
However well their nails they bite
To show they're dilettanti quite.*

*If it be true, as hath been said,
" Who sits beneath a goodly tree
Will surely find a goodly shade,"
Thy kindly star now offers thee
Here in Béjar a royal tree,²
Whose fruit are princes of the state,
Their chief a duke of high degree,
Our modern Alexander great.
Come to its shade ; lay by thy cares,
For fortune favours him who dares.*

*Thou'lt have to tell the adventurous fate
Of that Manchegan noble knight,
Whose brain, by poring long and late
O'er idle books, was muddled quite.
Fair ladies, arms, and cavaliers
Set all his senses by the ears ;
A puling lover in the guise
Of an Orlando Furioso,³
By strength of arm he won the prize—
Fair Dulcinea del Toboso.*

*On thy escutcheon do not grave
Devices strange and indiscreet ;^a
When picture-cards are all we have,
We brag with points that court defeat.
If thou come forth with modest bow,
No witling will be heard to call :
“ Lo ! Alvaro de Luna now,
Or Carthaginian Hannibal,
Or else King Francis, he in Spain,
Is railing at his fate again.”*

*Since Heaven's will hath kept thee back
From turning out a classic Don,
Like Juan Latino,^b he the black,
Leave thou Latinity alone.
Deal not in philosophic phrase,
Nor plague us with thy pointless wit,
Lest one who apeth learned ways,
But understands them not a whit,
Should pucker up his mouth and cry,
“ What mean your flowers to such as I ?”*

*Mix not in things of other men,
Or neighbours' lives too closely scan ;
What comes not straight within thy ken
Pass by—it is the wiser plan ;
For foolish words at random said,
Fall often on the jester's head.
So give thy days and nights to this—
To gain alone an honest fame ;
For he who prints what stupid is
Consigns it to undying blame.*

*Take warning in these homely tones :
That if thy house be made of glass,
It is not wise to gather stones
To pelt thy neighbours as they pass.
Compose such works as thoughtful men
May ponder over with delight ; .
For he, who labours with his pen,
And drags his papers to the light,
Mere idle girls to entertain,
Writes for the foolish and the vain !*

AMADIS OF GAUL⁶ TO DON QUIXOTE DE LA
MANCHA.

SONNET.

*Thou who hast copied all that life of sighs
I spent, when absent and in hopeless case,
Upon the Peña Pobre's⁷ rugged face,
Reduced from mirth to penitential guise;
Thou whose sole drink was hoarded in thine eyes,
And flowed, though saltish, yet in streams apace;
Who, scorning silver, tin, and copper base,
Didst on the ground eat what the ground supplies;
Live thou secure that, while the ages last—
At least, so long as the bright charioteer,
Apollo, drives his steeds in the fourth sphere—
Thy clear renown of valour shall stand fast;
Thy land in all lands shall as first be known;
Thy learned author stand on earth alone.*

DON BELIANIS OF GREECE⁸ TO DON QUIXOTE DE
LA MANCHA.

SONNET.

*I cut, and thrust, and clove, more said and did,
Than errant knight before, howe'er defiant;
Was dexterous, arrogant, and self-reliant,
Thousands of wrongs avenged, myriads undid.
I wrought achievements that all fame outbid;
In love was ever courteous and compliant,
Held as the merest pigmy every giant,
And sought the world of all distress to rid.
I kept Dame Fortune prostrate at my feet,
Made Opportunity my servant good,
And dragged her by the forelock where I would;
But, though in arms I've had success complete,
And made the Crescent tremble at my will,
Thy deeds, great Quixote, I do envy still.*

THE LADY ORIANA^o TO DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

SONNET.

*Fair Dulcinea ! O that I had got,
 For greater comfort and for sweeter gain,
 My Miraflores¹⁰ to Toboso ta'en,
 I'd barter London for thy village cot !
 O might I wear thy colours, share thy lot,
 In soul and body feel thy passion's pain,
 And see thy famous knight, by thee made vain
 Rush to some hopeless combat on the spot !
 O might I but as chastely take my flight
 From my lord Amadis, as thou hast done
 From thy Don Quixote, gentleman polite !
 Then would I envied be, and envy none ;
 No more be sad, but happy without measure,
 No reckoning pay, and yet have all the pleasure !*

GANDALIN,¹¹ SQUIRE OF AMADIS OF GAUL, TO
 SANCHE PANZA, SQUIRE OF DON QUIXOTE.

SONNET.

*Hail, famous man ! good Fortune's favourite son,
 Who, when she bound thee to the trade of squire,
 Made matters all so pleasantly transpire
 That all thou didst was well and wisely done.
 The spade and hoe, methinks, are now at one
 With errant enterprise ; and plain attire
 And squirish speech rebuke the proud desire
 That fain would spurn the moon and beard the sun ;
 I envy thee thine ass and name, I vow ;
 Thy saddle-bags I envy thee as well,
 That of thy prudent care and foresight tell.
 Hail, once again, O Sancho ! goodman thou !
 Our Spanish Ovid gives thee grace unique,
 Thy hand he kisses while he smites thy cheek !¹²*

FROM DEBONNAIR, A POET OF MINGLED FAT
AND LEANNESS, TO SANCHE PANZA AND ROZI-
NANTE.

TO SANCHE PANZA.

*I'm Sancho Panza, squire by right
To Don Quixote, La Mancha's knight ;
I took to flight, and beat retreat
To live the life of one discreet,
Like taciturn Villadiego,
Whose sum of bliss it was to find
A spot retired and to his mind ;
'Tis Celestina¹³ tells us so—
A book divine, I humbly take it,
Were human things in it less naked.*

TO ROZINANTE.¹⁴

*I'm Rozinante, steed of fame,
Great Babieca's grandson I ;
Into one Quixote's power I came
For sin of being lean and dry.
A coupled race I idly ran,
But never by the merest span
Did I my barley ever miss ;
From cunning Lazarillo this
I cribbed, and left him but the straw
Through which the blind man's wine to draw.*

ORLANDO FURIOSO¹⁵ TO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

SONNET.

*If peer thou art not, yet no peer thou hast
 Who might'st be peer 'mong thousand peers that be ;
 Live where thou wilt, thy like thou'lt never see,
 Unconquered conqueror, victor to the last !
 I am Orlando, Quixote, who, outcast
 By fair Angelica, did cross the sea,
 And on Fame's altars offered recklessly
 That strength at which oblivion stands aghast.
 I cannot be thine equal ; 'tis thy due,
 Befitting well thy prowess and thy fame,
 Although thy brain like mine be all aflame :
 Rather may'st thou be mine, if thou subdue
 Proud Moor and Scythian fierce ; since now we're styled
 Equals in love, and equally beguiled.*

THE KNIGHT OF PHŒBUS¹⁶ TO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

SONNET.

*My sword at no time might with thine compare,
 O Spanish Phœbus, pink of courtesy !
 Nor yet my hand with thy proud chivalry,
 Though East and West its thunders smote the air ;
 I slighted empires ; and the monarch's chair
 The ruddy East in vain did offer me ;
 I left them all, her sovereign face to see,
 Claridiana's,¹⁷ my Aurora fair.
 I loved her in a rare and wondrous way,
 And, absent in disgrace, the fiends of hell
 Quaked at my arm and bowed beneath its spell ;
 But, Gothic Quixote, thou'lt, till time's last day,
 Through Dulcinea, shine before all eyes,
 And she through thee, most famous, chaste, and wise.*

FROM SOLISDAN¹⁸ TO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

SONNET.

*Mayhap, Sir Quixote, follies fly apace
Through every crevice of thy tumbled brain ;
Yet on thy memory none shall fix a stain ;
No man art thou of actions vile and base.
Thy noble doings are thy chiefest grace ;
Wrongs hast thou righted, and hast succoured pain,
Though thousand times belaboured might and main
By captive rogues and many a miscreant race.
But if thy Dulcinea, sweet and fair,
Her causeless anger still against thee shows,
And gives no sympathy in all thy woes :
In such sad case, be this thy comfort rare,
That Sancho had no pander's art to move her ;
He blockhead, she a prude, and thou no lover.*

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN BABIECA¹⁹ AND ROZINANTE.

SONNET.

*B. How comes it, Rozinante, thou'rt so lean ?
R. Because I work so much and have no meat.
B. Hast thou no barley, then, and straw to eat ?
R. My master gives me not a mouthful e'en.
B. Hold, sir ! thy manners are exceeding mean,
With tongue of ass thy master to maltreat.
R. He is an ass himself from crown to feet ;
Behold him when in love, then is it seen.
B. Is love so stupid, then ? R. It is no wise affair,
B. Thou'rt metaphysical ! R. Because I live on air.
B. Thou might'st abuse the squire. R. 'Tis true, I grant ye,
But what's the use on him to vent mine ire,
Since both the master and factotum squire
Are just as arrant screws as Rozinante ?*

NOTES TO THE SONNETS.

The vanity of writers in the time of Cervantes grew into a public vice. Every neighbour who could write a sonnet was importuned to make one for whatever new book made its appearance, and many were the sonnets so written which remained the sole literary productions of their authors. We need not scan too closely the amiable weakness of a friend who would laud a book which he had not read ; the time of friendly critics was not yet, and this was the only means then available to brother authors to help each other in their common pursuit. Cervantes, twenty years before, partook of this service, and no less rendered it to others. Most likely the practice became worthy of censure, and therefore he resolved that no one should write the roll of customary sonnets to his new work but himself, so that they should not feignedly, but really, set forth the spirit in which it had been conceived and executed.

Note 1, page cxix.

Urganda the Disguised. She was the intimate friend and counsellor of Amadis of Gaul, who on one occasion, for a benevolent purpose, raised a smoke which lasted four days, and so black was it that none could even read their own thoughts ! This may be one of the reasons why she is called "the Disguised." The reader will be glad to see how Cervantes managed to imitate this enchantress in the verses which he wrote in her name. It is said that he was the author of this new style of rhyme—

*Si de llegarte á los bue—
Libro, fueres con letu—
No te dirá el boquirru—
Que no pones bien los de—
Mas si el pan no se te cue—
Por ir á manos de idio—*

*Veras de manos a bo—
Aun no dar una en el cla—
Si bien se comen las ma—
Por mostrar que son curio—*

and so on all through this singular piece of enchantment. The author of the *Picara Justina* imitated with great success this new fashion, and so did Lope de Vega, as he did everything else of Cervantes.

Note 2, page cxix.

Here in Béjar a royal tree. This is an allusion to the origin of the royal house of Navarre, attributed to the Zuñigas, according to Fernan Perez de Guzman in his *Generaciones y Semblantes*. Don Alonso Diego Lopez de Zuñiga was the Duke de Béjar to whom the First Part of the *Don Quixote* was dedicated.

Note 3, page cxix.

The Orlando Furioso of Ariosto was, with the *Amadis of Gaul*, the means of turning Don Quixote's brain. The quotations from it are very frequent in the First Part, but it would be endless to cite them.

Note 4, page cxx.

On thy escutcheon do not grave devices strange and indiscreet. A playful allusion to the practice of Lope de Vega and others, who ostentatiously adorned the frontispieces of their books with gaudy coats of arms. Cervantes reminds them that in the game of Primero, picture, or coat cards, are of little value to brag with.

Note 5, page cxx.

Juan Latino is a very interesting character. According to Don Francisco Bermudez de Pedraza, in his *Antegüedades y Excelencias de Granada*, Juan was a negro, and while yet a child was brought captive to Spain, with his mother, and

was reared in the house of the widow of the Great Captain. The boy was employed in the library of her nephew, the Duke de Lesa, where he taught himself Latin, and by his insinuating manners married, when he became a man, a lady of the duke's household. With regard to this mysterious poem, Clemencin candidly confesses that he does not understand its drift, nor can he find in it anything but obscurity, confusion, and darkness.

Note 6, page cxxi.

Amadis of Gaul. There is nothing remarkable in Amadis of Gaul composing this sonnet; for these reasons: first, according to history, he was a poet; and, secondly, according to his grandson, Lisuarte of Greece, he knew Castilian thoroughly. And it is worthy of remark, *à propos* of this latter fact, that Amadis, as history relates, lived many years before Castile existed, and was also a contemporary of Pontius Pilate: always supposing that his third or fourth grandchild, Prince Anaxartes, was born A.D. 115, according to the *History of Don Florisel de Niquea*.

Note 7, p. cxxi.

The Peña Pobre, or Rock Dolorous. This was the noted place which Amadis selected for the performance of his penance, and which Don Quixote emulated, as is set forth in chapters xxv. and xxvi. of this history.

Note 8, page cxxi.

Don Belianis of Greece. The son of the Emperor Don Beliano and the Empress Clarinda. His life was written in Greek by Friston the sage, and translated into Spanish by a son of that virtuous person, Toribius Fernandez; that is, the licentiate Geronimo Fernandez, a barrister by profession, a native of Burgos, but who in the time of Charles V. (who, they say, delighted to read this story of Belianis) resided in Madrid.

Note 9, page cxxii.

The Lady Oriana. As is well known, she was the mistress of Amadis of Gaul, and Esplandian was the son of their first but unsanctified loves, to which, no doubt, she alludes in the ninth line of this sonnet. They were subsequently married; and Oriana carried off the prize of beauty, as Amadis did that of valour, and became renowned through all the world, as much for their constancy in love, as for the sorrows that their constancy to each other procured for them.

Note 10, page cxxii.

Miraflores. This was a castle, or rather the retreat of the peerless Oriana; it was situated some two leagues from London. It was the most delicious abode in the whole country, "with its fountains, and gardens of great trees, and trees that bore the most precious fruit all the year round. And within a bowshot of the gate of this delightful mansion was a nunnery, erected by Oriana's own order, and which was inhabited by nuns, who lived very good lives."—See *Amadis de Gaula*, Salamanca, 1510, folio.

Note 11, page cxxii.

Gandalin, although a squire, was a gentleman by birth, being the son of the celebrated knight Gandales, who rescued the child Amadis in his little ark, which was ruthlessly sent to sea without rudder, or sail, or pilot.

Note 12, page cxxii.

Thy hand he kisses while he smites thy cheek! It would seem, however, from this last line of the sonnet, that Gandalin, although so highly bred and born, could be satirical, and intended the entire sonnet to be nothing else but satire—

*Que á solo tu nuestro Español Ovidio,
Con buzcorona te hace reverencia.*

Buz-corona is a compound word to denote a mock reverence peculiar to a certain rustic game where a boor, being placed in a chair of state, receives from his wickedly disposed fellows

such a dubious form of obeisance as that mentioned in the text. This might have been the origin of the saying, "A kiss and a cuff," and there is very little doubt that it was in this sense that Gandalin intended it for Sancho Panza.

Note 13, page cxxiii.

Celestina, or The Tragi-comedy of Calisto and Melibea. A prose drama of the fifteenth century, in twenty-one acts. The argument is of the seduction of Melibea by Calisto, aided by "false servants and a bawd called Celestina." The style is simply exquisite, while the matter of the drama is altogether abominable. It was translated by the excellent Mabbe into English in 1631, who says of it, in his dedication to Sir Thomas Richardson, "I must ingenuously confess that this your Celestina is not *sine scelere*, yet must I tell you withall that she cannot be harboured with you *sine utilitate*. Her life is foule, but her Precepts fair; her example naught, but her Doctrine good; her Coate ragged, but her mind enriched with many a golden sentence: And therefore take her not as she seems, but as she is, and the rather because black sheepe have as good carcasses as white. You shall find this book to be like a Court-Jack, which though it be black, yet holds as good liquor as your fairest Flagon of Silver; or like the rod that Brutus offered to Apollo, which was rough and knottie without, but within all of furbusht gold. The bark is bad, but the tree is good."

Note 14, page cxxiii.

To Rozinante. The Spanish commentators are much bewildered over these and the previous lines, and say, "It is necessary to confess that the poet of mingled fat and leanness was not blessed with the gift of clearness," and they exclaim, "It would appear from this that Rozinante boasts of stealing the barley for himself, and leaving the straw for others." It is certain that Rozinante never paid for his barley—at least, in the first part of his history; in the second, he learned better manners—but always galloped off, de-

frauding all the innkeepers whose stables he used. The learned reader knows, of course, the story of Lazarillo, whose father stole corn from the sacks which were brought to his mill to be ground into flour, whose mother lived by thieving, and who himself became so ingenious in theft that he could, by means of a long straw, steal the wine from a bottle which, for safety, his blind master held between his legs. There is no deep meaning in the lines ; it is only intended for a little gaiety at the expense of those who were fond of prefixing sonnets of all sorts to the works which they published, and pretending to say something very profound. The following is the original of this dark composition :—

*Soy Sancho Panza escude—
del Manchego Don Quijo—
puse piés en polvoro—
Por vivir á lo discre—
Que el tacito Villadie—
toda su razon de esta—
cifró en una retira—
segun siente Celesti—
libro en mi opinion divi—
si encubriera mas la huma—*

*Soy Rozinante el famo—
bisnieto del gran Babie—
por pecados de flaque—
fui á poder de un Don Quijo—
Parejas corri á lo flo—
mas por uña de caba—
no se me escapó ceba—
que esto saqué á Lazari—
cuando para hurtar el vi—
al ciego le di la pa—*

Note 15, page cxxiv.

Orlando Furioso. He was also called Roldan and Rotolando, one of the Twelve Peers, whose deeds were early known in Castile, and early sung, Gonzalo de Berceo writing of them at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Orlando

lived a charmed life, but died at last by being squeezed to death at the hands of Bernardo del Carpio. The *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto was continued by Nicolas de Espinosa, whose work was printed in Alcalá de Henares in 1563. It is said, however, that Don Nicolas ended his days ignominiously, like the frog with the ox in the fable ; he insisted, however, to the last that the soul of his hero had ascended to heaven, and this is still the opinion of not a few.

Note 16, page cxxiv.

The Knight of Phæbus. He is well known to be the son of the Emperor of Constantinople, and as his life and exploits have been frequently written, nothing more need be said of him here. The first edition, called the *Looking-Glass of Princes and Cavaliers*, was published in Zaragoza, 1562, folio.

Note 17, page cxxiv.

Claridiana. The Princess Claridiana, daughter of the Emperor of Trebisonde by the Queen of the Amazons, was one of the principal personages in the *History of the Knight of Phæbus*.

Note 18, page cxxv.

Solisdan. Probably a printer's error for Solinan, a London knight, often mentioned in the *Life of Amadis*. There is, however, a certain style running through the whole sonnet, that marks it as the product of a Londoner, and probably, in order not to give offence to England and the court of Elizabeth, Cervantes disguised the name of this cockney knight (now for the first time brought to light) who had the effrontery to put on record that Don Quixote was no lover.

Note 19, page cxxv.

Babieca. It is a disputed point among historians whether Babieca, the celebrated charger of the Cid, was a Castilian horse, an Andalusian, or Moorish. But, up to the present time, the dispute has not been carried on with any great heat, while all the authorities are unanimous in their decisions on the country of Rozinante.

ERRATA.—VOL. I.

- Page 16, line 15, *for* "Gormez" *read* "Gormaz."
" " line 17, *for* "Fanez" *read* "Fañez."
" " line 18, *for* "Palaez" *read* "Pelaez."
" 29, line 18 from foot, *for* "Don Quixote" *read* "Sir Lancelot."
" 43, add, after the end of Note 2, "Lamb was obviously not aware that it was only on the cruel terms which he denounces that the hero of Cervantes could obtain hospitality from the aristocracy of Spain."
" 64, Note 3, lines 5 and 6, *for* "Cervantes never uses this form," *read* "Cervantes seldom uses this form."
" 158, after Note 2 add, "See also Lydgate's 'Fall of Princes,' 'Arthur still reigns in Fairyland, and shall repair again the old rounde table,' etc."
" 220, line 7, *for* "Minlina" *read* "Mewlina."
" " line 15, *for* "Duke of Nerbia" *read* "Duke of Nervia."
" " line 18, *for* "My fortune trails the dust" *read* "Follow my fortune."—*Vide* Gallardo, *Ensayo de Una Bib.*, ii. 1311.

THE INGENIOUS KNIGHT, DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE CONDITION AND WAY OF LIFE OF
THE FAMOUS KNIGHT, DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

IN a village of La Mancha, the name of which I do not care to recollect, there lived not long ago a knight, one of those who kept lance in rack, an ancient targe, a lank stallion, and a swift greyhound.

A pot which consisted somewhat more of beef than mutton, cold spiced meat and onions on most nights, resurrection pie¹ on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and some pigeon by way of a treat for Sundays, ate up three-fourths of his estate. The rest of it went in a doublet of fine cloth, breeches of velvet, and slippers of the same for Sundays, while on week-days he dressed himself out in his finest homespun. He retained at home a housekeeper who had passed forty, a niece who had not reached twenty, and a manservant for field and market, who could saddle the rouncy² as well as he could handle a bill-hook.

The age of our knight rose nigh upon fifty years ; he was of vigorous habit, spare of flesh, lean of visage, a notable early riser, and fond of the chase. There are people who say that his family name was Quixada or Quesada (for in this there is some difference among authors who have written on the case), although by probable conjectures we are led to believe that his name was Quixana. Yet does this concern our story but little ; enough that in telling it we do not swerve one jot from the truth.

Let it be known, then, that the knight named above, during the short spaces of time when he was idle (which were the most part of the year), gave himself up to the reading of books of chivalry, with such eagerness and relish that he neglected almost wholly the exercise of the chase, and even the governance of his estate ; and his curiosity and extravagance in this mounted to such a pitch, that he sold many acres of arable land in order to buy books of chivalry in which to read : and he gathered in his house as many of them as he could get. Of them all none appeared to him so good as those composed by the famous Feliciano de Sylva : for the clearness of his prose and those intricate arguments of his seemed to him wondrous fine : especially when he came to read those passages and cartels of love, where in many parts he found written—“**The reason of the unreason which is done to my reason in such manner enfeebles my reason that with reason I lament your beauty.**” And also when he read—“**The high heavens which by your divinity divinely fortify you with stars, and make you deserving of the desert which your greatness deserves.**”

By these and such-like "reasons" the poor gentleman lost his wits; for he would sit up all night to comprehend them and to disembowel their meaning, but which not even Aristotle himself could explain or understand, if he rose from the dead for no other purpose. He did not much like the wounds that Don Belianis gave and took;³ because he fancied that although great doctors cured him, yet his face and the whole of his body would still be covered with scars and gashes. But, withal, he praised the author for ending his book with an offer⁴ to any who wished to conclude that everlasting adventure; and many times the desire came to him to take up the pen and finish it literally, as being thereto invited: and without any doubt he had done so, and gone through with it, if other, greater, and more absorbing thoughts had not disturbed him.

Oftentimes he held debate with the priest of his village (who was a learned man and a graduate of Sigüenza) as to which had been the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis of Gaul;⁵ but Maese Nicholas, barber of the same thorp, declared that neither of them came up to the Knight of the Sun,⁶ and, if any could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis of Gaul, for he had an accommodating temper for all; that he was no dainty knight, nor puling lover, like his brother, while in the article of courage he did not come behind him. In a word, so entangled did he become in his black letter that by night he would pore on till it was day, and by day till it was night, and thus, with little sleep and

much reading, his brain dried up, so that he came to lose his reason. His fantasy was full of all that he read in his books, as of enchantments so of quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, loves, storms, and absurdities impossible. After such sort was it seated in his imagination that all of that fabric of fanciful invention which he read was true, that for him there was no more certain history in the world. Said he, Cid Ruy Diaz ' had been a very good knight, but was not to be compared to the Knight of the Flaming Sword, who, with a single back stroke, cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. Better still did he like Bernardo del Carpio, for that at Roncesvalles he had slain Orlando the Enchanted, emulating the labours of Hercules when he strangled in his arms Antæus,⁸ son of Earth. He spoke very well of the giant Morgante, because, though belonging to that giant race who are all haughty and ill-mannered, he alone was affable and well-bred. But, above all, he admired Reynaldos de Montalban—most when sallying from his castle to rob all he met; and when, in pagan land, he carried off that idol of Mahomet,⁹ which, according to his history, was all of gold. He would say that, for the pleasure of kicking the traitor Galalon, he would give the housewife whom he kept, and even his niece to boot.

In effect, having now lost his reason, he fell into one of the strangest conceits that ever entered head of madman in the world. It was that to his seeming it was right and needful, as well for the increase of his honour as for the service of the commonwealth, to turn knight-errant and go through all the world with

his arms and horse, to seek adventures, and to exercise himself in all that he had read pertaining to the practice of knightly chivalry, redressing all manner of wrongs, offering himself to occasions and dangers from the achievement of which he would cover himself with a glory and a name that should be eternal. The poor soul imagined himself already, by the valour of his arm, crowned emperor of at least Trebizond;¹⁰ and wrapt in such delightful fancies, and carried away of the strange pleasure he had in them, he lost no time in giving effect to his desires.

And the first thing he did was to clean some arms that had belonged to his great grand-folks, which, mouldy and eaten with rust, had been, ages ago, thrown into a corner and forgotten. He cleaned and repaired them as well as he might, but saw they had one great defect: they had no helmet, only a plain morion. But his ingenuity supplied one, for he took pasteboard and made a kind of vizor, which, being fixed to the morion, gave it all the appearance of a complete helmet. Truth to tell, in order to try if it were strong enough to risk a cut, he drew his sword and gave it two strokes, with the first of which he undid in a second what had taken a week to make, and it liked him nothing that with so much ease it could be broken to pieces; so, to guard him against that danger, he made it anew, lining it inside with strips of iron, in such wise that he was satisfied of its strength; and not caring to make another experiment with it, he pronounced and held it to be the very finest of bestudded helmets.

He then went to look at his rouncy, who although he had more sand-cracks than there are farthings in a florin, and more ailings than the horse of Gonela, *qui tantum pellis et ossa fuit*, yet in his opinion neither Alexander's Bucephalus nor the Cid's Babieca¹¹ could equal him. Four days passed in devising him a name, for (as he said to himself) it was not fit that horse of knight so famous, and so good a horse in himself, should lack a high-sounding name. So he sought for one of a kind that should declare what he had been before belonging to a knight-errant, and what he was then ; for it was but reasonable that his master changing his state he also should change his name, and that it should be a name for renown and pomp, and suited to the new order and way of life he now professed. And so, after many names invented, blotted out, changed, liked, disliked, and turned over in his memory and fancy, he at last called him ROZINANTE,¹² a name in his conception high, sonorous, and significant of what he had been first when a plain rouncy, before what he now was, the first and foremost of all rouncies in the world.

Having given to his horse the name so much to his liking, he resolved to give one to himself ; and in that thought he travailed other eight days, and at length concluded to call himself DON QUIXOTE, whence, as has been said, the authors of this most true history deduce that without doubt he should be called Quixada and not Quesada, as others would have it. Yet recollecting that the valiant Amadis was not content with the dry name of Amadis, but added that of his

kingdom and country to make it famous, calling himself Amadis of Gaul; so he, like a goodly knight, added his to his name, and styled himself DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, which, to his mind, declared plainly his lineage and his country, and the honour he had done it in adopting its name.

His arms cleaned, the helmet fitted up, his horse named, and himself confirmed by himself, he bethought him that nothing lacked to him but a lady with whom to fall in love. For a knight-errant that is loveless is a tree without leaves and without fruit, a body without soul. He would say to himself, "If I for my sins, or by my good fortune, meet out yonder some giant (a common occurrence to knights-errant), and overthrow him in one encounter, or cleave him in two, or finally overcome him and he yields, will it not be well to have some one to whom I could send him as a trophy, that, entering the presence, he may throw himself on his knees before my sweet lady, and say in a voice humble and submissive, 'I, lady, am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of Malindrania's Isle, vanquished in singular combat by the never-sufficiently-extolled knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who orders me to present myself to your ladyship, to be disposed of according to the good pleasure of your highness'?"

Oh, how glad was our good knight when he made that discourse, and still more when he found one whom he could call his queen. It was, as is believed, on this wise: In a village some distance from his own, there was a very handsome country girl, with

whom in days gone by he had been in love, although, as is supposed, she never knew or took notice of it. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo,¹³ and upon her he thought good to bestow the title of mistress of his heart; and searching for a name, one which while it savoured of her own, should become that of a princess and the grand lady, he called her DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO—for she was a native of Toboso—a name in his conceit melodious, romantic, and significant, like all the others which he had given to himself and his belongings.

NOTES TO CHAPTER I.

Note 1, page 3.

Resurrection pie is but a near approach to "*duelos y quebrantos*," or dolours and shatters. "Cibi genus ex pecudum fragmentis et ossibus fractis."—Salvá. "The entrails of a sheep, together with the head and inwards, the garbage; and these are usually eaten in Spain upon Saturday, but no other part of the carcase."—Mabbe's *Guzman de Alfarache*, London, 1630, pp. 33-46. Two things are intended to be conveyed to the reader; namely, the tedious penury in which the nobles of La Mancha lived, and the wretched, unhealthy food which helped to procure the madness of Don Quixote. Pellicer explains that the name of this pot was taken from the manner in which the animals came by their death, of whose flesh it was made, and the grief of their owners for their loss. The custom of eating this flesh arose from a vow not to eat meat on Saturdays, to commemorate a victory over the Moors in 1212, when was instituted the Feast of the Holy Cross. This Spanish fashion of keeping their vow continued down to the middle of the eighteenth century, when it is said the custom was abolished by Pope Benedict XIV. I have looked through the bulls of that Pope, but could not find the instrument alluded to.

Note 2, page 3.

The rouncy. The word rouncy was once so common in England, that it was borrowed into Welsh. See Spurrell's *Welsh Dictionary*, "Rhwnsi." It is also very common in the old Romance languages. It is to be found in *Havelok the Dane* (date 1280), Early English Text Society, ed. Skeate, l. 2568.

*For he him dredde swithe sore
So runci spore and mickle more.*

Again in Weber's *Metrical Romances*, vol. ii. p. 340:—

*Armure he toke that was rusty,
And horseyed him on an old rouncy.*

And once in Chaucer :—

He rood upon a rouncy as he couthe.

Canterbury Tales, Prol. l. 392.

Note 3, page 5.

The wounds of Belianis. With regard to these, Clemencin finds that in the two first books of that history the hero received no less than one hundred and one of gravity, and he has every reason to believe that these wounds will be found to be many more in the two succeeding books, but that he had not had patience to count them.

Note 4, page 5.

Don Belianis of Greece was a famous history in its time, and the favourite reading of Charles V. Belianis was the son of the Emperor Don Belanio and of the Empress Clarinda. The work was translated from the Greek tongue, in which it was written by the sage Friston, by a son of that virtuous man Toribio Fernandez, 1547 (Antwerp, 1564, and Burgos, 1579). The concluding words of the book, to which reference is made, are as follows : “ And thus I leave the story, giving license to any one into whose possession the other part of it may come to add it hereunto.”

Note 5, page 5.

Palmerin of England or Amadis of Gaul. These were the earliest books of chivalry printed and read in Spain. There were half a dozen *Palmerins*, the first of which was printed in Salamanca in 1511, and they reached as many as twenty-six editions. Of *Amadis*, the first was also printed in Salamanca, 1510, and we know of at least seventy editions which were printed in the space of as many years in Spain alone. They have both been well abridged by Southey in English, and it is not too much to say that without some knowledge of these two books, the *Don Quixote* will be about as intelligible in many parts to youthful readers as the *Pilgrim's Progress* of John Bunyan would be to any heathen unacquainted with the English Bible.

Note 6, page 5.

The Knight of the Sun. This is the work of various hands—a sort of joint authorship productive only of dulness, and is the very heaviest reading of all known books of chivalry ; but it went through five magnificent editions, of which the first is dated Saragossa, 1562.

Note 7, page 6.

The Cid Ruy Diaz. This hero of Spanish romance and Spanish history is perhaps better known in England than any other of the mighty men of the past who contributed to the making of Don Quixote. And I may say he is the only hero whose history is not stained with a superfluity of naughtiness ; and therefore a brief comparison between them will not only be easy, but it will serve to show the mastery which Cervantes held over the legends of his nation, when he would incorporate them into his own work.

The Cid sprang by natural descent from the great Layn Calvo, a magistrate of Burgos, and Don Quixote sprang from the brain of Cervantes full armoured, to the astonishment of the world. Bivar claims to be the birth-place of the Cid, which Burgos denies ; and it was prophesied that as many as seven cities should contend for centuries for the honour of having ushered Don Quixote into the light of day, while it is but lately that both disputes have been settled. According to the old romances, the Cid was knighted in the mosque of Coimbra, which was converted into a Christian church after the capture of the city from the Moors. He was dubbed by the hand of Ferdinand I., who gave him his armour ; he was attended by the queen, who presented him with his steed, and Doña Urraca, who buckled on his gold spur amid all the pomp and splendour befitting the occasion. Certain notable authorities, however, dispute the truth of these statements. On the other hand, it has never been doubted that Don Quixote received his knighthood in the courtyard of a wayside wine-shop on the plains of

Montiel, converted for the occasion into a castle. He received the shoulder blow at the hands of the *castellano*—a well-known public character in all the courts of Southern Spain. He was attended by Doña Tolosa of Toledo and Doña Molinera of Antequera, two damsels of a class, whose deeds and manners are celebrated in sacred history and profane song. One of these girded on his sword, the other buckled on his spur, and these facts have never been disputed. Which of those two famous knights contributed most to the honour and glory of Spain will continue an undecided question, both in Spain and out of it, for generations to come. Don Rodrigo was a warrior from his youth, comely in person, and a giant in strength. He was the most loving and faithful of husbands and the tenderest of fathers. But as a knight he feared not the face of man, and spoke out his mind to popes and kings. Banished on this account by his sovereign, he took to the field with a handful of men, and in a few years he became a king in power, though he continued to be a vassal in name. From Saragossa to Barcelona, from Toledo to the walls of Valencia, he was, for half a century, the terror of his foes and God's scourge on the Moors. At length, girding up his strength for one decisive blow, he drove the Miramamolins and Bucars into the sea, and planted the standard of the cross on the towers of Valencia and the classic battlements of Saguntum, amid the acclamations, and much to the wonder, of all Christendom. Such feats had never been done before in Spain by a single man, and have seldom been done since.

Don Quixote, on the contrary, was a private noble first, then a student of chivalry with his brain on fire, and a knight only in his later years. His countenance was not comely, but weird and unearthly; his strength lay not so much in his sinewy arm, as in his burning soul. Though denied the delights of wife and children, the love of woman inspired his deeds. He took to the field, not by constraint, but because he had a work to do in the world, and was impelled to do it by the noble spirit which mastered whilst it guided him. His

career was short, but into that short space he concentrated such number and variety of wonderful deeds as the world had never seen before, and the memory of which it will not willingly let die. And all this he did alone, with but a simple self-satisfied squire by his side, and a puny lance in his hand. But that lance was as the spear of Ithuriel—it was tipped with steel of celestial temper. Before its adamantine point the whole army of false knights which had been long the pest of Europe, but especially of Spain ; the grim array of horrid giants and ugly dwarfs, which frightened honest men and maidens out of their wits ; the fiendish rout of hobgoblins and enchanterers that, like vampires, sucked the manhood out of the nation—were dissolved into thin air as if by magic ; and the race of Amadis, Galaor, Belianis, Palmerin, and others was driven, helter skelter, into everlasting limbo, amid the shoutings and the laughter of all civilized peoples.

Such an achievement is unique in history.

Spain may well be proud of having given to the world two such heroes. And she is very proud. She challenges the whole earth to produce such another gallant, noble warrior, so redoubtable in arms, so Christian in spirit, so generous in heart, as the Cid whom she loves to call “ El mio Cid,” “ El Cid Campeador ”—he who was born in a happy hour, who girded on his sword on a lucky day, who conquered six and thirty kings, and was never conquered. *Vencedor, jamas Vencido !*

Without challenge the world confesses that there is no second Don Quixote. It is true he conquered no Moorish kings, for, in his day, there were none in Spain left to conquer. But he did what was more difficult, he conquered all hearts in all lands. He let in the day. By that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, wherever he went he carried light and laughter into palace and cottage, and became at last, as he deserved ever to be, and as he is now held, the idol of Spain and a wonder of the world.

The Cid—the Cid of the Spanish people—is as much a hero of romance as the Knight of the Rueful Visage. The

Cid was undoubtedly a warrior of flesh and blood, and did many wonderful things; but the Spanish people grew so enamoured of their hero, that they created him anew, endowed him with so many high attributes, and surrounded his history with so many marvels, that he ceases to be one of mortal mould.

Cervantes, on the contrary, took the child of his fancy, and breathed into him and all surrounding him such a spirit of reality and truth, that, in the eyes of all true Spaniards, they became children of the same soil, part and parcel of the Spanish nation, as really as if they had been enrolled in the general census. To them the knight of La Mancha is as much a familiar friend and brother as the knight of Bivar. Dulcinea del Toboso sits gracefully on the same chair of state with Ximena of Gormez; Sancho Panza, the modest squire, is as solid and substantial a being as Alvar Fanez, the right hand of the Cid, or Pedro Bermudez, or Martin Palaez; and as for Rozinante and Babieca, are they not twin steeds of the true Spanish breed, who run together side by side in the race for fame?

So that, what with patriotic fervour on the one hand and exalted genius on the other, it has come to pass that the history of the Cid, as enshrined in the hearts of the people, has changed into true romance; and the romance of Don Quixote, as rehearsed by Cervantes, has achieved the verisimilitude of true history.

Note 8, page 6.

When he strangled in his arms Antæus.

*Ut tandem auxilium tactæ prodesse parentis
Alcides sensit: standum est tibi, dixit, et ultra
Non credere solo, sternique vetabere terra:
Hærebis pressis intra mea pectora membris:
Huc Antææ cades, sic fatus, sustulit alte
Nitentem in terras juvenem. Morientis in artus
Non potuit nati Tellus submittere vires.
Alcides medium tenuit.*

Lucanus, l. 4, 65, et seq.

Note 9, page 6.

That idol of Mahomet. "The Christians under Charlemagne found in Spain a gold idol or image of Mahomet as high as a bird can fly. It was framed by Mahomet himself of the purest metal, who, by his knowledge in necromancy, had sealed up within it a legion of diabolical spirits. It held in its hand a prodigious club, and the Saracens had a prophetic tradition that this club should fall from the hand of the image when a certain king should be born in France."—See Warton's *Dissertation*, i.

Note 10, page 7.

Emperor of at least Trebizond. There were two famous madmen of old, who had this same notion : Pedro Vidal, who married a Grecian lady in Cyprus in the twelfth century, whom he made believe was empress of the East, as he was its emperor ; and one Menecrates—both of whom, as Clemencin informs us, belonged to the brotherhood of Don Quixote.

Note 11, page 8.

BABIECA.

The text of this ballad is that of Escobar, lxxxviii.

The Cid has left Toledo, the good Cid of renown.

The king, to show his courtesie, rides with him from the town ;

Nine hundred men are round him, a brave and gallant train,

With Babieca in their midst, led onward by the rein.

The king has scarcely left him, when back he sends his men,

And prays the king would wait a space to speak with him again.

" Good king," he said on meeting, " my heart is full of shame

To bear my Babieca back, that horse of wondrous fame.

" For such a steed befits a king, and I have done thee wrong ;

To none on earth except my liege may such a steed belong ;

And, if thou wilt, I'll show thee what thou hast not seen before,

How Babieca quits himself when trampling down the Moor."

*They bring the steed before the king, bedight with whitest fur ;
The Cid leaps lightly on his back, and chafes him with the spur.
Anon they wheel, anon they bound, and o'er the plain they thunder ;
The king and all his nobles round stand rooted there in wonder.*

*And now they praise the gallant knight, his courage cool and keen ;
And now they praise the gallant horse, whose like was never seen.
While Babieca charges in fury round the spot,
One bridle rein is snapped in twain. The Cid regards it not ;*

*With one alone he gallops on, and guides him round and round ;
At topmost speed he checks the steed and lights upon the ground.
"I pray thee take him," cried the Cid, "he is thine own, O king."
"I will not do it," he replies, "far from me such a thing.*

*"If he were mine I'd give him thee, he would be mine no more,
For better knight with better horse was never matched before.
He does thee honour, noble Cid ; he honours us as well,
And all my folk in all my lands thy daring deeds will tell.*

*"Yet, by my sooth, he shall be mine ; but take him with thee now,
And when I wish to have him back, I'll send to thee, I vow."
The Cid then bade the king farewell, and kissed the royal hand,
And onward to Valencia he rode with all his band.*

Note 12, page 8.

Rozinante, the name of Cervantes' coining, is made up of two words of two syllables each : *rocin*, a poor horse, and *ante*, first or before. The form of the old proverb in Spanish, "To go from bad to worse," is *Ir de rocin á ruin*.

Note 13, page 10.

Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo. The Spanish commentators observe that it is not correct to say that the village of Dulcinea was close by that of Don Quixote, for that the latter was distant from the other eight or ten leagues. It is also to be noted that there are historians who assert that it was in Toboso that Cervantes was imprisoned ; but perhaps the reader is not interested in the controversy. Aldonza, or Dulce or 'Sweet One,' is a woman's name, anciently common in Castile, from which Don Quixote formed his Dulcinea.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH TREATS OF THE FIRST SALLY THAT THE INGENIOUS
DON QUIXOTE MADE FROM HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

THESE dispositions being made, he would lose no more time before putting his design in execution, urging himself on to it by the thought of the damage which his tardiness was doing in the world, so many were the grievances which he intended to redress, the wrongs to set right, the injuries to repair, the abuses to better, and the debts to satisfy. And so, without imparting his design to any person and without being seen of any, one morning before the break of day (which was one of the hottest of the month of July), he armed himself with all his armour, mounted upon Rozinante, put on his ill-sorted helmet, braced on his shield, seized his lance, and, by the back door of a yard, sallied out into the country, with the greatest glee at seeing with how much ease he had started his good desire. But scarcely did he find himself in the country when a terrible thought assailed him, and such as well-nigh made him abandon the enterprise which he had set on foot. For it came to his memory that he was no dubbed knight, and, according to the law of

chivalry, he neither could nor ought to take up arms with any knight; and even though he were one, he should carry white armour as a virgin knight, without device on his shield, until he had won it by his prowess. These thoughts made him falter in his purpose; but his folly prevailing, rather than any reason whatsoever, he purposed to have himself made a knight by the first whom he met, in imitation of many others who thus had done, according as he read in his books, which had brought him to that state. In the matter of the white armour, he proposed, as opportunity offered, to scour it so that it should be whiter than ermine; and with this he quieted himself, and pursued his road without taking any other than his horse willed, believing that therein lay the force of adventures.

Then journeying onward, our radiant adventurer went parleying with himself, and saying, "Who doubts but in the times to come, when the true history of my famous deeds shall spring to light, that the sage who shall write them will not, when he comes to the recounting of this my first sally, so early in the morning, put it after this manner?—

" ' Scarce had ruddy Apollo spread over the broad and spacious earth the golden locks of his beautiful hair,¹ and scarce had the little enamelled birdlings with their forked tongues saluted in sweet and mellifluous harmony the coming of the rosy Aurora, who, leaving the downy bed of her jealous husband, showed herself to mortals by the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, when the famous knight Don Quixote

de la Mancha, quitting slothful feathers, did mount upon his famous steed Rozinante, and commenced his travel by the ancient and well-known plains of Montiel” (and true it is that by that way he travelled); and thus he went on, “Happy age and happy time, that in which those famous deeds of mine shall come to light, worthy to be graven on brasses, sculptured in marbles, and painted on tables for a memorial in the future. O thou, sage enchanter, whosoever thou beest, whom it shall concern to be the chronicler of this wondrous history, I beseech thee, forget not my good Rozinante, my companion for evermore in all my journeys and courses.” By-and-by, he began again, as if verily enamoured, “O Princess Dulcinea, lady of this captive heart, much wrong hast thou done me in dismissing me, and laying on me the reproach of those stern fetters of thy command not to appear before thy beauty. I pray thee, lady, remind thee of this thy subject heart, that doth suffer so many pangs for love of thee.”

To these he went stringing other extravagancies, all in the style of those which his books had taught him, imitating as far as he could their language. And with this he journeyed so leisurely, and the sun mounted so fast and with such heat, as was enough to melt his brains, had he had any. Nearly all that day he travelled without meeting anything which might be recounted, and this made him despair; for he greatly longed to run against some one with whom to make trial of the valour of his mighty arm.

There are authors who say that the first adventure

which befel him was that of the Pass of Lapice ; others tell of that of the windmills : but what I have been able to verify in this case, and have found written in the annals of La Mancha, is, that he rode all that day, and at nightfall he and his rouncy found themselves wearied and dying of hunger ; and that, looking about him on all sides to see if he could discover some castle or some shepherd's fold where to shelter himself, and where he could satisfy his great need, he saw, not far off from the road by which he was going, an inn, which was as though he saw a star that might conduct him to the gates, if not to the citadel, of his redemption. He hastened his pace, and arrived there just as the night fell.

By chance there stood at the door two young women, followers of the Liberal Party, as they are called, who were going to Seville with some muleteers who happened that night to be making their halt at the inn ; and inasmuch as, to our adventurer—all, whatever he thought, saw, or imagined—appeared to be done after what he had read, the moment he saw the inn he conceived it to be a castle, with its four turrets and pinnacles of glistening silver, without omitting its draw-bridge, its deep moat, and all those other accessories with which similar castles are pictured. As he was drawing near to the inn (which appeared to him a castle), and at a little distance from it, he checked the reins of Rozinante, expecting that some dwarf would appear among the battlements to announce, with sound of trumpet, that a knight was approaching the castle. But as he saw that they delayed, and Rozinante was

pressing to arrive at the stable, he advanced to the door of the inn, and saw those two light wenches who stood there, who appeared to him two lovely maidens, or two gracious dames who were diverting themselves before the castle gate.

At this moment it happened by chance that a swineherd, who was going to collect from some stubbles a drove of hogs (for without your leave they are called so), sounded a horn, at which signal they come together, and instantly Don Quixote conceived it must be what he desired—to wit, that it was some dwarf had signalled his arrival ; so, with strange delight, he came up to the inn, and the ladies, who, when they saw a man in that sort of armour, with lance and buckler, being full of fear, were about to run inside. But Don Quixote, perceiving from their flight that they were afraid, raising his pasteboard vizor and discovering his lean and dusty countenance, with graceful mien and restful voice thus accosted them—

“ Let not your graces fly, nor fear any offence whatever, for to the order of chivalry, which I profess, it toucheth not nor appertaineth to do harm to any one, least of all to such exalted maidens as your presence denotes you to be.”

The girls stared at him, and searched with their eyes for the face which the sorry vizor concealed. But hearing themselves called maidens, a thing so foreign to their profession,² they could not contain their laughter, which was of such sort as that Don Quixote was put to the blush ; and he said, “ Politeness well becomes the fair, and excessive laughter, which proceeds from light

cause, is great folly. However, I say not this to grieve you, nor to show you ill favour, for it is none other than mine to serve you."

This was language unintelligible to the ladies, and the wretched figure of our knight increased their laughter. Which enraged him the more ; and it would have gone much further if, at this point, the innkeeper had not come out—a man who, through being fat, was very peaceful. He, beholding that grotesque figure armed with arms so ill matched as were the reins, buckler, and corselet, was near keeping the damsels company in the display of his mirth. But, in sooth, trembling before a machine of war so furnished, he determined to speak him civilly, and thus addressed him : "If your worship, sir knight, be in search of lodging, excepting the bed (for in this inn there is not one), everything else you will find in it in much abundance."

Don Quixote, observing the lowliness of the governor of the fortress (for such appeared to him the innkeeper and the inn), replied, "For me, sir castellan, anything will suffice ; for

*Arms are my ornaments,
My rest the battle shock."*

The host thought that in calling him castellan, he took him for a pure-blooded Castilian, although he was an Andalusian, and from the strand of San Lucar, no less a thief than Cacus, nor less crafty than student or page. And so he replied, "According to that, your worship,

*Your sleep shall be the vigil,
Your couch the flinty rock.*

In which case you may safely alight, with the certainty of finding in this cabin occasion and opportunity for not sleeping a whole year, much more one night."

And, saying this, he went to hold Don Quixote's stirrup, who dismounted, with much difficulty and effort, and as one who had not broken fast all that day. Thereupon he told the host to take much care of his charger, for he was the best bit of horseflesh that ever ate bread in the world. The landlord looked at the beast, and did not think him so good as Don Quixote said, nor even half so good. Putting him up in the stable, he returned to see what his guest would order, whom the damsels were disarming (for by this time they were reconciled to him); but though they had taken off breastplate and backpiece, they did not know how, nor were they able, to unfasten the gorget, nor to take off the cobbled head-gear, which he had tied on with some green ribbons, and it was necessary to cut them, for they could not untie the knots. But to that he would by no means consent, and so he passed all that night with his helmet on, being the drollest, strangest figure which could be imagined. And as they disarmed him (he still believing that those common trulls and light-o'-loves³ were certain principal ladies and dames of that castle), he said to them, with much courtliness—

*"Never was a gallant knight
Served by damosel or dame
As was he, Don Quixote hight,
When from out his land he came.
Ladies to wait on him were fain,
Princesses held his rouncy's mane——*

or Rozinante's, for that, ladies mine, is the name of my horse, and Don Quixote de la Mancha my own, although it was not my intention to discover myself until some passages of proof, achieved for your service and weal, should have discovered me. The constraint of the occasion for suiting to the present purpose that old romance of Lancelot,⁴ has been the cause that ye know my name out of all season. But a time shall come in which your ladyships may command, and I may obey, and the valour of my arm shall resolve the desire I have to serve you."

The girls, who were not made to hear such rhapsodies, answered not a word, except that they asked him if he would like something to eat.

"Whatever you please, I could eat," replied Don Quixote, "for methinks a little meat will do me much good."

As luck would have it, that day was Friday, and there was nothing in all the inn but some rations of fish, which in Castile is called *abadejo*, and in Andalusia *bacallao*, and in other parts *curadilla*, and in others again *truchuela*.

They asked him if haply his worship could eat *truchuela*, as there was no other fish to give him.

"So there be many troutlings," answered Don Quixote, "they will serve for one trout; for it is the same to me, whether they give me eight reals in small change, or one piece of eight. Moreover, it is possible that these troutlings may be like veal, which is better than beef; or kid, which is better than goat. But whatever it be, let it come quickly, for the labour and

the weight of arms cannot be supported without the sustenance of the bowels."

They laid the table at the door of the inn, in the open air, and the host brought the guest a portion of badly cured and worse-cooked stock-fish, and a loaf of bread as black and grimy as his arms. It was matter of great laughter to see him eat, for he kept the helmet on and the vizor up, and as he could put nothing in his mouth with his own hands, another had to give it to him and put it there ; and thus one of those ladies had to serve him in that necessity. But to give him to drink was not possible, if the innkeeper had not pierced a reed, and, putting one end in his mouth, poured in the wine at the other ; and all this he patiently endured, rather than cut the ribbons of his helmet.

In the midst of this a sow-gelder arrived by chance at the inn, and, as he drew near, he sounded his pipe of reeds four or five times, which confirmed Don Quixote in the belief that he was in some famous castle, that they were serving him with music, that the stock-fish was trout, the loaf finest bread, the giglot wenches ladies, and the innkeeper a governor of the castle ; and all this he took to justify the start and purpose he had made. But that which most afflicted him was that he was not dubbed, and, therefore, he could not lawfully engage in any adventure until he had received the order of knighthood.

NOTES TO CHAPTER II.

Note 1, page 20. Scarce had ruddy Apollo, etc.

The concubine of old Tithonus now

Gleamed white upon the eastern balcony.

Il Purgatorio, ix.

Now when the rosy-fingered morning faire,

Weary of aged Tithon's saffron bed,

Had spread her purple robe through dewy aire.

Fairie Queen, c. ii. xi. 51.

It is to be noted, however, that the coming of night is much more frequently celebrated in the books of chivalry than the advent of day. Here is an illustration from *Belianis* which will help to understand all those who would know what was the precise work which Cervantes set before him:—"The darkness of night had come, and the nocturnal pastures rejoiced in the absence of flammiferous Apollo: the brute animals began to enjoy a tranquillity denied to rational mortals; for it is right that no one at any time should rejoice in a repose which is prohibited in this miserable world, where, as in an inn placed on the road to the eternal mansions, repose is not possible without suffering; pleasure there is none without pain; and, finally, where there is no desire to be achieved which would not be better lost. Then it was that Prince Don Belianis went out," etc.—Lib. iii. cap. 10. This is but a feeble sample of the style and way of life peculiar to these story books.

Note 2, page 23.

So foreign to their profession. A chaste epithet to signify the opposite of what is expressed. While Cervantes, who allows nothing to escape him, was yet a child, this word was employed solely to denote the act of nuns in making their profession of chastity; but by the time that the great satirist became a man, the once sacred word, like many still more sacred things in Spain, had been put to the most foul uses.

Note 3, page 25.

Trulls and light-o'-loves. The original is more expressive and full of local colouring : *aquellas traidas y llevadas*, "those fetched and carried ones." Cervantes uses the same expression in his novel of *Rinconete and Cortadilla*, when describing a pair of old flaxen slippers. The allusion in our text is to an infamous trade which Seville—then in the pride of its Peruvian relationships—carried on with the country towns and villages of Castile. There were annually sold in the Christian capital of Andalusia as many women as are still sold in Constantinople, and for the same purpose. In other words, the conquerors of the New World, after robbing the native races of their wealth and virtue, employed their ill-gotten gains in debasing the maidens of their own land.

Note 4, page 26.

THE ROMANCE OF SIR LANCELOT.

*Never was a gallant knight
Served by damosel or dame
As was he, Don Quixote hight,
When from out his land he came.
Ladies to wait on him were fain,
Princesses held his rouncy's mane.*

*The grave duenna Quintañona
Poured out for him the ruddy wine;
The sweet and fair Queen Guinevere
Did lead him to her chamber fine.
And, being in a gracious mood,
Though sleep had never touched his eyes,
The queen ashamed, with soul enflamed,
Her grief did utter in this wise:
"O Lancelot, Sir Lancelot,
If thou hadst been but sooner here,
The haughty knight before my sight
Had never whispered in mine ear,
That he would share my couch with me,
And even my lord in spite of thee."*

*Quick armed himself Sir Lancelot,
Within his heart a heavy load;
To's lady true he bade adieu,
And straightway took the nearest road.
Beneath a green and shady pine
He found the haughty knight he sought;
At first advance they broke the lance,
And then with battle-axe they fought.
The haughty knight, all pale with fright,
Soon on the ground was lying low;
Sir Lancelot dread cut off his head—
It needed but a single blow—
Then to his lady fair returned,
And gained the welcome he had earned.*

CHAPTER III.

WHEREIN IS RECOUNTED THE PLEASANT MANNER IN
WHICH DON QUIXOTE GOT HIMSELF KNIGHTED.

AND being vexed by this thought, he hurried through his scanty pot-house supper, which being finished, he called the landlord, and shutting himself up with him in the stable, he fell on his knees before him, and exclaimed, "Never will I rise from this place, valiant knight, until your courtesy shall grant me the boon I am about to ask, which will redound to your praise and the profit of the human race."

The landlord, who saw his guest at his feet, and heard such words, stood confused, staring at him, not knowing what to do or to say, and implored him to rise. But he would not, until the landlord had promised to grant him the boon which he sought.

"I expected no less from your great mightiness, my lord," responded Don Quixote. "Therefore I declare unto you that the boon I have sought, and which you of your liberality have granted to me, is that in the morning of to-morrow you have me made knight, and I this evening will hold a watch of arms in the chapel of this your castle ;¹ and in the morning,

as I have said, shall be fulfilled all my desire, that I may be able, as is fitting, to go throughout the four parts of the earth in quest of adventures on behalf of the distressed, as falls to the charge of knighthood and knights-errant, such as I am, whose mind is bent on such exploits."

The landlord, who, as has been said, was a bit of a wag, and had already some suspicions of the lack of understanding in his guest, was now convinced after hearing such talk; and to have something to laugh at that night, he resolved to indulge his humour. So he told him he was very correct in what he desired, and that such a project was right and natural to knights so important as he seemed to be, and as his gait and presence betokened; that he himself, in the years of his youth, had given himself to that honourable profession, roaming through different parts of the earth seeking his adventures, not omitting the fish slums of Malaga, the Riaran Islands, the compasses of Seville, the little cheap of Segovia, the olive market of Valencia, the round-house of Granada, the strand of San Lucar, the filly fountain of Cordova, the dens of Toledo,² and various other parts where he had essayed the lightness of his heels and the cunning of his hands, doing many wrongs, requisitioning many widows, undoing some damsels, cozening many youths, and finally making himself known in almost as many courts as there are in Spain; and that at last he had come to retire to that his castle, where he lived on his own estate, and on the estates of others, entertaining in it all knights-errant, of what-

ever quality or condition they might be, solely for the great affection which he bore them, and that they might share with him their substance in return for his good will. He said to him, also, that in that his castle there was no chapel whatever, where he might keep the vigil of his arms, for it had been pulled down in order to be built up again; but, in a case of necessity, he was sure that they could be watched where he pleased, and that he might, if he liked, keep vigil in a court of the castle, and in the morning, God being willing, the needful ceremonies might be performed on such wise that he should remain an invested knight, and such a knight as could not be bettered in the world. He asked him if he had any money.

Don Quixote replied that he had not brought a doit, for he had never read in the histories of knights-errant that they ever carried any.³

Upon this the host said he was mistaken; for admitting that in the histories it was not written, it was through its having appeared to the authors of them that there was no need to mention a thing so necessary and needful as money and clean shirts; at any rate, it was not to be believed that they did not carry them, and he might take it for certain and indisputable that all knights-errant (of whose deeds so many books were filled and bore witness) carried their purses well lined for that which might befall, and in the same way they carried shirts, and a little box full of ointments to dress the wounds they received. For not always in fields and deserts, where they did

battle and came out wounded, was there any to heal them, unless so be they had some sage enchanter, who could succour them on the spot, bringing through the air, on some cloud, some virgin or dwarf with some flask of water of such virtue that, in tasting some single drop of it, presently on the instant they are cured of their sores and wounds, as if they had received no damage. But when as this could not be, the knights of old held it for certain that their squires were provided with money and other necessary things, such as lint and salves, for healing; and if it happened that such knights had no squires (which chanced but on few and rare occasions), then they carried everything themselves in certain wallets, so fine that they could hardly be perceived, fitted to the haunches of the horse, as if it were something of greater importance; for, except on similar occasion, this carrying of wallets was not much affected among knights-errant. And on that account he gave him for advice (since he might even command him, as he was so soon to be his godson) never again to travel thenceforward without money and without the precautions referred to, and he would see how useful he would find them when he least expected it.

Don Quixote promised to do all that he had been counselled with all scrupulousness. And then forthwith the order was given, how he should watch his arms in a great yard which was at the side of the inn; and Don Quixote, gathering them all together, placed them on a stone trough adjoining a well which was there, and bracing on his shield,

he grasped his lance, and with a serene countenance began to pace before the trough; and as he began his walk, the night began to close in.

The landlord recounted to as many as were inside the inn the madness of his guest, the watching of the arms, and the knight-making which he expected. Wondering at so strange a kind of madness, they went out to look at him from a distance, and saw that he sometimes paced up and down with tranquil gait, and at other times, leaning on his lance, he fixed his eyes upon his armour, without taking them off for a good space of time.

The night had closed in, but with a moon of so much brightness, that she could compete with his from whom her light was borrowed, so that whatever the new knight did was well seen by all. Just then it took the fancy of one of the muleteers who were in the inn to go and water his team, and it was necessary to remove the arms of Don Quixote, which were on the top of the trough; who, seeing him approach, exclaimed in a loud voice—

“O thou, whosoever thou art, audacious knight, who dares to touch the arms of the most valiant errant man that ever girded sword, look well what thou doest, and touch them not, if thou wouldst not yield thy life in payment of thy audacity.”

The carrier, who cared not for these words (though he would have better cared for his health if he had cared more for them), seized the arms by the straps, and flung them a good distance from him; which being seen by Don Quixote, he raised his eyes to

heaven, and, fixing his thoughts as it seemed on his lady Dulcinea, exclaimed—

“Help me, lady mine, in this first affront which is offered to this breast that is enthralled to thee. Withhold not from me in this first peril thy countenance and protection.”

And uttering these and other such words, letting slip his shield, he lifted his lance with both hands, and gave the muleteer so great a blow with it on the head, that he felled him to the ground, in such evil plight that, if he had followed it up with another, there would have been no need of a surgeon to cure him. This done, he gathered up his arms again and returned, to pace up and down with the same serenity as before.

After a little while, without knowing what had happened (for the carrier still lay stunned), another came with the same intention of giving water to his mules, and proceeding to take away the arms to clear the trough, Don Quixote, without speaking a word, or invoking favour of any one, again loosened his shield, again lifted his lance, and, without shivering it to atoms, made more than three pieces of the second carrier's head, for he broke it in four parts. At the noise there ran thither all the people of the inn, and among them the landlord. Seeing this, Don Quixote braced on his shield, and, putting his hand to his sword, exclaimed—

“O Queen of Beauty, strength and vigour of this fainting heart of mine, now is the time for thee to turn the eyes of thy greatness upon this thy captive knight, who is awaiting this mighty adventure !”

With that he recovered, to his seeming, so much courage that, if all the muleteers in the world had encountered him, he would not have turned a foot backwards.

The companions of the wounded, who saw them in such case, began from afar to shower stones upon Don Quixote, who defended himself as well as he could with his shield, nor did he venture to move from the trough, in order not to abandon his arms. The landlord called out to them to leave him alone; for he had told them already how that he was mad, and that, as a madman, he would be set at liberty, even though he should kill them all.

Don Quixote also, in a voice still louder, called them cowards and traitors, and that the lord of the castle was a villain and base-born knight since he allowed knights-errant to be so treated, and, if he had but received the order of knighthood, he would make him understand his perfidy; "but with you, vile and base rabble, I have nothing to do. Fling on, advance, come and assail me how much you may, only you shall see the reward of your madness and presumption."

This he uttered with such spirit and resolution that he infused a terrible fear into his assailants; so, as much from this as the landlord's persuasions, they left off pelting him, and leaving them to carry off their wounded, he returned to the vigil of his arms with the same tranquillity and calmness as at first. The landlord did not much like these pranks of his guest, and resolved to cut them short and give him the accursed order of knighthood at once, before other

disaster befel. Thereupon approaching him, he excused himself of the insolence those base fellows had used towards him without his knowing anything whatever about it, but they had been well punished for their temerity: declared, as he had told him already, that in that castle there was no chapel; neither was it necessary for what remained to be done; all that was required to make a knight consisted in the slap on the neck with the hand and the stroke on the shoulder, according to what he knew of the ceremonial of the order, and that this might be done in the middle of a field; that he had complied with all touching the vigil of the arms, for which only two hours' watch were needed—how much more when he had been watching more than four!

All this Don Quixote believed, declared that he was there ready to obey him, and begged that he might conclude the matter with as great brevity as possible; for, if he should be assaulted again, when once he saw himself dubbed knight, he had no intention of leaving a person alive in the castle, excepting those whom the landlord might command him to spare, for whose sake he would do so.

The castellan being thus advised, and being also fearful, brought out at once the book in which he used to set down the straw and barley which he served out to the muleteers; then with the end of a candle held by a lad, and with the two aforesaid damsels, he came to where Don Quixote was, whom he commanded to kneel;⁴ and reading from his manual as though he were repeating some devout prayer, in the middle of

the lecture he raised his hand, gave him a great blow on the neck, and after that, with his own sword, a pretty stroke on the shoulder, muttering all the while something between his teeth as if he were praying. This done, he commanded one of the ladies to gird him with the sword, which she did with much dexterity and discretion, for not a little was necessary in order to keep from bursting into laughter at each point of the ceremonies ; but what they had seen of the prowess of the new knight kept their laughter within bounds.

As she girded on his sword, said the good lady, " God make your worship a very fortunate knight, and give you good hap in battle."

Don Quixote then asked her her name, that he might know from thenceforth to whom he was indebted for the favour he had received ; for he designed to give her some part of the honour which he should achieve by the valour of his arm.

She answered, with much meekness, that they called her La Tolosa, and she was the daughter of a cobbler, a native of Toledo, who lived in the cheap of Sancho Minaya ; but, wherever she might be, she would serve and hold him for her lord.

Don Quixote requested her that she would, of her love, do him the favour from that time to assume the Don, and call herself Doña Tolosa.

She promised to do so, and the other girl buckled on the spur, with whom passed nearly the same discourse as with her of the sword.

He asked her her name, and she said that they called her La Molinera, and that she was the daughter of an honest miller of Antequera.

Her also Don Quixote entreated that she would assume the Don, and call herself Doña Molinera, offering her new services and favours.

These, till then, never-seen ceremonies being despatched at a gallop, Don Quixote could not rest till he saw himself on horseback in quest of adventures; and, quickly saddling Rozinante, he mounted him and, embracing his host, uttered such strange things in thanking him for the favour he had done him in making him a knight, that it is impossible to rehearse them full worthily. The landlord, that he might see him fairly outside the inn, replied to those words of his with others no less formal, though more brief; and, without demanding his reckoning for the cost of his harbourage, he let him go with all good speed.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III.

Note 1, page 31.

Will hold a watch of arms in the chapel of this your castle. The Spanish commentators are always jealous of the mention of chapels and religious houses and people in the *Don Quixote*; and on this passage it is explained to us that the profession of knight errantry was much mingled with that of Christianity. The battle-cry of the knight was, "For God and his mistress;" and hence, say our commentators, "from the little culture of that dark epoch, sprang that union of magnanimity and vengeance, of violence with gentleness, of devotion with carnal loves, which has its poetical colour, and is capable of receiving the ornaments of the imagination and the beauties of style. This character is exaggerated in the books of chivalry, where at every step are met the practices of religion mixed with those of a gross ferocity, contradictions between credence and conduct, a sincere profession of faith, and a perpetual violation of the maxims of the gospel," an apology which falls a little short of the mark.—Clem. *in loco*. It is recorded of King Juan II. of Castile, that on entering on his war with the Moors, he held a watch of arms all night in the cathedral of Toledo.—*Chronica*, cap. 14. It was also an ordinance of chivalry prescribed by King Alonso XI., that all decorated knights should hear Mass every morning, to obtain the help of God in their chivalries.—*Doctrina de Caballerias*, lib. iii. tit. 5.

The story of a raw and inexperienced countryman's sally into the world, and his immediate admission into the order of knighthood, was not a conceit of Cervantes. An example of it is found in the romance of Percivale, although neither that renowned knight's name nor the romance itself is mentioned in the *Don Quixote*. We also learn from Ribadeneira's *Life of Ignacio Loyola* that the father of the Jesuits

became a knight of Christ in one night, during the whole of which he kept a watch of arms before the image of Our Lady, partly on foot, and partly on his knees.—Lib. i. cap. 5.

Note 2, page 32.

The fish-slums of Malaga, etc. Phillips thus renders this passage:—"The King's Bench Rules, the skulking holes of Alsatia, the Academy of the Fleet, the Colledge of Newgate, the Purlieus of Turnboll and Pict-hatch, the Bordellos of St. Giles's, Banstead Downs, Newmarket Heath, the Pits of Playhouses, the Retirement of Ordinaries, and the Booths of Smithfield and Sturbridge;" and these places are as much known now to us as the others are to the Spaniards of to-day. The Isles of Riara are not found on any map. The Compasses of Seville was a suburb of the city where its thieves and profligates dwelt apart. No such particular separation now exists. The fountain in Cordova, however, still remains, and is in the midst of a neighbourhood as much devoted to the worship of Venus and Bacchus as to Our Lady of Sorrows. In his novel of *The Illustrious Scullery-Maid*, Cervantes thus speaks of Don Diego Carriazo, who became one of the chief nobles of Toledo: "In Carriazo the world beheld a virtuous, honourable, well-bred rogue of more than ordinary ability. He had passed all the grades of roguery till he became doctor of the fish-ponds of Zahara, where stands the gallows of that nest of scoundrels. O kitchen-gorged rogues, feigned beggars, mean misers of the Zocodover and of the Plaza de Madrid, canting prayer-mongers, Seville runners, pimps and panders, with the whole swarm which is contained within the name of rogue and under the name of villainy, call not yourselves rogues until you have studied for two terms in the academy of the tunny-fish ponds," etc. Zahara has not quite lost its character; many throats have been cut and purses stolen on the roads which lead from Cadiz and Seville to Zahara since the time Cervantes wrote; and the careful reader will note, as he continues to read, with what subtlety Cervantes brings in

some of the awful realities of his own day on the wings of laughter, knowing well that they could not otherwise be carried where he would have them held up to be seen. And perhaps none will be displeased to be reminded here of the pathetic appeal of Charles Lamb in his essay on the "Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art," where he exclaims, "Illustrious romancer! were the 'fine frenzies' which possessed the brain of thy own Don Quixote a fit subject, as in the second part (*vide* chapter xxx.), to be exposed to the jeers of duennas and serving-men, to be monstered and shown up at the heartless banquets of the great? Was that pitiable infirmity, which in thy first part misleads him *always from within* into half-ludicrous, but more than half-compassionable, and admirable errors, not infliction enough from Heaven that men, by studied artifices, must devise and practise upon the humour, to inflame where they should soothe it? Why, Goneril would have blushed to practise upon the abdicated king at this rate, and the she-wolf Regan not have endured to play the pranks upon his fled wits which thou hast made thy Quixote suffer in duchesses' halls, and at the hands of that worthy nobleman."

Note 3, page 33.

That knights-errant never carried money. The Spanish commentators point out that this statement of Don Quixote is not true; and they are quite right. Amadis, in the fifty-second chapter of his history, makes use of certain moneys *with which he had provided him* to buy arms and clothes for himself, and fodder for his horse; while it is also beyond all doubt that Oliveros de Castile (cap. 12), on secretly leaving the king his father's court to go on his adventures, carried in the crupper of his saddle three thousand gold *doblas*. We must not, however, be surprised to find that a Spanish innkeeper of 1605, and the Spanish critics of 1837-1878, read their books of chivalry in a different spirit to that of Don Quixote, and saw in them many things to which that high-born gentleman was blind.

Note 4, page 38.

Whom he commanded to kneel. If it be objected that Don Quixote was knighted by an innkeeper, the reply is that Isaie le Triste was dubbed by the right arm of the dead Lancelot, raised for the purpose by the hermit of the place. Don Quixote had his lucid intervals, and probably thought that a live dog was better than a dead lion.

CHAPTER IV.

OF WHAT BEFEL OUR KNIGHT WHEN HE SALLIED FROM
THE INN.

THE day was breaking when Don Quixote started from the inn, so happy, so gleeful, so enraptured at seeing himself made a knight, that the delight was ready to burst the girths of his horse. But calling to mind the counsels of his host touching the supplies necessary to take with him, especially money and shirts, he resolved to return home and provide himself with all, and likewise a squire, having in his mind to engage a country fellow, a neighbour of his, who was poor and with children, but very suitable for the squirely functions of chivalry. With this intention he turned Rozinante towards his village, who, almost knowing that he was on his way to the old familiar place, began to travel with such good will that he seemed not to touch the ground. They had not gone far when Don Quixote, on his right hand, from the thicket of a wood close by, thought there issued some feeble cries of a complaining person. And no sooner did he hear them than he exclaimed—

“ I give thanks to Heaven for the favour it does to

me, in that it has proffered me so soon an occasion to fulfil the duties I owe to my profession, and from which I may be able to gather the fruit of my good desires. These cries, without doubt, are of some distressed man or woman, who stands in need of my help and favour."

Turning the reins, he guided Rozinante towards the place from whence he thought the sounds came. And a few paces from the entrance of the wood he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a boy of about fifteen, naked to the waist, tied to another, who it was who cried, and not without cause; for a farmer of stalwart form was giving him many lashes with a girdle, each lash being accompanied with a rebuke and a lecture, as *the tongue still and the eyes open*. And the boy would answer—

"I will not do so any more, master mine; by God's Passion I will not do it again, and I promise, after this, to take more care of the flock."

Don Quixote, seeing what was passing, exclaimed, in an angry voice, "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to strike one unable to defend himself. Mount thine horse, and take to thy lance" (for he also had a lance¹ leaning against the oak to which the mare was fastened by the reins), "and I will make thee know that it is only cowards who do what thou art doing."

The farmer, beholding that figure towering above him, bristling with arms and brandishing a lance in his face, gave himself up for dead, and answered in fair words—"Sir knight, the boy whom I am chastising is my servant, employed by me to look after a flock of sheep which I have in these parts, who is so careless that

I lose one each day; and because I correct him for his carelessness or rascality, he tells me that I do it through avarice and to defraud him of his wages, but, before God and my conscience, he lies."

"The lie before me, vile rustic!" exclaimed Don Quixote. "By the sun that shines over us, but I have a mind to run thee through with this lance. Pay him at once without more parleying; if not, by the God who rules us, I will finish and annihilate thee this instant. Unbind him instantly."

The farmer bent his head, and, without answering a word, unloosed his servant, of whom Don Quixote asked how much his master owed him; and the lad replied, "Nine months' wages at seven reals a month."

Don Quixote having reckoned it up, and found that it amounted to sixty-three reals, he ordered the farmer to disburse it on the spot, if he would not die for it.

The trembling clown said that by the pass in which he was then, and by the oath which he had sworn (and yet he had not sworn any), it was not so much; for there was to be deducted from the account three pairs of shoes, which he had given to the boy, and one real for two blood-lettings, which he had given him when he was sick.

"All that is well," replied Don Quixote, "but let the shoes and blood-lettings be set against the lashes thou hast without cause given him; for if he has worn out the leather of the shoes which you paid for, you have worn out the skin of his body, and if the barber took blood from him when he was ill, you have taken

his blood when he was well ; so that, in this respect, he owes you nothing."

"The worst of it is, sir knight, that I have no money here. Let Andres come home with me, and I will pay him every real in full."

"I go with him?" exclaimed the boy. "The devil fetch me if I do! No, sir, not if I know it, for when he has me alone, he would flay me like a Saint Bartholomew."

"He will not do so," replied Don Quixote; "my command is sufficient to make him respect me. And provided he swears it by the order of knighthood which he has received, I will let him go free, and will assure the payment."

"Consider, your worship, what you say," cried the boy, "for this master of mine is no knight at all; nor has he received any order of knighthood. He is the rich Juan Haldudo, who lives in Quintanar."

"That is of small import," replied Don Quixote. "There may be knights Haldudos—the more as every man is the son of his own works." 2

"That is true," said Andres; "but this master of mine, of what works is he the son, who denies me my wages, my sweat and labour?"

"I do not deny thy wage, friend Andres," replied the farmer; "and do me the favour to come with me, and I swear by all the orders of knighthood which are in the world to pay thee, as I have said, every real in full, and perfumed into the bargain."

"For the perfumery I thank you," said Don Quixote. "Give it him in reals, and I shall be

satisfied. And see that you comply with what you have sworn ; if not, by the same oath, I swear to return and seek you, and punish you ; and I engage to find you, even though you hide yourself closer than an eft. And if you would know who it is commands you this, that you may feel more strictly bound to comply with it, know that I am the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, the undoer of wrongs and abuses. And so God be with you ; and do not forget what you have promised and sworn, on peril of the penalty pronounced."

Saying this, he put spurs to Rozinante, and in a short space had parted from them.

The farmer followed him with his eyes, and when he saw that he had passed forth of the wood and was already out of sight, he returned to his servant Andres, and said, "Come hither, my son, for I would pay thee all I owe, as that undoer of wrongs hath commanded me."

"That I swear," said Andres, "and your worship will do well to obey the orders of yon good gentleman (may he live a thousand years!) ; for be sure that, as he is so mighty and just a judge, by St. Roque, if you do not pay me, he will come back and do what he said."

"I also swear," said the farmer, "but in respect of the much love I bear thee, am willing to increase the debt, in order to increase the payment." Then, seizing him by the arm, he again tied him to the oak, and gave him so many lashes that he left him for dead. "Now, Master Andres," said the farmer, "call on that undoer of wrongs ; thou shalt see that he will never undo

this ; although I believe I have not done yet, for I have a mind to flay thee alive, as thou fearedst."

However, he untied him at last, and gave him leave to go in search of his judge, in order that he might execute the sentence which he had pronounced.

Andres went his way somewhat rueful, swearing to go in search of the mighty Don Quixote de la Mancha, and relate to him, word for word, all that had passed, and then he would have to pay him for it sevenfold. But withal he departed sobbing, and his master remained laughing ; and after this manner did the valorous Don Quixote undo that wrong.

As for him, very much delighted with what had happened—it seeming to him that he had given a very happy and noble beginning to his feats of arms—he continued on his way to his village, greatly satisfied with himself, saying in a loud voice—

"Well mayest thou call thyself blessed above all women of the earth, O beautiful above beauties, beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso, since it fell to thy lot to hold subject and devoted to all thy will and desire a knight so valiant and renowned as is and shall be Don Quixote de la Mancha ; who, as all the world knows, received but yesterday the honour of knight-hood, and to-day has redressed the greatest wrong³ and injury which injustice could design and cruelty commit. This day he has snatched the lash from the hand of that pitiless enemy, who, without any cause, was scourging that tender infant."

On this he came to a road which divided itself into four, and straight there entered his fancy those cross-

roads where knights-errant used to stand pondering which of the roads they should take. To imitate them he stood still awhile, and after having well reflected, he threw the reins on Rozinante, submitting his will to that of his rouncy, who followed his first intention, which was to take the road to the stable. Having travelled two miles, Don Quixote descried a great troop of people, who, as it afterwards appeared, were some traders of Toledo, going to buy silk in Murcia.⁴ They were six travelling with their parasols, with some four servants on horseback, and three muleteers on foot.

No sooner did Don Quixote perceive them than he imagined it to be matter of new adventure, and in order to imitate, as much as seemed to him possible, the passages he had read in his books, he fancied this one cut out on purpose for him; therefore, with gallant bearing and courage, he settled himself well in his stirrups, couched his lance, raised his shield to his breast, and, posting himself in the middle of the road, stood awaiting the onslaught of those knights-errant (for such already he held and judged them to be); and when they came near enough to see and hear, Don Quixote raised his voice in an imperious tone, and said—

“Halt all the world, and let all the world confess that there is not in all the world a damsel more beautiful than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.”

At the sound of these words the traders halted, to behold the strange figure of him who uttered

them; and by the words and the figure they soon understood that the man was mad. But they were desirous of observing quietly to what tended that confession which he exacted of them; and so one of them, who was a great wag, yet of much discretion, said to him—

“Sir knight, we know not who is this good lady of whom you speak; but show her to us, and if she be so beautiful as you affirm, we will, with all our hearts, and without any constraint, confess to the truth which on your part you have required of us.”

“If I were to show her to you,” replied Don Quixote, “what virtue would there be in confessing a truth so notorious? My demand is, that without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; if not, then it is with me you must do battle, monstrous and upstart people. And now, whether you come on one by one, as the order of chivalry requires, or all together, as is the custom and vile use of those of your breed, here I await and expect you, confiding in the right which I have on my side.”

“Sir knight,” said the trader, “I beseech your worship, in the name of all these princes who are here, that in order not to burden our consciences by confessing a thing which has never been seen nor heard by us, and which, moreover, is so much to the prejudice of the empresses and queens of Alcárria and Estramadura, that your worship be pleased to show us some picture of this lady, even though it should be but of the size of a grain of wheat; for by the

clue the tangle will be discovered, and thus we shall be safe and satisfied, and your worship content and requited. I even believe that we are already so much on your side that, though her picture showed her to be blind of one eye, and the other distilled fire and brimstone, with all this, to please your worship, we will say in her favour all that you desire."

"She distils not, infamous rabble," retorted Don Quixote, inflamed with rage—"she distils not, I say, that which you have said, save only amber and civet rare; nor blind is she, nor hump-backed, but is straighter than a spindle of Guadarrama. But ye shall pay for the gross blasphemy which ye have uttered against such lofty beauty as is that of my mistress."

In saying this, he dashed with levelled lance on him who had spoken, and with such rage and fury that, had not good fortune ordained that Rozinante should stumble and fall in mid career, it had fared ill with the bold trader.

Rozinante fell, and his master rolled some distance over the plain, ever striving to rise, but was never able, so encumbered was he by the weight of his armour, the lance, shield, spurs, and helmet; and while he thus struggled to rise, but could not, he kept crying out, "Fly not, coward brood and caitiff crew; know that it is through no fear of mine, but the fault of my horse, that I am stretched here."

One of the muleteers of the troop, who must have been a fellow of no good intention, hearing the poor prostrate knight utter so many insults, could refrain no longer from answering him on the ribs. Coming up

to him, he took his lance and, after having broken it in pieces, so belaboured our dear Don Quixote with one of them, that in spite and defiance of his armour, he threshed him like a sheaf of wheat. His masters called to him not to give him so much, and to leave him; but the fellow's blood was up, and he would not quit the game till he had played out his wrath. Gathering together the other pieces of the lance, he broke them all over the wretched downcast, who, for all that tempest of blows which rained upon him, never shut his mouth, but threatened heaven and earth and the rascal padders, as he took them to be.

At length the muleteer was tired, and the traders continued their journey, carrying with them the whole story of the poor belaboured one, who, when he found himself alone, again tried to lift himself up; but if he could not do so when sound or well, how should he when so bruised and almost beaten to pieces? And yet he accounted himself a happy man; holding this to be a misfortune worthy of knights-errant, ascribing all fault to his horse. Yet he could in no wise get up, so crushed was he in all his body.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IV.

Note 1, page 46.

He also had a lance. This, as Clemencin points out, was not invented for the occasion. It was the custom at that time in Spain for farmers and owners of estates to carry such weapons. In the *Dialogue of the Two Dogs* mention will be found of this, as also in chapters xxxvi. and xliii. of this First Part. In the times of their Catholic Majesties, the Government encouraged the common use of arms among the people, and for nearly a hundred years before the appearance of Don Quixote nearly all men carried swords.

Note 2, page 48.

Every man is the son of his own works. The first of some three hundred proverbs mentioned in the text. It is one of the oldest in the Spanish tongue, perhaps as old as our "Handsome is that handsome does." Clemencin remarks upon this, "In Europe, children receive nobility from their parents; in China, parents receive honour from the virtues and noble deeds of their children." The conduct of the Chinese, he says, is more agreeable to the proverb than that of the Europeans. In one of his lucid moments, Part II., chapter xxxii., Don Quixote declares that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own works.

Note 3, page 50.

Who, as all the world knows, received but yesterday the honour of knightliood, and to-day has redressed the greatest wrong. The Spanish commentators point out the error of this statement. Both events, they say, occurred on the same day, and it is only a jest of the author to declare that "all the world" knew of a thing which took place in a barn in the midst of a desert. Cervantes, it should be remarked once for all, followed the books of chivalry so closely in their incoherencies, their perverse wanderings from all truth and nature, that much of

the power of his wonderful art is lost upon all who have no acquaintance with these wicked books. Indeed, the first part of the *Don Quixote*, to many who know nothing of *Amadis of Gaul* and his numerous family, will be obscure in some parts, tediously and supremely ridiculous in others, and apparently without point or meaning in not a few, as in good sooth it is confessed to be by many a pious and loyal Spaniard of our own time.

Note 4, page 51.

Traders of Toledo, going to buy silk in Murcia. Murcia, in the time of Cervantes, was the garden of silk culture, not only for Toledo, but for Cordova, Seville, Pastrana, and other places. Its produce amounted annually to some 210,000 pounds, but now, sad to tell, silk growing, like all other forms of growth in Spain, seems to have come to a full stop.

CHAPTER V.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE NARRATIVE OF OUR KNIGHT'S
MISFORTUNE.

SEEING, then, that he was actually unable to stir, he was fain to have recourse to his usual remedy, which was to think on some passage of his books, and his frenzy brought to his memory that of Valdovinos and the Marquis de Mantua, at what time Carloto left him wounded in the forest—a story learned by children, not unknown to youth, extolled and even believed by the old, but, for all that, no more true than the miracles of Mahomet.

This one seemed to him as if framed on purpose to fit the pass in which he found himself, and so he began, with shows of deep feeling, to roll about on the ground, and to utter, with a feeble voice, the same plaint that the wounded knight of the wood is said to have made :—

*Where tarriest thou, my lady?
While I am sore distraught :
Thou know'st it not, my lady,
Or thou art false and naught.*

In this manner he continued to repeat the ballad, as far as to the lines—

*O Mantua's noble marquis,
My uncle and my lord.*

And it pleased fortune, that, as he came to this verse, there should pass by a husbandman from his own village, a neighbour of his, who was returning after having carried a load of wheat to the mill;¹ who, seeing a man stretched there, went up to him and asked who he was, and what pain he felt, that he complained so dolefully.

Don Quixote believed that this must be, without doubt, the Marquis de Mantua, his uncle, and so made no other response but to continue his ballad, giving him an account of his misfortunes and of the amours of the emperor's son with his wife, all in the same manner as is sung in the romance.

The husbandman was amazed at hearing such wild ravings, and taking off the vizor, which with the blows was broken all to pieces, wiped the face, which was covered with dust; and scarcely had he done so, when he recognized it and exclaimed, "Master Quixada" (for so he used to be called when he had his wits, and had not passed from a sober gentleman into a knight-errant), "who hath put your worship into this plight?"

But he continued his romance, answering out of it to every question.

Perceiving this, the good man, as best he could, took off the breastplate and backpiece, in order to see if

he had any wound ; but found no blood nor sign of hurt. He then managed to lift him from the ground, and, with no little trouble, put him on his own ass, which seemed the easier beast for mounting. He collected the arms, even to the splinters of the lance, bound them upon Rozinante, and, taking him by his bridle and the ass by his halter, journeyed towards his village, much concerned to hear the absurdities which Don Quixote uttered.

No less pensive went Don Quixote, who, of sheer pounding and bruising, could scarcely hold himself upon the ass, and from time to time he heaved sighs which pierced the very heavens ; so that the husbandman was once again impelled to beseech him to say what ailed him.

But it would seem that the very devil called to his memory stories fitting to his mishaps. For in that instant, forgetting Valdovinos, he remembered him of the Moor Abindarraez, when Rodrigo, the Governor of Antequera, seized and took him prisoner to his castle. In such sort, that when the husbandman again asked him how he was and what he felt, he replied with the very same words and the same speeches which the captive Abencerraje answered to Rodrigo de Narvaez, in the same manner as he had read in the *Diana de Forge de Montomayor*, where it is written, applying it so aptly to his case, that the husbandman wished himself at the devil on hearing such a fardel of fooleries, from which he knew that his neighbour was mad ; and he pressed on to reach the village, to rid himself of the worry which Don

Quixote caused him by his long discourse. At the end of which the knight added—

“Know, your grace, my lord Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this beautiful Xarifa, as I have said, is now the lovely Dulcinea del Toboso, for whose sake I have done, still do, and shall do the most famous deeds of chivalry that have been, are, or shall be seen in the world.”

To this the husbandman replied, “Look, your worship, sinner that I am; I am no Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the Marquis de Mantua, but Pedro Alonzo, your neighbour; neither is your worship Valdovinos, nor Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman Señor Quixada.”

“I know who I am,” said Don Quixote, “and I know that I may be not only these I have named, but all the twelve peers of France, and even all the nine worthies,² since my exploits will outrival all the deeds which they ever did together, or each one singly.”

With these and other such discourses, they drew to the village at the hour when night was falling. But the husbandman waited till it was a little darker, in order that the battered knight might not be seen so ill mounted. When he saw the fitting time had come, he entered the village and went to Don Quixote's house, which he found all in an uproar. The priest and barber of the village, who were great friends of Don Quixote, were there, to whom the housekeeper was crying aloud—

“What does your worship think, Master Licentiate Pero Perez” (such was the priest's name), “of my

master's misfortune? It is now six days, and he hath not appeared, nor the rouncy, nor the shield, nor the lance, nor the armour. Unhappy woman that I am, I am certain—and it is as true as I am born to die—that these accursed books of chivalry of his, and which he is wont to pore over so commonly, have turned his wits; and, now I think of it, I have heard him often mutter, speaking to himself, that he would become knight-errant, and go away and look for adventures in yonder worlds. To Satan and Barabbas with such books, which have ruined the sweetest mind in all La Mancha."

The niece said the same, and even more. "Know, Maese Nicholas" (which was the name of the barber), "that many times my honoured uncle would read those impious books of misventures for two days and nights, at the end of which he would fling his book away, draw his sword, and fall a-slashing at the walls; and, when quite tired, he would say that he had slain four giants as big as four towers, and the sweat which would pour down him from the exercise he would say was blood from the wounds he had received in battle. Afterwards he would drink a large jug of cold water, and become whole and sound, saying that the water was a most precious drink, brought to him by the sage Esquife, a great enchanter and a friend of his. But I take to myself the blame of all this, in that I did not inform your worship of these follies of my uncle, that you might have applied some remedy before it reached to where it has reached, by burning all those excommunicate books—and he has many—which as much deserve to blaze as if they were heretics."

“That say I, also,” said the priest; “and, i’faith, to-morrow shall not pass without making public process against them, and they be condemned to the fire, that they give not occasion to him who reads them to do as my good friend seems to have done.”

All this the husbandman and Don Quixote overheard, by which the husbandman understood his neighbour’s malady; thereupon he began to call out—

“Open, your worships, to the lord Valdovinos, and to the lord Marquis de Mantua, who comes badly wounded, and to the lord Moor Abindarraez, whom the valiant Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, Governor of Antequera, brings prisoner.”

At these cries they all went out, and some recognized their friend, others their master and uncle, who had not yet alighted from the ass, for he was not able. They all ran to embrace him.

As for him, he cried, “Hold, all of you. I come sore wounded, through the fault of my horse; carry me to bed, and summon, if possible, the wise Urganda, that she may look to and cure me of my wounds.”

“See now, in evil hour,” exclaimed the housekeeper, “if my heart did not truly tell me on which foot my master halted! Come up, your worship, and welcome home; we shall know how to cure you without this Hurgada’s coming. Accursed, say I again, and a hundred times over, be those chivalry books which have brought your worship into such a trance.”

On that they carried him to his bed, and, searching for his wounds, they found not any; and then he told them how all was but a bruise, through a heavy

fall with Rozinante his horse, while fighting ten giants, the most outrageous and audacious to be found in the chief part of the earth.

“Is it so,” said the priest, “that there be giants in the dance? By my benison,³ but I will burn them to-morrow before night comes.”

They put a thousand questions to Don Quixote; but to none would he answer, other than that they should give him to eat and let him sleep, that being what he wanted most.

They did so, and the priest inquired at large of the husbandman regarding the manner in which he had found Don Quixote; and he related all, together with the extravagancies which he had uttered in the finding and bringing home. This increased the desire of the licentiate to do the next day what he had resolved—which was to call his friend the barber, Maese Nicholas, with whom he came to Don Quixote’s house.

NOTES TO CHAPTER V.

Note 1, page 58.

A load of wheat to the mill. This, the Spanish commentators point out to us, is another incidental proof of Argamasilla de Alba being the true country of Don Quixote. There were windmills there of eleven stories, but in Argamasilla de Calatrava there were no mills, of wind or other.

Note 2, page 60.

The twelve peers of France, and even all the nine worthies. Every schoolboy knows who were the twelve peers. The nine worthies were three Jews—Joshua, David, and Judas Macchabæus; three Gentiles—Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar; and three Christians—King Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey de Bouillon. The *Book of the Lives of the Nine* was reprinted in Alcala de Henares, 1585, from a translation into Spanish of the French, printed in 1530. The editor of the Spanish edition was Master Lopez de Hoyos, the first director of the studies of Cervantes in Madrid.

Note 3, page 63.

By my benison. Spanish oaths are of great variety. The most picturesque are unfit for publication, although they are in constant use, not only among vine-dressers and muleteers, but among the fair sex. In the books of chivalry it is very common to swear by Holy Maria. Cervantes never uses this form. Speaking generally, the objurations of the *Don Quixote* are all of an ancient type, and have little reference to the saints, and none to the apostles or the members of their bodies.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE SPORTIVE SCRUTINY WHICH THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER MADE IN THE LIBRARY OF OUR INGENIOUS KNIGHT.

HE was still sleeping, when the priest asked the niece for the keys of the chamber where were the books, authors of the mischief, and she gave them to him with great good will. They all entered within, the housekeeper with them, and found there more than a hundred volumes of large books, very well bound, and other small ones. So soon as the housewife saw them, she ran out of the chamber in hot haste, and soon returned with a porringer of holy water and a sprinkler, and said, "Good your worship, master licentiate, come now and sprinkle this room, lest there should lurk here some of the many enchanters which these books contain, and who might in revenge bewitch us for the punishment we intend to inflict, casting them out of the world."

The housekeeper's simplicity made the priest laugh, and he ordered the barber to hand him those books, one by one, in order that he might see of what they treated ; for perhaps among them might be some not deserving the chastisement of fire.

"No," cried the niece, "you are not to pardon any of them, for they have all been offenders. Better will it be to fling them all out of window into the court, make a pile of them, and set them on fire; and if not, carry them to the yard, and there make the bonfire, and the smoke will offend no one."

The housekeeper said the same—so eager were the two for the slaughter of those innocents. But the priest would not consent to this, without first at least reading the titles. The first which Master Nicholas put into his hands was *The Four Books of Amadis of Gaul*.

Said the priest: "This seems a mysterious thing; for, as I have heard, this was the first book of chivalry ever printed in Spain, and all the others have taken their origin and rise from it. Therefore, it appears to me that, as the heresiarch of so evil a sect, we ought to condemn him to the fire without any mercy."

"Not so," said the barber, "for I also have heard that it is the best of all books of the kind which have been composed, and, as unique in his art, he should be pardoned."

"That is true," said the priest, "and for that reason let his life be spared for the present. Let us see this other which is next to him."

"It is," said the barber, "*The Exploits of Esplandian*, lawful son of Amadis of Gaul."

"Then verily," returned the priest, "the goodness of the father shall not avail the son. Take him, good mistress; open that window, and fling him into the yard, and so begin the pile for the bonfire which we intend to make."

And she did so with much alacrity ; and the noble Esplandian went flying into the yard, to await all patience the fire which he was threatened to abide.

“ Go on,” said the priest.

“ This which comes,” said the barber, “ is *Amadis of Greece* ; and, indeed, all on this side, as I believe, are of the same lineage of Amadis.”

“ Well, let them all to the yard,” quoth the priest ; “ for, for the pleasure of burning Queen Pintiquiniestra and the shepherd Darinel, with his eclogues, and the bedevilled and distorted arguments of its author, I would burn with them the father who begot me, if he travelled in the guise of a knight-errant.”

“ Of that mind am I,” said the barber.

“ And I also,” said the niece.

“ Since it is so,” said the housekeeper, “ come, and to the yard with them.”

They handed them to her, and many there were, and she, to save herself the trouble of the stairs, flung them through the window below.

“ Who is that fat fellow ? ” asked the priest.

“ This,” replied the barber, “ is *Don Olivante de Laura*.”

“ The author of this book,” said the priest, “ is the same as he who wrote the *Garden of Flowers*, and in sooth I cannot determine which of the two books is the more true, or, to speak more properly, which the less lying ; only this I can say, that it shall to the yard for its abounding arrogance and folly.”

“ This which follows is *Florismarte of Hircania*,” said the barber.

"Is he there, the lord Florismarte?" exclaimed the priest. "Then, by my troth, he shall quickly take his place in the yard, in spite of his wonderful birth and fantastical adventures: the roughness and dryness of his style deserve nothing better. To the yard with him, good mistress, and this other as well."

"With all my heart, dear sir," she replied, and with much glee did as she was told.

"This is the *Knight Platir*," said the barber.

"An ancient book is that," replied the priest, "but I find in him nothing which deserves pity; let him accompany the rest without more words." And so it was done.

Another book was opened, and they saw that it had for title *The Knight of the Cross*.

"For so holy a name this book bears, one might pardon its ignorance. Still it is wont to be said, The devil crouches behind the cross;¹ let it to the fire."

Said the barber, taking up another book, "This is *The Mirror of Chivalry*."

"I know his worship," said the priest. "There goes the lord Reynaldos de Montalban, with his friends and companions, greater thieves than Cacus and the twelve peers, with that truthful historian Turpin; and, in sooth, I am for condemning them to nothing more than perpetual exile, for they contain part of the story of the famous Mateo Boyardo, out of which also that Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto spun his web, whom if I find here and speaking any language but his own, I will show him no respect, but if he talks in his own native tongue, I will yield him all honour."

“I have him in Italian,” said the barber, “but I do not understand him.”

“Neither were it well that you should understand him,” said the priest.² “And here we could have pardoned the good captain if he had not brought him to Spain, and made him a Castilian, for it has deprived him of much of his native worth; and the same will happen to all who seek to turn books of verse into another tongue, for with all the care which they use, and skill which they show, they will never reach the pitch of excellence which marked them on their first birth. So I order that this book, and all those you find which treat of French affairs, be thrown into some dry well, until we decide more at leisure what shall be done with them—excepting one *Bernardo del Carpio*, which must be somewhere there, and another called *Roncesvalles*. These, if they come into my hands, shall pass into those of the housekeeper, and from hers into the flames of fire, without any remission whatever.”

All this the barber approved and held for right, and a thing of course, for he knew the priest to be so good a Christian, and so great a friend of truth, that he would say nothing contrary to it for all the world.

Opening another book, he found it to be *Palmerin de Oliva*, and next to it was another entitled *Palmerin of England*; seeing which, the licentiate exclaimed—

“Let that *Oliva* be at once torn to pieces and burnt, so that not even the ashes of it remain; but this palm of England, let it be spared and preserved as a thing unique, and another box be made for it such as Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and

which he dedicated to the keeping of the works of the poet Homer. This book, sir gossip, obtains authority for two things—the first, because it is very good in itself; the other, because it is reported to be written by a wise king of Portugal. All the adventures in the Castle of Miraguarda are very good and of excellent invention, the discourses courtly and lucid, which keep and observe the pertinency of the speaker with much propriety and judgment. I say then, saving your good opinion, Master Nicholas, that this and *Amadis of Gaul* should be preserved from the fire, and all the rest, without more probing and searching, perish.”

“Not so, sir gossip,” said the barber, “for this which I hold here is the famous *Don Belianis*.”

“What? He,” replied the priest, “with his second, third, and fourth part, has need of a little rhubarb to purge that excessive choler of his. And we must take out of them all that about the Castle of Fame and other graver impertinences; to the which end let them go packing over seas; and as they shall mend, so will we use with them mercy or justice. Meanwhile, gossip, keep them in your house, but do not let them be read by any one.”

“With pleasure,” said the barber; and, not caring to tire himself any more in reading books of chivalry, he directed the housekeeper to take all the big ones and fling them into the yard.

This was not said to one stupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind for burning them than for spinning the finest and most delicate web that could be; and, seizing some eight at a time, she flung them

out of the window. Through taking so many at a time, she let fall one at the feet of the barber, who, seized with an inclination to see what it was, found it to be entitled *The History of the Famous Knight Tirante the White*.³

“God love us!” exclaimed the priest in a loud voice. “What, is *Tirante the White* here? Give him to me, gossip, for I reckon that I have found in him a treasure of delight and a mine of pastime. Here we have Don Kyrie-Eleison de Montalban, a valorous knight, and his brother Thomas de Montalban, with the battle which the valiant de Tirante fought with the mastiff, and the pointed conceits of the damsel Placer demivida, with the loves and wiles of the widow Reposada, and the lady empress enamoured of Hypolito, her squire. Verily, I declare to you, gossip, that, in its style, this is the best book in the world. Here the knights eat and sleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills before they die, with other things in which the rest of the books of this kind are wanting. Yet, for all that, I tell you that he who wrote it, for having deliberately committed so many follies, deserves to be sent to the galleys for all the days of his life. Take him home and read him, and you will see that what I have said of him is true.”

“So be it,” said the barber; “but what shall we do with these little books which are left?”

“These,” answered the priest, “should be, not of chivalry, but of poetry;” and, opening one, he saw that it was the *Diana de Forge de Montemayor*, and he said (believing all the rest to be of the same kind),

“These do not deserve to be burnt like the others, for they neither do, nor can they do, the mischief which those stories of chivalry have done; for they are books of knowledge,⁴ without prejudice to any one.”

“Ah, sir,” exclaimed the niece, “your worship might surely order them to be burnt with the rest; for, should my uncle be cured of his chivalrous malady, reading these would be quite enough to make him turn shepherd, and wander through the woods and fields, singing and piping; or, what would be worse, turn poet, which, as folk say, is an incurable and a catching disease.”

“This damsel speaks the truth,” said the priest, “and it will be well to remove out of our friend’s way this occasion of stumbling. And since we began with the *Diana de Montemayor*, I am of opinion that it be not burnt, but only that there be taken out of it all which treats of the sage Felicia and the enchanted water, and almost all the longer verses, and let him remain and welcome with his prose and the honour of being the first of its kind.”

“This which follows,” said the barber, “is the *Diana* called *the Second*, by Salmantino, and this other has the same title, whose author is Gil Polo.”

“Well,” replied the priest, “let Salmantino accompany and augment the number of the damned in the yard; and that of Gil Polo, preserve it as if it were by Apollo himself. But on, master gossip, and let us make haste, for it is getting late.”

[“This book,” said the barber, opening another, “is

The Ten Books of the Fortune of Love, composed by Antonio de Lofraso, a Sardinian poet."

"By the orders I have received," quoth the priest, "since Apollo was Apollo, the muses, muses, and the poets, poets, so humorous and quaint a book as this has not been written, and which in its way is the best and the most choice of all those of that kind which have come forth to the light of the world: and he who has not read it may reckon that he has never read a thing of taste. Give it to me here, gossip? I prize more the finding of it than if they had given me a cassock of Florence serge."

He set it apart with very great relish, and the barber proceeded, saying, "These which follow are *The Shepherd of Iberia*, *The Nymphs of Henares*, and *The Cure of Jealousy*."

"Well," said the priest, "there is nothing more to be done but to consign them to the secular arm of the housekeeper. Ask me not why, for that were never to make an end."

"This which comes is *The Shepherd of Filida*."

"He is not a shepherd," said the priest, "but a very discreet courtier. Take care of him as of a precious jewel."

"This great one which comes here," said the barber, "is entitled *The Treasury of Divers Poems*."

"Had there not been so many they would have been more esteemed," quoth the priest. "It is fit that this book be pruned and purged of certain vulgarisms which it holds among its sublimities. Take care of it, for its author is a friend of mine, and also

out of respect for other and more heroic and lofty works which he has written."

"This is," continued the barber, "*The Book of Songs* by Lopez de Maldonado."

"The author of that book also is a great friend of mine," said the priest, "and his verses in his own mouth are admired by all who hear them, and such is the sweetness of his voice that, when he sings, he enchants. He is somewhat long in the eclogues, but that which is good was never too plentiful. Keep him among the elect. But what book is that which is next to him?"

"The *Galatea* of Miguel de Cervantes," said the barber.

"That Cervantes for many years has been a great friend of mine," said the priest, "and I know him to be more versed in sorrows than in song.⁶ His book holds much of good conception. He means something, but deduces nothing. Needs must that we wait for the second part which he has promised; peradventure, with amendment, he will earn that full pardon which is now denied him. In the mean time, keep him close in your house till this be shown, master gossip."

"I shall be pleased so to do," replied the barber; "and here come three altogether—the *Araucana* of Don Alonso de Ercilla, the *Austriada* of Juan Rufo, a councillor of Cordova, and the *Monserate* of Christopher de Virues, a Valencian poet."

"All these three books," said the priest, "are the best in the Castilian tongue, written in heroic verse, and may vie with the most famous of Italy; preserve

them as the richest gems of poetry which Spain possesses."

The priest was weary of looking at more books, and so ordered all the rest, "Contents unknown," to be burnt. But the barber had already opened one, called *The Tears of Angelica*.

"I would have shed them myself," quoth the priest, on hearing its title, "if I had ordered such a book to be burnt, for its author was one of the most famous poets, not only of Spain but of the world, and was most happy in the translations of some fables of Ovid."

NOTES TO CHAPTER VI.

Note 1, page 68.

The devil crouches behind the cross (Tras la cruz está el diablo). This proverb, observe the Spanish commentators, is meant for hypocrites, *vide* Covarrubias.

Note 2, page 69.

Neither were it well that you should understand. Referring, according to Clemencin, tom. i. p. 120, to some free passages in the Orlando, which had been either suppressed or mitigated in the Spanish translation. The ignorance of Italian on the part of the barber, observes our commentator, preserved him from being contaminated.

Note 3, page 71.

Tirante the White. "This romance appears to be written in an actual brothel, and, contrasted with others, may lead us to suspect that their purity is that of romance, their profligacy that of reality."—Walter Scott, *Essay on Chivalry*.

Que mayor riqueza para una mujer que verse eternizada ? Los versos de su alabanza son eternos testigos que viven con su nombre. La Diana de Montemayor fue una dama natural de Valencia de Don Juan, junto á Leon y Ezla su rio, y ellas serán eternas por su pluma. Asi la Filida de Montalvo, la Galatea de Cervantes, la Camila de Garcilaso, la Violante de Camoens, la Silva de Bernaldes.—Lope de Vega, *Dorothea*, p. 53.

I may add here that the name *Detriante*, which has been preserved in all English translations from the time of Shelton, is now pronounced by the best critics to be a misprint for de Tirante. The Spanish Academy, however, retain the old reading, on which Walter Savage Landor has made some curious remarks.

Note 4, page 72.

Are books of entendimiento, or knowledge, is the expression in all the early editions, but has been changed in the later ones by the critics into *entretenimiento*, or entertainment. I prefer to follow the original text; both words are very much alike in manuscript, it is true, and a Spanish compositor might have mistaken one for the other. The Spanish printer, however, plays much too prominent a part in the labours of the Spanish critics.

It would fill a volume double the size of the present to give even a brief account of the books mentioned in this great inquisition. I refer the reader to the catalogue of my friend Don Pascual de Gayangos, and also to Dunlop's *History of Fiction*.

Note 5, page 74.

More versed in sorrows than in song (Mas versado en desdichas que en versos), which, the Spanish commentators say, is a play upon words of bad taste. The *Galatea* here mentioned, observes Clemencin, is a pastoral novel, published by Cervantes in 1584, and was the first production of his genius—which is an error; more than fourteen years earlier, he published a volume of poems in Madrid, which is now for ever lost.

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR GOOD KNIGHT DON
QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

WHILE they were thus busied, Don Quixote began to cry aloud, shouting, "This way, this way, valorous knights; 'tis here you must show the force of your puissant arms, for the courtiers bear away the best of the tourney!"

Running to see what was this noise and racket, the scrutiny of the rest of the books could proceed no further, and thus, it is supposed, there went to the fire, without being seen or heard, *La Carolea* and *The Lion of Spain*, together with *The Acts of the Emperor*, written by Don Louis de Avila, which, without doubt, were among those that remained, and upon which, if the priest had cared to examine them, he would not have passed so severe a sentence.

When they came to Don Quixote, he was already out of bed and still shouting and raving, giving slashes with his sword and backstrokes all round, and as wide awake as if he had never been asleep. They caught him in their arms, and by force carried him

back to bed, and, after he was a little quieter, he said, turning to address the priest—

“In good sooth, my lord Archbishop Turpin,¹ it is a great reproach to those of us called the Twelve Peers to permit these courtier knights, without more ado, to bear away the palm of this tourney, after we, the adventurers, had won the prize on the three days preceding.”

“Calm yourself, good friend,” said the priest. “It may please God the luck may change, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow; but, for the present, attend to your health, for it seems to me you must be extremely tired, if besides you are not sorely wounded.”

“Wounded? No,” exclaimed Don Quixote; “but battered and bruised. Of that there is no doubt; for that bastard Don Roldan has pounded me with the trunk of an oak, and all out of envy, because he sees that I alone am the rival of his prowess. But let me no more be called Reynaldos de Montalban, if, on rising from this bed, I do not make him pay for it in spite of his sorceries. But, for the present, let them bring me something to eat, for that, I know, is what will suit me best; and leave the avenging of this to my charge.”

They did as he requested, and gave him to eat, and again he fell asleep; and they yet marvelled at his madness.

That night did the mistress of the keys set fire to and burn all the books which were in the yard and in all the house, and some chanced to be consumed

which merited being kept in perpetual archives ; but this their fate and the laziness of the censor did not permit, and so in them the proverb was fulfilled, that “ sometimes the just pay for the sinners.”²

One of the remedies which the priest and the barber then prescribed for their friend's malady was to wall in and block up the room where the books were, so that when he rose he might not find them (perhaps by removing the cause the effect would cease), and that they should say how an enchanter had carried them away, room and all ; and this was done with much haste.

Two days from then Don Quixote left his bed, and the first thing he did was to go and look for his books ; but as he did not find the room where he had left it, he went hither and thither looking for it. He would come to where the door used to be, and feel for it with his fingers, rolling his eyes on every side, without speaking a word. At length, after some time, he asked the housekeeper in what direction was the room where he kept his books. She, who had been already well instructed as to what she should answer, exclaimed—

“ What room or what nought is this which your worship is looking for ? There is no room now, nor books in this house, for the devil himself carried them all away.”

“ It was no devil,” rejoined the niece, “ but an enchanter, who came one night on a cloud, the day after your worship left us, who alighted from a serpent, which he came riding, and entered the study ; but what he did in there, I know not. After a little while he

came out, flying through the roof, leaving the house full of smoke; and when we resolved to go and look at what he had done, we could see neither books nor study; only this we remember very well, I and the housekeeper, that at the moment that wicked old thing cried out in a loud voice, saying, that for the secret enmity which he bore to the owner of those books and that room, he had done a mischief in that house, which should be seen hereafter. He said also that his name was Muñaton, the sage."

"Friston, he must have said," remarked Don Quixote.

"I know not," quoth the housekeeper, "if he called himself Friston or Friton; I only know that his name ended in *ton*."

"It is so," returned Don Quixote, "and he is a cunning enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me malice. For he knows, through his arts and spells, that in the course of time I have to fight in single battle a knight whom he favours, and to vanquish him—for all that he can do to thwart me—and therefore he strives to work me all the mischief he can; but I tell him that he shall ill be able to contravene or evade that which has been ordained of Heaven."

"Who doubts that?" answered the niece. "But, dear uncle, who is it mixes you up in these quarrels? Would it not be better to stay peaceably at home, instead of wandering through the world seeking for better bread than the finest, without considering that 'many go for wool and come back shorn.'"³

"O my niece," said Don Quixote, "how wrong

thou art in thy reckoning! Before they shear me I will have their beards plucked and shorn, as many as think to touch the tip of a single hair of mine."

The two women did not care to answer him further, for they perceived that his anger was being inflamed.

After this it happened that he remained for fifteen days quietly at home, without giving signs of a wish to renew his former ramblings, in which days he held many pleasant discourses with his two friends, the priest and the barber, upon that point which he maintained—that the thing of which the world had greatest need was knights-errant, and that in him the order was restored. The priest sometimes contradicted and sometimes agreed with him, for if they had not employed this artifice, they would not have been able to bring him to reason.

It was at this time that Don Quixote bespoke a peasant, a neighbour of his, an honest man (if this name can be given to one that is poor), but with very little salt in his crown. In a word, he said so much to him, persuaded and promised so much, that the poor clown consented to go with him and serve him as squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him that he ought to be disposed to go with him willingly, for perhaps there would be an adventure that, in the turn of a straw, might win him some island, and he would leave him governor. With these and other promises, Sancho Panza (such was the peasant's name) left his wife and children and agreed to be his neighbour's squire.

Presently Don Quixote took measures for finding

some money, and selling one thing, pawning another, and making an ill market of everything, he raised a considerable sum. He fitted himself with a target which he sought as a loan from a friend, and patching up his broken helmet as best he was able, advised his squire, Sancho, of the day and the hour when he intended to take the road, in order that he might furnish himself with what he thought most needful. Above all, he charged him to provide himself with wallets. Sancho said that he would be sure to bring them, and that he was thinking of taking a very good ass which he had, because, for his part, he was not built for going on foot. In the matter of the ass Don Quixote hesitated a little, pondering whether he could recollect if any knight-errant had ever brought a squire mounted ass-wise; and never a one came to his memory. But, for all that, he resolved to let him bring the beast, with the design to furnish him with one more honourable, whenever occasion offered, by unhorsing the first discourteous knight he should meet. He furnished himself also with shirts and other such things as he could, according to the advice the inn-keeper had given him.

All of which being done and completed, Panza, without taking leave of his wife and children, or Don Quixote of his niece and housekeeper, sallied out one night from the village, without any person seeing them, during which they made such good progress that, by break of day, they thought themselves secure against being discovered although they were looked for. Sancho Panza jogged along upon his beast like

a patriarch, with his wallets and his wine bottle,⁴ and with a great longing to see himself at once governor of the island which his master had promised him. Don Quixote chanced to take the same course and road as that which he had taken on his first journey. This was by the plains of Montiel, over which he travelled with much less heaviness of mind than the time before; for it was yet early in the morning, so that the sun's rays, striking aslant, did not distress them.

Presently said Sancho Panza to his master, "Look your worship, sir knight-errant, that you do not forget that about the island you promised me. I shall know how to govern it, however big it is."

To which Don Quixote replied, "Thou hast to know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom much in use among knights-errant of old to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms which they won. And I for my part am resolved, not only to maintain so agreeable a custom, but I think also to improve upon it; for they sometimes, and perhaps most times, waited till their squires were old and already worn out with serving, and with passing bad days and worse nights, before they gave them some title of count, or at least marquis, of some domain or province, larger or smaller; but if thou livest and I live, it may happen before six days I may win such kingdom as may have others appertaining to it, which would suit exactly for crowning thee king of one of them. Nor do thou hold this to be any great matter, for things and chances happen to such of us knights

that, by ways so unforeseen and unthought for, I might easily give thee even more than what I have promised."

"After that fashion," replied Sancho Panza, "if I be made king by some miracle, as your worship speaks of, then at least my old woman, Joan Gutierrez,⁵ would come to be queen and my children princes."

"Well, who doubts it?" replied Don Quixote.

"I doubt it," returned Sancho Panza; "for I am sure that, even if God should rain down kingdoms on the earth, not one of them would fit the head of Mary Gutierrez. For you must know, sir, that she is not worth a doit for a queen. Countess would suit her better, with God and good guidance."

"Commend it thou unto God, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "he will bestow upon her what is most fitting. But as for thyself, debase not thy soul so low as to come to be content with aught less than being a governor."

"I will not, dear lord," replied Sancho, "and especially as I have so great a master in your worship, who will know how to give me all that is good for me and that I am able to bear."

NOTES TO CHAPTER VII.

Note 1, page 79.

Archbishop Turpin was as well known in Spain, in the time of Cervantes, for the chronicle which he did not write, as Dick Turpin was known in England for the exploits he never did. The chronicle is occupied with wars on a vast scale, and Charlemagne vies with Joshua in his mightiest achievements. For the one the sun stands still, as it did for the other, and the walls of Pampeluna fall down as did those of Jericho. There are indeed more wonders in the archbishop's chronicle than in the whole of the Pentateuch, and it is an historical fact that for centuries the Spanish people as implicitly believed the one as they did the other, while now they have little faith in either.

Note 2, page 80.

Sometimes the just pay for the sinners (Pagan a las vices justos por pecadores). A very old Spanish proverb, and is in the collection of Don Iñigo Lopes de Mendoza, Marquis de Santillana, which was made in the middle of the fifteenth century.

Note 3, page 81.

Many go for wool and come back shorn (Muchas van por lana y vuelven trasquilados). Mentioned in the poem of El Conde Fernan Gonzalez, and is applied to those who, expecting some profit, come out with loss. Cutting the hair under the Visigoths in Spain was also a punishment for certain offences, as it still is a sign of the monastic profession, which disqualifies for all civil offices and dignities, including that of wielding the sceptre. When the hair was cut for punishment, it was done irregularly, the scissors crossing in all directions and leaving furrows as in shorn sheep—a practice still continued in some penal establishments in England.

Note 4, page 84.

Wallets and his wine bottle (Alforjas y su bota). The Spaniard on the road can do nothing without them ; he lives with them and through them. They are generally made of cotton and worsted, embroidered in gaudy colours and patterns, and some are ornamented with an infinity of tassels and silver coins. The *bota*, or leather bottle, so Asiatic and Spanish, is at once the bottle and the glass of the Peninsula when on the road. A Spanish woman would as soon think of going to church without her fan, as a traveller to his journey without his *bota*. "Cursed bad wine," they say wickedly, "is better than holy water." *Vide* Richard Ford, *Handbook of Spain*, vol. ii., art. "*Bota*" and "Wine bottles."

Note 5, page 85.

My old woman, Joan Gutierrez. The original is *mi oislo*, and is probably Arabic (compare *wásileh*, *wasala*, and *wasleh*), a roguish word to signify a woman that is loved as women are loved by vagabonds or gipsies ; see *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act ii. Scene 3. Here it is intended to contrast with queen. Five lines lower down she becomes *Mary* ; in the last chapter the same wife is called *Juana* ; while in Part II. she ends her days as *Theresa*. These discrepancies were not without an original design, which, however, was forgotten, or given up, as the story grew under the hand of its master, or as Cervantes became absorbed in things more pregnant and of more permanent value. As he did not correct what now appear to be nothing but apparent blunders in his second edition, I have left them as they stand in the text.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE SIGNAL FORTUNE WHICH THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE TERRIFIC AND NEVER-BEFORE-IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS, WITH OTHER EVENTS WORTHY OF HAPPY RECORD.

IN the midst of this they descried some thirty or forty windmills which were in that plain; and as soon as Don Quixote saw them, he said to his squire—

“Fortune is conducting our affairs better than we can shape our wish; for, see yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where loom some thirty or a few more huge giants. With those I purpose to do battle, and to rid all of their lives, and with their plunder we will begin to enrich ourselves. For this is good war, and a great service to God, to sweep such evil spawn from off the face of the earth.”

“What giants?” quoth Sancho.

“Those which thou seest yonder,” replied his master, “with their long arms; and some are wont to have them a length of nearly two leagues.”

“Have a care, your worship,” urged Sancho; “those which appear out there are not giants, but windmills, and what seem in them to be arms are sails,

which, being whirled by the wind, make the millstones go."

"It is well seen," said Don Quixote, "that thou art not learned in the matter of adventures. Those are giants; and if thou art afraid, take thyself off from here, and get thee to prayer, whilst I go to engage with them in furious and unequal battle."

And so saying, he put spurs to his horse Rozinante, without heeding the cries which his squire Sancho sent after him, warning him that, without any doubt, they were windmills, and not giants, he was going to encounter. But on he went, so rooted in the notion that they were giants, that he neither heard the cries of his squire Sancho, nor was able to see, although he was close upon them, what they were; but all the more he went on, calling aloud, "Fly not, cowards and creatures vile; it is but a single knight who attacks you!"

Hereupon there arose a little wind, and the great sails began to move, which when Don Quixote saw, he cried, "Though ye move more arms than those of the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for this!"

So saying, commending himself with all his heart to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her to succour him in so great a peril, and covering himself with his target, with his lance in rest, he rushed on at Rozinante's best gallop, and closed with the first windmill which was before him. Dealing a thrust with his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it with such violence that the lance was shivered to pieces, carrying after it horse and horseman, who went rolling over the plain in very ill plight.

Sancho Panza hurried with all the speed of his ass to his master's succour, and, when he came up to him, found that he was not able to stir, so great was the shock that he and Rozinante had received.

"God save us!" cried Sancho. "Did I not tell your worship to take good heed what you were doing, for that they were nothing but windmills? And no one could doubt it but those who carried windmills in their brains."

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote. "Affairs of war, more than any other, are subject to constant change. How much more when I think—and this is true—that that sage Friston, who robbed me of my study and my books, has transformed these giants into windmills, for that he would deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the malice he bears me. But in the end—I say, in the end—all his evil arts shall little avail him against the goodness of my sword."

"God grant it, as he may!" said Sancho; and helping him to rise, he again mounted Rozinante, who was more than half foundered.

Discoursing on the late adventure, they took the road to the Pass of Lapice. "For there," said Don Quixote, "it is not possible that we shall fail of finding many and divers adventures, it being a place of great traffic." But he was much grieved at having lost his lance, and, as he was complaining of it to his squire, he said, "I remember having read how that a Spanish knight, Diego Pérez de Vargas by name, having broken his sword in a battle, he tore him from an oak

a heavy branch or limb, and with it did such deeds that day, and pounded so many Moors, that the surname of *The Pounder* remained to him; and so he, with his descendants, from that day forth have been called 'Vargas y Machuca.' I have told thee this because it is my intention to tear down from the first oak, or other tree which offers another limb, such and so good as that one; and I purpose and mean to do with it such deeds, as that thou shalt count thyself very fortunate to be found worthy to come and see them, and be witness of things which will be hardly credited."

"By the hand of God, I believe it all as your worship says it," exclaimed Sancho, "But sit more uprightly; methinks you go a little awry, and this should come of the bruising from the tumble."

"It is true," responded Don Quixote; "and if I do not complain of the hurt, it is because it is not given to knights-errant to complain of any wound, even although their bowels came out thereof."

"If that be so, I have nothing more to say," answered Sancho. "God knows I should be glad to hear your worship cry when anything hurts you. For me, I can say, I mean to cry out at the least thing I have, unless this about not complaining is meant for the squires, as well as the knights-errant."

Don Quixote could not keep from laughing at the simplicity of the squire, and told him that he might very lawfully complain as much as and when he pleased, whether with or without cause, for up to that time he had never read anything to the contrary in the

order of chivalry. Sancho then reminded him that it was the dinner hour. His master replied that just then he needed nothing, but that he might eat whenever he was disposed.

With this licence Sancho settled himself as well as he could upon his beast, and, taking from the wallets what he had stored in them, went riding and eating behind his master, much at his ease, and ever and anon he raised the bottle with such relish that the best-fed tapster in Malaga might have envied him. As he thus went on, redoubling his pulls, he remembered nothing of any promise his master had made him, nor did he look upon it as a toil, but rather a great recreation, to travel in search of adventures, how dangerous soever they might prove. In fine, they passed that night among some trees, and from one of them Don Quixote tore a dry branch that might serve him in some sort for a lance, and on it he fixed the iron spike which he had taken from the broken one.

All that night Don Quixote slept not, thinking on his lady Dulcinea, in order to conform with what he had read in his books, when the cavaliers passed many nights without sleep in forests, entertained by memories of their mistresses. Not thus did Sancho Panza pass the night, for having his stomach full, and that not of dandelion tea, he made one long sleep of it; and, had not his master called him, neither the sun's rays, which were darting in his face, would have had any share in his awakening, nor yet the song of the birds, which, many and joyful, were saluting the coming of the new day. As he was rising he tried the bottle, and found it

somewhat thinner than it was the night before ; this grieved him to the heart, for it seemed to him that they were not taking the road to remedy that fault so quickly. Don Quixote had no mind to break his fast, for, as was said, he was able to sustain himself on savoury memories.

They now returned to the road which they had taken towards the Lapice Pass, where they arrived about three o'clock of the day. On seeing it—

“Here, brother Sancho Panza,” exclaimed Don Quixote, “we may plunge our arms up to the elbows in what are known as adventures ; but I warn thee that, though thou seest me in the greatest danger in the world, thou hast not to put hand to thy sword to defend me, unless thou shouldst see that those who attack me are a plebeian and churlish people, for in such a case thou mayest help me ; but if they should be knights, in no wise is it lawful or permitted by the laws of chivalry to aid me until thou art thyself knighted.”

“For certain, sir,” quoth Sancho, “your worship shall be very well obliged in this, and the more that I, for my part, am a peaceable man, and hate to mix myself up in brawls and quarrels ; but, it is true, in that which touches the defence of my own person I shall not take much account of those laws, since those of God and man allow every one to defend himself against any who seeks to do him wrong.”

“I say no less,” replied Don Quixote ; “but in this helping me against knights, thou hast to set some bounds to thy natural impulses.”

“I will do so, I say,” returned Sancho. “I will keep that precept as well as I keep Sunday.”

While thus discoursing, there appeared in the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted on two dromedaries, for the mules whereon they rode seemed to be no less. They wore riding masks and carried parasols. Behind them came a coach, with some four or five on horseback who escorted it, and two muleteers on foot. Within the coach there rode, as it was known afterwards, a certain Biscayan lady, on her way to Seville, where was her husband, who was going to the Indies on a very honourable charge. The monks were not of her company, although they were going the same road; and hardly had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire—

“Either I deceive myself, or this is to be the most famous adventure that has ever been seen; for those black shapes which appear there must be, and without doubt are, some enchanters carrying off by force some princess in that coach, and it behoves me to redress this wrong with all my might.”

“This will be worse than the affair of the wind-mills,” said Sancho. “Look you, master, those are friars of St. Benedict, and the coach must belong to some travelling people. Mind what I say, and look what you do, and don’t be cheated of the devil.”

“I have told thee, Sancho,” responded Don Quixote, “that thou knowest but little of the secret of adventures. What I say is true, as now thou shalt see.”

So saying, he advanced and placed himself in the middle of the road by which the friars came, and when they arrived so near that he thought they

could hear what he said, he cried out in a loud voice, saying—

“ Devilish and outrageous race, quick ! at once release those sublime princesses whom ye are carrying by force in that coach ; if not, prepare to receive sudden death as the just chastisement of your wicked works.”

The friars drew rein and stood amazed, no less at the figure of Don Quixote than at his words, to which they replied, “ Sir knight, we be neither devilish nor savage, but two holy men of St. Benedict’s, who are travelling our own road, and know not whether any princesses are being carried by force in this coach or not.”

“ No soft speeches with me,” returned Don Quixote ; “ full well I know you, false hounds ;” and, without waiting further reply, he pricked Rozinante, with levelled lance made at the foremost friar, with such fury and daring that, had he not slipped from off the mule, he would have been brought to the ground, in spite of himself, badly wounded or slain outright.

The second friar, seeing how his companion was treated, stuck his knees into the castle of his good mule,¹ and began to scour the plain swifter than the wind.

Sancho Panza, as soon as he saw the friar on the ground, dismounted nimbly from his ass, ran to him, and began to strip him of his habit. Here two lacqueys of the friars came up, and asked him why he was stripping their master. Sancho replied that this fell lawfully to his share, as spoils of the battle

which his lord, Don Quixote, had won. The lacqueys, who knew nothing of jesting, nor understood anything of "spoils" and "battles," seeing that Don Quixote was out of the way talking with those in the coach, set upon Sancho, knocked him down, plucked every hair of his beard, gave him a sound kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, breathless and senseless. Without staying a moment, the friar, all frightened and scared, and pale of cheek, turned to mount; and as soon as he was in his saddle, spurred after his companion, who, a good way off, was waiting for him, and abiding the issue of that strange surprise. But not caring to see the end of such adventure, they pursued their way, making more crosses than if they had the devil behind them.

Don Quixote, as has been said, stood talking with the lady of the coach, saying to her, "Your beauteousness, lady mine, may dispose of your person as pleaseth you best, for now the pride of your spoilers lies in the dust, cast down by this my invincible arm. And that you be at no pains to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I call myself Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, and captive of the peerless and beauteous lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and, in quittance of the service you have received at my hands, I desire nothing else but that you return to Toboso, and, in my name, present yourself before that lady and tell her what, for your deliverance, I have done."

All this that Don Quixote had said was overheard by a squire—one of those who attended the coach, a Biscayan—who, seeing that he would not let the coach

go on, but talked of their returning at once to Toboso, made up to Don Quixote, and, seizing his lance, accosted him in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan, after this manner: "Begone, you sir knight, and get thee to the devil! By the God who made me, if thee do not let the coach go, I will kill thee sure as a Biscayan I am."

Don Quixote, who understood him very well, answered him with much calmness: "If thou wert a gentleman, as thou art not, I would, ere this, have chastised thy folly and insolence, malevolent villain."

To which the Biscayan replied, "I no gentleman? I swear to God thou liest as much as I am a Christian. If thou throwest away lance and drawest sword, soon wilt thou see what a cat thou carriest to the water,² Biscayan by land, hidalgo by sea, hidalgo by the devil; and look, thou liest, if otherwise thou sayest."

"Now shalt thou see, said Agrages,"³ returned Don Quixote; and, throwing his lance to the ground, he drew his sword and grasped his shield, and rushed on the Biscayan with intent to take his life.

The Biscayan, who saw him come on thus, although he would have wished to alight from his mule—which, through being a sorry hireling, was not to be trusted—could do nothing else but draw his sword. It befel him happily to be near the coach, out of which he was able to snatch a cushion, which served him for a shield; and presently they rushed upon each other, as if they were two mortal enemies. The rest of the people would have made peace, but it could not be; for the Biscayan cried out, in his uncouth phrases, that

if they did not let him finish his fight, he would himself murder his mistress and everybody who came in his way. The lady of the coach, amazed and frightened at what she saw, made the coachman draw a little out of the road; and she sat aloof, looking on at that dread encounter, in the course of which the Biscayan gave Don Quixote a mighty blow over the shoulder upon his shield, which, but for that defence, would have cleft him to the girdle.

Don Quixote, who felt the weight of that prodigious blow, uttered a loud cry, saying, "O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of loveliness! succour this your knight, who, for the satisfying of your great goodness, finds himself in this great peril."

To say this, to grasp his sword, to cover himself with his shield, to rush on the Biscayan, were all the work of a moment, he being resolved to venture all upon a single stroke. The Biscayan, who perceived him coming on in that fashion, was convinced of his courage by his daring, and resolving to do the same as Don Quixote, he waited for him, well covered with his cushion, but without being able to turn his mule to one side or the other—for, spur-galled and tired, and not being made for such tricks, she was unable to stir a step.

Then Don Quixote, as we have said, came at the wily Biscayan with his sword uplifted, with the determination of hewing him asunder. The Biscayan awaited him in the same posture, with his sword uplifted, and covered with his cushion. All the bystanders stood trembling, with fear and suspense at

what was to come of those mighty blows with which each threatened the other ; and the lady of the coach, with the rest of her servants, was making a thousand vows and offerings to all the images and houses of devotion in Spain, that God might deliver her squire and them out of that great danger wherein they were.

But the great mischief of all is, that at this point and crisis the author of this history leaves the battle in suspense, excusing himself, for that he could find nothing more written of the exploits of Don Quixote than what he has recorded. But it is true that the second author of this work was not willing to believe that so brave a history could have been given to the jaws of oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha could have been so little curious as not to preserve in their archives, or cabinets, some paper which related to this famous knight. With this idea, therefore, he did not despair of finding the end of that delectable history ; and, Heaven being favourable to him, he found it in the manner which shall be recounted in the second part.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VIII.

Note 1, page 95.

Stuck his knees into the castle of his good mule. Bowle, who very rarely alters the text of the original without good reason, here makes a mistake ; he has changed *castillo*, a castle, into *costillo*, a rib, which is pardonable in one who had not travelled in Spain and seen the mules of ecclesiastics, which, like dromedaries, tower above all other quadrupeds. Clemencin also corrects Bowle on the subject of the crosses made by the monks ; they were not, says the playful old soul, made in admiration, as Bowle supposes, but in fear. Bowle makes no mistake on the matter ; he is simply quoting from Covarrubias, who says that the action of crossing one's self is one which signifies the compound emotion of wonder and amazement.

Note 2, page 97.

What a cat thou carriest to the water (El agua cuan presto veras que al gato llevas) is another proverb, the origin of which is lost ; but the meaning has reference to some enterprise which can only be achieved through difficulty and danger.

Note 3, page 97.

Now shalt thou see, said Agrages (Ahora lo veredes, dijo Agrages). This was a famous form of threat in the time of Cervantes and Quevedo. Agrages was the nephew of Elisena, who was the mother of Amadis of Gaul. It was a common saying of his, *Ahora lo veredes*, to which, with the Spaniard's fondness for assonance, they speedily added *como dijo Agrages*. So Cervantes, in his *Comedies*, vol. i. p. 220, has the saying :—

*No hay Agrages
Pues habrá grajos.*

*If there be no Agrages,
Then there'll be jackdaws.*

The Biscayan was for the Spaniard of the south much like what the histrionic Irishman was and is in transpontine theatres to the Londoners. Camoens says—

*“ Among the number the Biscayan race
Move war’s dark furies, people all unknown
To reason’s phrase.”*

The Lusiads, c. iv. 11, Aubertin’s translation.

“ If,” observes Quevedo, in his “ Book of all Things and many others,” “ you would learn to speak Basque, change the first person into the second of the verb, and the task is done.” —Tom. i. 575.

PART II.¹

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH IS CONCLUDED, AND END MADE OF, THE
STUPENDOUS BATTLE BETWEEN THE GALLANT BIS-
CAYAN AND THE VALIANT MANCHEGAN.

IN the first part of this history we left the valorous Biscayan and the famous Don Quixote, with their swords naked and uplifted, in the act of delivering two furious slashes, such as that, if they had struck home, would at least have divided and cleft them from top to bottom, and split them like a pomegranate. But at this point so critical, the delectable story stopped short, and remained detruncated, without its author informing us where that which was lacking could be found. This caused me much heaviness, for the pleasure I had in reading this little was turned into pain, as I thought of the ill chance there was of finding the much which seemed to me wanting to so pleasant a story. After my seeming, it was impossible, and contrary to all good order, that there should have failed to so good a knight some sage to take upon himself the burden of writing of his unheard-of exploits ; a thing which was never lacking to those knights-errant, of whom people talk, who go on their adventures—for each one of them

kept one or two such sages on purpose, who not only could record their deeds, but would describe their most minute thoughts and petty doings, let them be ever so hidden; and so perfect a knight could not be so unfortunate as to lack what Platir and the like others had in excess. Hence I could not bring myself to believe that so brave a story could have been left maimed and mutilated; and I threw the blame on the malignity of Time—devourer and consumer of all things—which had either kept it hidden or had destroyed it.

On the other hand, it seemed to me that as among his books there were found some as modern as *The Cure of Jealousy*, *The Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares*, his history must also be modern, and, even though it were not yet written, would be in the memory of the people of his village and those of the neighbourhood. This fancy possessed me with anxiety and longing to know really and truly all the life and wondrous deeds of our famous Spaniard *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry—the first who, in our age and in these evil days, set himself to the toil and exercise of arms errant; to the redressing of wrongs, the succouring of widows, the relieving of damsels—of those who went about with their whips and palfreys, wrapped up in all their virginity, rambling from hill to hill, and valley to valley.

For there were maidens, in those days of the past, who—unless some rascal, or unmannerly boor in axe and steel cap, or some monstrous giant did force them—at the end of eighty years, in all which time they

never slept a day beneath a roof, went down to the grave as chaste as the mothers who had borne them. I say, then, that for these, and many other respects, is our gallant Don Quixote worthy of continual and memorable laudations ; nor even to me should they deny them, for the labour and diligence which I have used in finding out the end of this pleasing history ; although I know full well that if Heaven, accident, or fortune, had not aided me, the world would yet have remained lacking that pastime and pleasure which, for nearly two hours, he can have who reads it with attention. The finding of it happened on this wise :

Being one day in the silk market of Toledo, there came a boy to sell some note-books and old papers to a silkman,² and, as I have a fancy for reading even the tattered papers of the streets, carried away by this my natural bent, I took one of the note-books that the boy would sell, and saw in it characters which I knew to be Arabic ; and whereas, though I recognized, I could not read them, I walked about looking to find there some Spanish-speaking Moor to read them for me. Nor was it very difficult to find such an interpreter ; and had I sought one of a better and more ancient tongue, I should have found him. At last, chance furnished me with one ; and telling him of my desire, and placing the book in his hand, he opened it in the middle, and, reading in it a little, began to laugh. I asked him the reason of his laughter, and he answered that it was for something written in the margin of that book as a note. I begged him to tell me what it was, and, without

ceasing his mirth, he said, "Here in the margin is written, '*This Dulcinea del Toboso so often mentioned in this history, they say, had the best hand at salting hogs of any woman in all La Mancha.*'"

When I heard speak of Dulcinea, I stood breathless and astonished, for it at once occurred to me that those note-books contained the history of Don Quixote. With that idea, I pressed him to read me the beginning, and doing so, turning the Arabic into Castilian as he read, he said that it was called *The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cid Hamete Benengeli, an Arab historian.*

Much discretion was needed to hide the joy which I felt when the title of the book reached my ears, and, forestalling the silkman, I bought of the boy all the papers and note-books for half a real. Could he have known or guessed how I coveted them, he might have promised himself, and carried away, more than six reals on the purchase.

I betook me aside at once with the Moor to the cathedral cloister, and prayed him to translate for me those note-books—all of them which treated of Don Quixote—into the Castilian tongue, without taking from or adding anything thereto, offering to pay him whatever he demanded. He was satisfied with half a hundred-weight of raisins³ and two bushels of wheat, and promised to translate them well and faithfully with all despatch. But I, to expedite the business more, and not to risk so great a prize out of my hands, brought him to my house, where, in little more than a month and a half, he translated the whole in the

same manner as is here recounted. In the first notebook was depicted, much to the life, the battle between Don Quixote and the Biscayan, standing in the same posture which the history relates—their swords uplifted, the one covered by his buckler, the other by his cushion, and the mule of the Biscayan so lifelike that, at bow-shot off, it could be seen to be one on hire. The Biscayan had written at his feet a label which said *Don Sancho de Azpeitia*, which, no doubt, was his name; and at the feet of Rozinante was another, which said *Don Quixote*. Rozinante was marvellously well pictured—so long and lank, so wizen and lean, with so much backbone and so confirmed a consumption, that it was seen at a glance with what justice and propriety he had been given the name of Rozinante. Next to him stood Sancho Panza, who held his ass by the halter, at whose feet was another scroll, which said *Sancho Zancas*. And it might well be so, for he had, as the picture showed, a great belly, a short figure, and long legs; and for this it is likely he had the name of *Panza* and of *Zancas*, for by both these names he is called indifferently in the story. Some other trifles there were to note, but all are of little worth, and have nothing to do with the true relation of this history, though none can be worthless if they be true. If, however, any objection be raised to it on the score of its truthfulness, it can only be that of having for its author an Arabian, it being peculiar to those of that nation to be liars; though, from having been such enemies of ours, one might conjecture that there would rather be default than excess. And, even so, to me it appears that,

when he could and was bound to wing his pen with the praises of so good a knight, he seems purposely to pass them over in silence—a thing bad in act, but worse in thought, for historians are bound to be exact, truthful, and all-dispassionate; and neither interest nor fear, rancour nor affection, should make them swerve from the way of Truth, whose mother is History, the rival of Time, the treasury of deeds, witness of the past, exemplar and guide of the present, and monitor of the future.⁴ In this history, I am full sure, will be found all that is dear to the fancy in what is most pleasant; and, if any good thing is wanting to it, I, for my part, hold that it was through the fault of the hound its author, rather than from any defect in his subject. In brief, the second part, following the translation, began after this manner:—

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and wrathful combatants being poised and uplifted on high, it seemed no less than that they stood menacing heaven, earth, and the deep abyss; such was the port and courage they displayed. The first to deliver his stroke was the choleric Biscayan; and it was given with such force and fury, that, had not the stroke turned by the way, that one blow would have been enough to end this fell encounter, and, with it, all the adventures of our knight. But Fortune, who preserved him for greater things, turned the sword of his adversary in such manner that, though it struck him on the left shoulder, it did no other damage than to disarm him on that side, carrying away with it a great piece of the helmet, with half of the ear, all of which came to the ground

with a horrid crash, leaving him in very ill plight. God shield us! who shall be he that can now well report the rage that entered the heart of our Manchegan, on finding himself used after that manner? Be no more said, but that it was such that he raised himself anew in his stirrups, and gripping his sword more firmly with both hands, he delivered it with such fury on the Biscayan, hitting him full over the cushion and over the head, that in spite of that good defence, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood gushed from his nostrils, from his mouth, and from his ears, and he made as though he would fall off from his mule, from which, without doubt, he would have fallen if he had not clasped her round the neck; but, with all that, he lost his stirrups and let go his hold, and the mule, frightened at that terrible blow, set to galloping about the plain, and, after a few plunges, fell, with his master, to the earth.

Don Quixote stood and looked on with much calmness, and as he saw him fall, he leaped from his horse, and with much agility ran up to him, and, setting the point of his sword to his eyes, bade him yield, or else he would cut off his head. The Biscayan was so stunned that he could not answer a word; and it would have gone hard with him—so blinded with fury was Don Quixote—if the ladies of the coach, who until then had looked on the battle in great dismay, had not run to where he stood, and besought him, with much fervour, that he should do them the large mercy and grace of pardoning the life of him, their squire.

To which Don Quixote, with much loftiness and pride, responded, "Truly, fair ladies, I am well content to grant your request, but it must be with one condition and compact; and it is that this knight shall promise to me to go to the town of Toboso, and present himself in my name before the peerless lady Dulcinea, in order that she may do with him as most beseems her pleasure."

The fearful and hapless ladies, without considering the demand of Don Quixote, and without asking who Dulcinea was, promised him that the squire should do all which on his part he had commanded.

"Then," quoth Don Quixote, "on the faith of that word, I will do him no more harm, although he hath well deserved it of me."

NOTES TO CHAPTER IX.

Note 1, page 103.

Part II. Bowle suggests that it was in imitation of the *Amadis of Gaul* that Cervantes divided the *Don Quixote* into four parts. The Spanish commentators remind us that this form of division was abandoned in Part II., because perhaps Cervantes had forgotten all about the arrangement he had made—a bold and thoughtless conjecture. In Part II. the imitation of the books of chivalry ceases almost altogether, and the reason was that Cervantes had another and an altogether different purpose to achieve. In this chapter is to be found one of the numerous internal evidences of Shelton having translated from an original edition, and not, as it has been asserted, from an Italian translation.

Note 2, page 107.

There came a boy to sell . . . papers to a silkman. All the original editions have *escudero*, or squire, instead of *sedero*, or silkman. This correction was first made in the London edition of the original Spanish, 1738. Shelton keeps to his text, and translates *squire*, without presuming to alter.

And here I may remark that Shelton, in his dedication "to the Right Hon. his very good Lord, the Lord of Walden," says that he "translated the *History of Don Quixote* out of the Spanish tongue into English in the space of forty days." This would be somewhere about 1608-9, and it is certain that Englishmen knew much more Spanish then than they do now; and it is pleasant to know that Shelton knew as much as the "Moor turned Spaniard," who translated it out of Arabic into Castilian, and was equally capable of telling a gracious lie for the purpose of making a playful joke.

Note 3, page 108.

He was satisfied with half a hundred-weight of raisins. The Moors were great planters of the vine, and eaters of its fruit. In one of the most fertile valleys of Spain, which the Moors left in a high state of cultivation when they were expelled, there are more houses than men, and more ruins of houses and castles than both together. There I once bought three gallons of wine, three pounds of raisins, and half a dozen small loaves of bread for tenpence—not because the Spaniard of to-day does not know how to charge travellers for the necessaries of life, but chiefly because in that desolated valley you may now fatten hogs on grapes and corn, while wine in that place is more common than sweet water. Half a hundred-weight of raisins is of little value, since the Moors—who were prohibited the use of wine—are no longer allowed to grow and eat as many grapes as once they liked on the sacred soil of Catholic Spain.

Note 4, page 110.

Whose mother is History, etc. “*Historia testis temporum, lux veritatis vita memoriæ magistra vitæ nuntia vetustatis.*”—Cicero, *Orat.* lib. ii. cap. 2.

CHAPTER X.

OF THE PLEASANT DISCOURSES WHICH PASSED BETWEEN
DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE PANZA, HIS SQUIRE.

By this time Sancho Panza had raised himself up, somewhat ill treated by the friar's lacqueys, and stood looking on at the fight of his master, Don Quixote, and in his heart he prayed God that he would be pleased to give him victory, and that by it he might gain some island, whereof his master might make him governor, as he had promised. Seeing, then, the battle was over, and that his lord was remounting Rozinante, he ran to hold the stirrup; and before he mounted, Sancho fell on his knees before him, and seizing him by the hand, kissed it, and said—

“Be pleased, your worship, my good lord Don Quixote, to give me the government of that island which you have won in this terrible battle; for, let it be ever so big, I feel I have courage enough to govern it as well as anybody who ever governed islands in the world.”

To which Don Quixote replied, “Thou must note, brother Sancho, that this adventure, and those like

unto it, are not adventures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is gained but a broken head, or the loss of an ear. Have thou patience; adventures will offer, when I not only may be able to make thee a governor, but something higher."

Sancho returned him much thanks; and once more kissing his hand and the border of his cuirass, he helped him to mount Rozinante, and himself got upon his ass and followed his master; who set off at a round pace, and, without taking leave or speaking more to those in the coach, entered a wood which was close by. Sancho followed him at full strain of his beast; but Rozinante travelled so fast that, seeing he was being left behind, he was forced to cry aloud to his master to wait for him. This Don Quixote did, checking Rozinante by the bridle until his wearied squire came up who, as he drew near, said—

"Methinks, master, that it would be well to go and betake ourselves to some church, for, considering in what ill plight you left him with whom you fought, I should not wonder if they gave notice of the business to the Holy Brotherhood, and that they take us up; and, in faith, if they do, we shall have to sweat like a fox before we get out of jail."

"Peace!" said Don Quixote. "Where hast thou ever seen, or even heard, of a knight-errant being brought to justice for any homicides that he may have committed?"

"I know nothing of homicides,"¹ replied Sancho, "nor in my life have ever examined one; only this I know, that the Holy Brotherhood has to look after

those who go fighting in the fields, and in that other matter I do not meddle."

"Do not alarm thyself, friend," replied Don Quixote, "for I will deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans—how much more out of the hands of the Brotherhood. But tell me, on thy life, hast ever seen a more valorous knight than me in all the discovered earth? Hast read in history of any other that has, or had, more mettle in attack, more spirit in enduring, more skill in wounding, or more dexterity in overthrowing?"

"The truth is," replied Sancho, "that I never read any history at all, for I can neither read nor write; but what I dare wager is, that a more daring master than your worship have I never served in all the days of my life, and please God grant that these boldnesses be not paid for—where I have said. What I beg of your worship is to look to yourself, for there is much blood running from that ear. I have some lint here in the wallets, and a little white salve."

"All that would have been needless," replied Don Quixote, "if I had remembered to make a phial of the balsam of Fierabras,² of which one single drop might save both time and medicines."

"What phial and balsam be those?" asked Sancho Panza.

"It is a balsam," replied Don Quixote, "the recipe whereof I well retain in my memory, with which no one need fear death, nor think of dying of any wound. And so, when I make it and give it to thee, thou hast no more to do, when thou seest me in some battle,

cloven (as often is wont to happen), than to take deftly the part of the body which has fallen to the ground, and with much subtlety, before the blood has congealed, to place it on the other part which remains in the saddle, taking care to adjust it nicely and fitly. Presently thou shalt give me to drink but two draughts of this said balsam, and thou shalt see me sounder than an apple."

"If that is it," said Panza, "from this time I renounce the government of the promised island, and wish for nothing else in payment of my many and good services, than that your worship give me the recipe for this prodigious liquor; for I'll be bound that it will fetch more than two reals an ounce, anywhere you please, and no need have I of more to pass this life honestly and in comfort. But now let us know if it costs much to make?"

"For less than three reals thou canst make six quarts," replied Don Quixote.

"Sinner as I am," exclaimed Sancho, "why, then, does your worship delay to make it, and to teach it me?"

"Peace, friend," answered Don Quixote, "for I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and do thee greater favours. But, for the present, let us attend to ourselves, for this my ear gives me more pain than I could wish."

Sancho took from the wallets some lint and ointment; but when Don Quixote came to see that his helmet was broken, he was like to lose his wits. Laying his hand on his sword, raising his eyes to

heaven, he exclaimed, "I make oath, by the creation of all things and the holy four Gospels (holding them as read), to live the life of the great Marquis de Mantua, when he vowed to avenge the death of his nephew Valdovinos—which was, never to eat bread at table, nor to company with his wife, and other things which, though I remember not now, I here take as expressed—till I have had complete revenge on him who has done me this outrage."

Sancho, hearing this, said to him, "Consider, your worship, Master Don Quixote, that if the knight has done that which you ordered him, and goes and presents himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will have done his duty, and deserves no other punishment, unless he commit some fresh offence."

"Thou hast spoken very well and to the point," answered Don Quixote, "and I therefore annul my oath, so far as concerns the taking of a new revenge; but I make it, and confirm it afresh, to lead the life which I have said until such time as I, by force of arms, take from some other knight another like helmet, such and as good as this. And do not thou think, Sancho, that I do this as mere straw smoke. I know full well whose example I have in this, for the very same thing happened in regard of the helmet of Mambrino, which cost Sacrepanto so dear."

"Give all such oaths to the devil, master mine," quoth Sancho, "for they are bad for the health, and do much harm to the conscience. For, tell me now, if haply, in these many days, we do not meet with any armed man with a helmet, is the oath to be kept, in

spite of the troubles and discomforts of sleeping in your clothes, and not sleeping in any town, and a thousand other penances held in the oath of that mad old fool, the Marquis de Mantua, which your worship would now swear again? Consider well, your worship, that by all these roads there do not go armed men, but muleteers and carters, who not only carry no helmets, but, perhaps, never heard tell of them all the days of their lives."

"Thou deceivest thyself in that," said Don Quixote, "for we shall not have passed two hours in these cross-ways before seeing more armed men than came against Albraca to win Angelica the Fair."

"On then, so mote it be!" said Sancho; "and please God he send us good success, and may the time come to get that island which is costing me so dear, and anon let me die."

"I have told thee already, Sancho, that this should give thee no concern; for, if an island fail us, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobradisa,³ which will fit thee like a ring the finger; and, besides, they being upon the mainland, thou shouldst rejoice the more. But leave we this for its own time, and see whether thou carriest anything in those wallets that we may eat; for presently we must go in search of some castle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam I told thee of, for I swear to thee by God that this ear is a sore grief to me."

"I have an onion here, and a bit of cheese, and I don't know how many crusts of bread," said Sancho; "but they are not victuals fit for so valiant a knight as your worship."

“How ill thou understandest it!” said Don Quixote. “I would have thee to know, Sancho, that it is an honour in knights-errant not to eat bread for a month, and then only what they find most at hand. And of this thou wouldst be assured, if thou hadst read as many histories as I have ; for, however great be their number, yet I never found in them mention of knights-errant eating, unless it was by way of accident, and at sumptuous banquets prepared for them, and the rest of their days they lived upon air.⁴ And although it is to be understood that they could not go without eating, and supplying the other needs of nature—for, in fact, they were men like ourselves—yet thou must understand also that, roaming about the most part of their lives in forests and deserts, and without cooks, their more ordinary food must have been such rustic viands as those which thou now offerest to me. Therefore, Sancho, friend, do not let that trouble thee which pleases me, nor desire to make the world anew, nor to lift knight-errantry from off its hinges.”

“Pardon me, your worship,” said Sancho. “Since I do not know how to read or write, as I have said before, I don’t know if I have rightly hit on the rules of the chivalric profession ; but, from this time forth, I will stow the wallets with all kinds of dried fruit for your worship, who is a knight, and for me, who am not one, I will provide me with pigeons and poultry, and other things of more substance.”

“I say not, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “that it was obligatory on knights-errant to eat nothing but those fruits thou speakest of, but that of those should

be their ordinary sustenance, together with certain herbs which are to be found in the fields, which they know of, and which I know also."

"It is a great thing to know of those herbs," answered Sancho, "for, as I am thinking, some day there will be great need to make use of that mastery."

And upon this, taking out what he said he had brought, the two fell to eating in peace and good fellowship. But, being anxious to seek a lodging for that night, they finished with great despatch their dry and meagre repast ; and, presently mounting, they made all haste to arrive at some village before night-fall. But the sun failed them, and with it the hope of achieving their desire, as they drew near to the huts of certain goatherds ; and so they resolved to pass the night there. And if Sancho's grief was great at not arriving at some town, it was as much his master's happiness to sleep under the open sky ; for every time this befel him was a new act of possession, which enabled him the more to make proof of his chivalry.

NOTES TO CHAPTER X.

Note 1, page 116.

I know nothing of homicides. *Omecillos*, the word used in the *Siete Partidas* for homicides. Smollett, with some reason, supposes Sancho to be ignorant of Don Quixote's meaning, and makes Sancho reply, "I know nothing of your honey-seeds." Jarvis, of course, follows Shelton, evidently not knowing why. Motteaux, who prides himself on his comic vein, is funny with "*homilies*," while Phillips, the buffoon, is quite right. *Vide Clemencin in loco.*

Note 2, page 117.

The balsam of Fierabras. In the Spanish *History of Charlemagne*, by Nicholas Piamonte, this balsam is described as being that with which the body of God was bathed, when he descended from the cross, and was placed in the sepulchre.

Note 3, page 120.

Or that of Sobradisa. Not to be found on any map, and the only history in which this kingdom is mentioned is that of *Amadis of Gaul*, cap. 21. The name has a strong burlesque look; and Sancho might have perceived this at the moment, which would account for the somewhat sullen replies he makes to his master, and the plentiful rhetoric which his master pours upon him.

Note 4, page 121.

They lived upon air. This, as Clemencin remarks, is a just criticism on the authors of the books of chivalry, whose heroes were not ordinary men of flesh and blood, but creations of disordered brains and diseased fancies.

CHAPTER XI.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE AMONG CERTAIN
GOATHERDS.

HE was welcomed with much good will by the goat-herds, and Sancho, having put up Rozinante and his ass as well as he could, found his way by the smell given out of certain pieces of goats' flesh, which were boiling on the fire there in a pot. And though he longed, at the instant, to see if they were ready to be transferred from the cauldron to the stomach, he refrained from doing so; for the goatherds took them off the fire, and spreading some sheepskins on the ground, dressed their rustic table in a trice, and, with many tokens of good will, invited the two to share in what they had. Six of those who were of the fold sat round on the skins, having first, with rude compliments, besought Don Quixote to seat himself upon a trough, which they placed for him, turned upside down. Don Quixote took his seat, but Sancho remained on foot to serve him the cup, which was made of horn.

Seeing him standing, his master said to him, "That thou mayest know the good which is comprehended in knight-errantry, and how quickly they

who exercise themselves in ministering to it come to be honoured and esteemed of the world, I desire that thou seat thyself here, at my side, and in company with these good people, and be one and the same with me, who am thy master and natural lord, and eat of my dish, and drink of the cup out of which I drink; for of knight-errantry may be said the same as of love, that it levels all things."

"Gramercy," quoth Sancho, "but I can tell your worship that, if I have plenty to eat, I could eat it as well, and better, standing and by myself, than if I were seated on a level with an emperor. And, besides, if I must speak the truth, I relish much more what I eat in my corner without niceties and ceremonies, even though it be bread and onions, than turkey cocks at other tables, where I am forced to chew slowly, drink little, wipe me often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind to, nor do other things which solitude and liberty grant. Argal, good master, these honours which your worship would put on me for being minister and follower of knight-errantry—as I am, being squire to your worship—change them into other things which may be of more advantage and profit to me; for these, though I hold them to have been received in full, I renounce from here to the end of the world."

"For all that," said Don Quixote, "thou hast to sit thee down; for he who humbles himself God shall exalt;" and, taking him by the arm, ~~he~~ compelled him to sit near himself.

The goatherds, who did not understand that

jargon¹ of squires and knights-errant, did nothing but eat, hold their peace, and stare at their guests, who, with good grace and relish, were gorging themselves with pieces as big as their fists.

The course of meat being over, they served upon the skins a large quantity of sweet acorns, and placed by them half a cheese, harder than if it were made of mortar. The horn, in the mean time, was not idle, for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a draw-well, that it easily emptied one of the two wine-skins which hung in view.

After Don Quixote had satisfied his stomach, he took up a handful of acorns, and gazing on them intently, raised his voice in the following strain: "Happy age and happy times,"² those to which the ancients gave the name of 'golden.' Not because in them gold, so highly prized in this our age of iron, was to be acquired in that fortunate time without some pain, but rather that those who lived in it were innocent of those two words, *thine* and *mine*. In that holy age all things were in common; no man needed, in order to get his ordinary sustenance, to take other trouble than to raise the hand to pluck it from the sturdy oaks, which did freely invite him with their sweet and wholesome fruit. The clear springs and running brooks offered him, in magnificent abundance, their delicious and limpid waters. In the clefts of rocks, and the hollows of trees, did the careful and discreet bees build up their commonwealths, presenting without price to every hand the fruitful harvest of their sweetest toil. The robust cork trees did shed

of themselves, without other art than that of their courtesy, their light and ample rinds, with which men did first cover their houses, supported upon rude poles, for no other end than as a defence against the inclemency of the sky. All was peace then, all amity, all concord. The painful share of the bended plough had not yet dared to open and search into the ruthless bowels of our first mother; for she, without being forced, offered, in every part of her fertile and spacious bosom, all that could satisfy, sustain, and delight the children who then possessed her. Then, verily, did the simple and lovely shepherdesses ramble from dale to dale, and from hill to hill, in flowing locks, and with no more apparel than what was necessary to cover modestly that which modesty requires, and hath always required, to be covered. Nor was their decking that which is now used, heightened by purple of Tyre, and of silk puckered in a thousand ways; but leaves of green burdock and ivy, intertwined, with which perhaps they went as proudly, and as well arrayed as do our court dames now, with their rare and outlandish inventions, which their wanton curiosity has discovered.

“Then were the love conceits of the soul decked simply and artlessly, in the same manner and fashion in which it conceived them, and sought no artful strain of words to enhance their value. Nor had fraud, deceit, or malice mingled with truth and sincerity. Justice pursued her own ends, without disturbance or harm from those of wealth and favour, which now so much debase, disturb, and persecute

her. As yet arbitrary law had not its seat in the mind of a judge, for there were none to judge or be judged. Maidens and innocence went about, as I have said, whither they would, single and solitary, fearless of stranger licence or wanton intent procuring them damage, and their undoing came of their own will and pleasure. Now, in this our hateful age, no maiden is safe, even though there should close round and conceal her another labyrinth like that of Crete. For there, through crannies or through the air, by the pricking of accursed solicitation, the amorous plague enters, and sends them to wreck with all their closeness. For whose protection, as time rolled on and wickedness increased, there was instituted the order of knights-errant, for the defending of maidens, relieving of widows, and the succouring of the fatherless and the needy. Of this order am I, brother goatherds, whom I thank for the good cheer and reception which you have given to me and my squire. For although, by the law of nature, all who live are bound to favour knights-errant, yet, as I see that without your knowing of this obligation ye have received and entertained me, it is right that, with all the good will that is possible to me, I should show my gratitude for yours."

All this long harangue (which might very well have been excused) our knight pronounced, because the acorns which they gave him recalled to his mind the age of gold, and the fancy seized him to make that vain discourse to the goatherds, who stood listening to him without answering a word, agape and bewildered. Sancho likewise held his tongue and ate

acorns, very often visiting the wine-skin, which, that the wine might be cool, they had hung upon a cork tree.

Don Quixote spent more time in discoursing than in despatching his supper, at the end of which one of the goatherds said, "That your worship, sir knight-errant, may very surely say that we entertain you with a ready and right good will, we would give you pleasure and content by making one of our fellows sing, who will presently be here, who is a swain very well instructed, and much enamoured, and, above all, knows how to read and write, and plays upon the rebeck³ as well as heart can wish."

Scarcely had the goatherd said this, when the sound of a rebeck reached their ears, and presently there came up he who played it, who was a very good-looking fellow of some two and twenty years. His comrades asked him if he had supped, and answering "Yes," he who had paid him those compliments said—

"In that case, Antonio, thou mightest as well give us the pleasure of hearing thee sing a little, so that this gentleman guest, whom we have here, may see that even among the hills and forests there are those who know something of music. We have spoken to him of thy good abilities, and we wish thee to show them, and prove us true men in what we have said. Let me beg and pray of thee, therefore, that thou sit and sing us the song of thy loves, which was composed by thy uncle, the priest, and was thought so-much of in our village."

"I shall be glad," answered the youth; and, without

further entreaty, he sat down upon the trunk of a lopped oak, and, tuning his rebeck, began to sing with very good grace after this manner :—

ANTONIO.

*Me thou lov'st, I know, Olalla,
Though thou hast not told me so,
Though thine eyes, Love's silent tell-tales,
Will not answer yes or no.*

*Me thou lov'st, I swear, Olalla ;
For I know thee to be wise,
And no love was ever luckless
That was shown without disguise.*

*True it is, and I confess it,
Thou hast given me many a hint
That thy heart can be as iron,
And thy white breast like a flint.*

*Yet, what time thine honest harshness
And thy chidings most did goad me :
I have seen Hope's garment flutter,
Though the hem was all she showed me.*

*Though I'm constant, like the falcon
Quick to seize the tempting lure,
Yet my love hangs not on favours,
And thy frowns it can endure.*

*Love, they say, is kin to kindness ;
So that kindly look of thine
Tells me that my love will prosper,
And the boon I ask be mine.*

*If an honest service rendered
Makes a niggard soul be free,
Not a few that I have tendered
Plead on my behalf with thee.*

*That full many a time and often
I have made a gallant show—
Worn my Sunday suit on Monday—
Thou must have remarked, I know.*

*Love and finery together
Jog along the self-same way ;
So before thine eyes I've ever
Striven to be grand and gay.*

*I say nothing of the dances,
Of the serenades I know,
That have kept thee nightly waking,
Till the early cock did crow.*

*I say nothing of the praises
I have heaped upon thy beauty—
All the girls were wild with envy,
Though I only did my duty.*

*She of Berrocal, Teresa,
When she heard me, roundly swore :
" Fool ! you think you woo an angel ;
'Tis a monkey you adore.*

*She may thank her borrowed ringlets,
And her gew-gaws one and all,
And her charms so sweetly painted—
Love into the snare might fall."*

*On the spot the lie I gave her ;
She became my bitter foe,
Sent her cousin to defy me—
What I did to him you know.*

*As an honest man I woo thee,
Not to cover thee with shame,
Not to treat thee like a wanton—
Better is my simple aim.*

*For the Church has cords to bind us,
Knots of silk, so strong and nice.
Put thy neck within the yoke there,
Mine will follow in a trice.*

*If not, by the saints I swear it,
By the holiest that have been,
Nèr to leave these hills behind me,
Save to be a Capuchin.*

With these words, the goatherd ended his song; and although Don Quixote besought him to sing something more, Sancho Panza would not consent thereto, for he was more for sleeping than hearing ditties, and so he said to his master—

“Your worship had best bethink you where you are going to pass the night, for the work these good men do all the day does not suffer them to pass the night in singing.”

“I understand thee, Sancho,” returned Don Quixote, “for it is clear to me that thy visits to the wine-skin demand requital in sleep rather than music.”

“It liked us all well, blessed be God,” said Sancho.

“I do not deny it,” Don Quixote replied; “but dispose of thyself where thou pleasest, for it better becomes those of my profession to watch than to sleep. But, with all that, it would be as well, Sancho, for thee again to dress this ear of mine, for it gives me more pain than I could wish.”

Sancho did as he was ordered. When one of the goatherds saw the wound, he bade him not to trouble himself about it, for he would apply a remedy which would readily heal it; and taking some leaves of rosemary, which grew about there in plenty, he chewed them, mixed them with a little salt, and applied it to the ear. Binding it up carefully, he assured him that he would need no other medicine; and this proved to be true.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XI.

Note 1, page 126.

Did not understand that jargon. Lockhart, in his notes to Motteaux's translation, says of Bowle, in a note on this word *gerigonza*, or jargon, that "he seems to think that this and Greek mean the same." Bowle neither thinks nor says anything of the kind; his words are "*gerigonza, un cierto lenguaje particular, de que usan los ciegos.*" Lockhart mistook the word *ciegos* for *griegos*.

Note 2, page 126.

Happy age and happy times. "This beautiful speech," observes Lockhart, "for it is throughout beautiful and classical in the highest degree, is little more than a translation of one of the finest passages in Tasso's *Aminta*: 'O' bell' eta,' etc.—End of the first act." Clemencin invites us to compare several passages from Virgil and Ovid—one from the *Georgics*, and the others from the *Metamorphoses*:—

. . . . *Nulli subigebant arva coloni:*
Nec signare quidem aut partiri limite campum
Fas erat: in medium quærebant: ipsaque tellus
Omnia liberius, nullo poscente, ferebat.

Aurea prima sata est ætas, quæ, vindice nullo
Sponte sua, sine lege, fidem rectumque colebat;

Ipsa quoque immunis, rostroque intacta, nec ullis
Saucia vomeribus, per se dabat omnia tellus
Contentique cibus nullo cogente creatis,
Arbuteos fœtus montanaque fraga legebant . . .

Et quæ ceciderant patula Jovis arbore glandes

Note 3, page 129.

Plays upon the rebeck (or rabel). According to the oldest Spanish authorities, "an instrument of three strings of piercing sound, played with a bow, used by shepherds."

When the merry bells ring round
And the jocund rebecks sound. L'Allegro.

See also Sir John Hawkins's *History of Music*, ii. 86, note.

CHAPTER XII.

OF THAT WHICH A CERTAIN GOATHERD RELATED TO THOSE
THAT WERE WITH DON QUIXOTE.

THEY were in the midst of this, when there came another youth, of those who bring up the provand from the village. "Comrades," cried he, "wot ye what passeth in the town?"

"How should we?" answered one of them.

"Know, then," continued the youth, "that this morning there died the famous shepherd-student called Chrysostom, and it is rumoured that he is dead for love of that diabolical lass Marcela, daughter of William the Rich—she who goes about these haunts in the dress of a shepherdess."

"For Marcela, saidst thou?" asked one.

"For her, I say," returned the goatherd. "And the best of it is, he has directed in his will that they should bury him in the fields, as if he were a Moor, and that it should be at the foot of a rock, where the spring is, by the cork tree; for report goes—and they say that he said so—that is the place where he saw her for the first time. He also ordered other things, such as the fathers of the city say cannot be done, nor is it well

that they should, for they seem to be rites of the heathen; to all of which the student, that great friend of his and companion, Ambrosio, who also dressed as a shepherd like him, replies that all must be done, without fail, as Chrysostom has ordered. And about this all the folk are in an uproar, and, from what they say, all will be done in the end that Ambrosio and the shepherds, his friends, desire; and to-morrow they come to bury him, with great show, where I have said. And take my word for it that it will be a thing worth seeing; at least, I shall not fail to go and see it, even though I should not be able to get back to the village to-morrow."

"Every one of us will do the same," answered the goatherds, "and cast lots who shall stay to take care of the goats of us all."

"Well said, Pedro!" exclaimed one of them; "although there will be no need to use those pains, for I will stay behind for everybody; and do not set this down to any merit or lack of curiosity in me, but to the splinter which the other day ran into my foot, and keeps me from walking."

"For all that we thank thee," answered Pedro.

And Don Quixote asked Pedro to tell him who that dead man was, and who the shepherdess. To which Pedro replied that all he knew was, that the dead man was a rich gentleman, who dwelt in a village among those mountains, who had been studying many years at Salamanca, at the end of which he came back to his village with the fame of being very clever and well read. They said, especially, that he knew the

science of the stars, and what the sun and moon are doing in the sky ; “ for he told us exactly of the ‘clipse of the sun and moon.”

“ ‘ Eclipse,’ it is called, friend, not ‘ ‘clipse,’ the obscuration of these two greater luminaries,” said Don Quixote.

But Pedro, stopping not at these trifles, continued his story, saying, “ He likewise predicted if the year would be fruitful or starvile.”

“ ‘ Sterile,’ you mean, friend,” said Don Quixote.

“ ‘ Sterile ’ or ‘ starvile,’ ” answered Pedro, “ it all comes to the same. And I can tell you that with what he said to his father and his friend, who believed him, they became very rich, for they did what he advised ;—telling them to sow this year barley, not wheat ; and this year you can sow pulse, and not barley ; the next there will be plenty of oil, the three following you will not get a drop.”

“ This science is called astrology,” said Don Quixote.

“ I do not know how it’s called,” replied Pedro ; “ but I know that he knew all this, and even more. In short, not many months passed since he came from Salamanca, when one day he appeared dressed like a shepherd, with his crook and his sheepskin, having thrown off the long habit which he wore as a scholar ; and together with him was another, a great friend of his, dressed also like a shepherd, called Ambrosio, who had been his companion in his studies. I forgot to tell you how that the dead Chrysostom was a great man for composing couplets ; so much that he used

to make the carols for the eve of the birth of our Lord, and the plays for *Corpus Christi*, which were acted by the boys of our village, and everybody said that they were excellent fine. When those of the village saw the two scholars thus of a sudden dressed like shepherds, they were amazed, and could not guess the cause which had moved them to make so wonderful a change. The father of our Chrysostom was at this time dead, and he owned a good deal of estate, goods as well as lands, and no small quantity of cattle and sheep, and also a great sum of money, of all which the youth remained dissolute master. And, in truth, he deserved it all, for he was a very good fellow and a charitable, and a friend to all good folk, and had a face like a blessing. It came at last to be understood that his having changed his dress was for nothing else than to roam about these wilds after that shepherdess Marcela, whom our herd has mentioned before, with whom the poor dead Chrysostom was in love. And I will now tell ye (for it is well that ye should know who that vixen is); for, mayhap, and even without a hap, ye will never have heard of the like in all the days of your life, even though ye lived more years than Sarna." ¹

"Say 'Sarah,'" remarked Don Quixote, not being able to endure the goatherd's mangling of words.

"Sarna is old enough," answered Pedro; "and, sir, if you go correcting me at every word, we shall not have done in a twelvemonth."

"I cry you pardon, my friend," returned Don Quixote; "it was because of the great difference between

the Sarna and Sarah that I spoke. But thou answerest very well, and Sarna lives longer than Sarah ;² proceed with thy story, and I will interrupt thee in nothing again."

"I say then, my dear and well-beloved sir," continued the goatherd, "that in our village there was a farmer even richer than the father of Chrysostom, whose name was William, to whom God gave, over and above his many and great riches, a daughter, at whose birth her mother died, who was the most honoured woman in all these parts. I think I see her now, with that face of hers, which had the sun on one side and the moon on the other, and, above all, a rare housewife and a friend of the poor, for which I believe that her soul should be at this very moment enjoying God in the other world. For grief at the death of so good a wife, her husband William died, leaving his daughter, Marcela, young and rich, in the keeping of an uncle of hers, a priest and the parson of our village. The child grew up with so much beauty that it put us in mind of her mother's, which was very great ; yet it was thought that the daughter's would surpass it. And so it was ; for when she reached the age of fourteen or fifteen years, no man beheld her who did not bless God for having made her so fair, and most men fell enamoured and mad for her. Her uncle guarded her with great heed and closeness ; but, for all that, the fame of her great beauty spread, in such wise that, as much for it as for her exceeding riches, not only those of our own place, but those for many leagues around, and the best of them, besought,

solicited, and importuned her uncle to give her in marriage. But he, who is a right good Christian, though he wished to marry her as soon as he saw she was of age, would not do it without her consent. And this without respect for the gain and profit which looking after the girl's property offered by delaying her marriage. And, in faith, this is told, to the praise of the good priest, in more than one village knot. For, I would have you know, sir errant, that in these small villages they meddle with everything, and chatter of everything; and be you well assured, as I am, that a parson must be more than good who makes his parishioners to speak well of him, especially in the villages."

"Such is the truth," said Don Quixote. "But go on, for the story is very pleasant, and you, good Pedro, do recount it with very good grace."

"May that of God never fail me, for it is that which makes to the purpose. And, for the rest, you must know further, that although the uncle set before his niece and told her the qualities of each particular one of the many who sought her as wife, praying her to marry and choose at her pleasure, yet would she never answer anything but that she did not wish to marry then, and that, being so young, she did not feel herself able to bear the burden of wedlock. On account of these, which seemed to be just excuses, her uncle left off pressing her, and waited till she grew more in years, and might know how to choose her company to her liking. For, said he—and he said very well—parents ought not to settle their children

against their will. But see here; when no one expected it, the dainty Marcela appeared one day, turned shepherdess, and in spite of her uncle and of all in the village, who dissuaded her, she went her way into the fields with the other shepherdesses of the place, and took to tending her own flock. And as she now came out in public, and her beauty was openly seen, I do not know well how to tell you of the many rich youths, gentlemen, and farmers who have taken the habit of Chrysostom, and go about courting her up and down these plains. One of these, as I have told you, was our dead one, of whom they said that from loving he took to adoring her.

“Nor must you think, because Marcela gave herself to that liberty and freedom of life, under so little or no keeping, that by this she has given any token which may go to the lowering of her honesty or discretion: nay, rather, so great is the watchfulness with which she looks after her honour, that of all those who serve and woo her, not one has boasted, nor with truth can boast, that she has given him any, the least, hope of gaining his end. For though she does not fly nor shun the company or conversation of the shepherds, but treats them courteously and amiably, yet on any one of them going to make known his intent, though it be pure and holy like that of matrimony, she casts him away from her as if with a catapult.³ And with this manner of proceeding she does more mischief in this country than if the plague had come with her, for her amiability and beauty draw on the hearts of those who follow her to serve and love her. But her disdain,

scornfulness, and plain speaking drive them to the bounds of despair, so that they know not what to say to her, except to call her loudly cruel and ungrateful, with other names like to these, which clearly show the nature of her disposition. And if you remain here, sir, awhile, you would find these hills and dales resound with the lament of these luckless ones who follow her.

“ Not very far from here there is a place where you shall find some two dozen tall beeches, and not one whose smooth bark is not cut and scored with the name of Marcela ; and over some a crown, carved on the same tree, as though her lover would declare more plainly that Marcela bears, and deserves, the crown of all human beauty. Here sighs one shepherd ; there moans another. On that side you hear amorous ditties ; on this, dirges of despair. One there is who passes the whole hours of the night, seated at the foot of some oak or rock, and where, without having closed his tearful eyes, wrapt and bemused in his own meditations, the sun finds him in the morning. And there is another who, without giving truce or respite to his sighs, in the midst of the heat of the fiercest summer day, stretched upon the burning sands, sends up his complaints to pitying heaven. And over this, and over that, and over these, the fair Marcela triumphs freely and without concern. All we who know her are waiting to see where her haughtiness will stop, and who has to be the lucky one who shall come to tame a nature so terrible, and enjoy a beauty so exceeding. And, as all I have related is the well-known truth, I can readily understand that which our fellow-herdsman has told

us of the cause of Chrysostom's death. Therefore I advise you not to fail to betake yourself to-morrow to his funeral, which will be very well worth seeing ; for Chrysostom had many friends, and the spot is not half a league from here where he directed them to bury him."

"I will make it my care," said Don Quixote ; "and I am beholden to you for the entertainment you have given in the relation of a story which savours so well."

"Oh," replied the goatherd, "I even do not know half of the things which have happened to the lovers of Marcela, but it may be that to-morrow we shall fall in with some shepherd on the road who will tell us. For the present, it would be well for you to go to sleep under cover, for the night air may hurt your wound ; although the medicine they have put to it is such that you need not fear any crosshap."

Sancho Panza, who had already sent the long speech of the goatherd to the devil, begged on his part that his master should lie down to sleep in Pedro's hut. This he did ; and all the rest of the night he passed in meditation upon his lady Dulcinea, in imitation of the lovers of Marcela. Sancho Panza laid himself down between Rozinante and his ass, and slept, not so much like a rejected lover, as like a man all bruised and kicked.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XII.

Note 1, page 137.

More years than Sarna. "Sarna or scab," says Shelton. "As old as the itch," says Jarvis; and Phillips, not knowing the meaning of the word, says, "Though you were to live a hundred years." Smollett has, "Though you were older than St. Paul." No doubt the goatherd called Abraham's wife Sarna, as Clemencin points out, which Don Quixote corrects. It is spelled "Sara" in modern Spanish, but in the *Carcel de Amor* it is "Sarra," and in the *Galatea*, lib. 3, we find—

Mas años que Sarra vivan, etc.

More years than Sarah they lived, etc.

Note 2, page 138.

Sarna lives longer than Sarah. On which Clemencin observes, "This is true, for Sarah only lived a little longer than a century, but the itch has lived, lives, and shall live as long as there shall be itchy folk." The same authority declares (tom. i. p. 254) that the speech of the goatherd, when describing the sighing of the shepherds (p. 141), is much too cultivated and poetical for the boor who began his discourse with "'clipse" and "starvile."

Note 3, page 140.

As if with a catapult. Shelton, who is followed by all the rest of the translators, uses the word "sling." The original is *trabuco*—a machine of the Middle Ages for throwing heavy stones into beleaguered cities, and sometimes men, when they were Moors, according to the *Chronica de Fernando de Pulgar*, pt. 3, c. 87. *Trabuco* now means a blunderbuss.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH IS CONCLUDED THE STORY OF MARCELA,
THE SHEPHERDESS, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS.

SCARCELY had the day began to discover itself through the windows of the east, when five of the six goatherds arose, and went to rouse Don Quixote, and to say that if he were in the mind still to go and see the famous burial of Chrysostom, they would keep him company.

Don Quixote, who desired nothing else, arose, and ordered Sancho to saddle and pannel at once; which he did with much diligence, and with the like they forthwith set out on their way. They had not gone a quarter of a league when, at a cross-path, they saw some six shepherds coming towards them, clothed in black skins, their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and rhododendron. Each carried in his hand a thick staff of holly. There came likewise with them two gentlemen on horseback, very well equipped for the road, with other three lacqueys on foot in their company. As they drew near, they saluted courteously, and, asking one another whither they were journeying, found that they were all going to the place

of burial, and so all began to travel together. One of those on horseback, conversing with his companion, said—

“It seems to me, Master Vivaldo, that we shall consider well employed the time which we spend in seeing this famous burying; for it cannot be else than famous, according to what these shepherds have recounted to us of the marvels, as well of the dead shepherd as the murderous shepherdess.”

“So it seems to me,” answered Vivaldo; “and I say that we should make delay, not of one day, but of four, rather than miss seeing it.”

Don Quixote inquired of them what this was that they had heard of Marcela and Chrysostom.

The traveller replied that that morning, early, they had met with those shepherds, and seeing them clothed in that sad apparel, had demanded of them the occasion wherefore they went after that fashion; upon which, one of them recounted it, relating the singularity and beauty of the shepherdess Marcela, and the loves of the many who courted her, with the death of that Chrysostom to whose burial they were going. In short, he related all that Pedro had rehearsed to Don Quixote.

This colloquy having ceased, another was begun, by him who was called Vivaldo demanding of Don Quixote the occasion which moved him to go armed in that guise through a country so peaceful. To whom Don Quixote replied—

“The profession of my office neither sanctions nor permits me to go in other guise. Revelling, pastime,

and repose were invented for delicate courtiers; but toil, solicitude, and arms alone were invented and designed for those who are called knights-errant, of whom I, although unworthy, am the least of all."

No sooner had they heard this than they took him for a madman; and to confirm it the more, and to see what kind of madness it was, Vivaldo asked him again what he meant by knights-errant.

"Have not your lordships read," returned Don Quixote, "the annals and histories of England, in which are recorded the renowned exploits of King Arthur,¹ whom we, in our Castilian tongue, commonly call King Artus? Of whom there is an ancient tradition, common in all that kingdom of Great Britain, that this king did not die, but, by arts of enchantment, was transformed into a raven, and that in the due course of time he will return to reign, and recover his kingdom and sceptre; for which cause it cannot be proved, from that time to this, that any Englishman has ever killed a raven.² Well, then, in the time of this good king was instituted that famous order of chivalry, the Knights of the Round Table,³ and did happen the loves of Sir Lancelot of the Lake with the Queen Guinevere, as is there fully set forth, that honoured lady Quintañona being their go-between and confidante; whence sprung that well-known ballad, so extolled in our Spain—

*Never sure was gallant knight
Served by damosel or dame
As was he, Sir Lancelot hight,
When from Britain forth he came;*

with that progress, so sweet and delightful, of his amorous and mighty exploits. Well, from that time this order of chivalry has been extending in companies, in many and divers parts of the earth. And among them, famous and renowned for their deeds, were the valiant Amadis of Gaul, with all his sons and grandsons to the fifth generation; and the valorous Felixmarte de Hircania, and the never-worthily-to-be-praised Tirante the White, and he whom we have almost seen, conversed with, and heard in our own days, the invincible and valorous knight, Don Belianis of Greece. This then, gentlemen, it is to be a knight-errant, and what I have spoken of is the order of chivalry, in the which, as I have already said, I, though a sinner, have made profession; the same which the aforesaid knights profess do I profess; and that is why I am travelling through these solitudes and deserts, in quest of adventures, with deliberate resolve to offer my arm and my person to the most perilous which fortune may present, in aid of the weak and the needy."

By these words which he uttered, the travellers were quite convinced that Don Quixote was out of his wits, as well as of the kind of madness which mastered him; whereat they were struck with the same wonder which seized all those who for the first time came to know of it. And Vivaldo, who was a person of much sense and of a gay disposition, in order to pass agreeably what they said remained of the journey before they came to the hillside where the funeral was to be, wished to give him occasion of going on with his rhapsodies. Therefore he said—

“It seems to me, sir knight-errant, that your worship has adopted one of the straitest professions upon earth; and, by my word, that of the Carthusian friars is not so strait.”

“As strait it might be,” replied Don Quixote, “but, I doubt not by a hair’s breadth that it is just as needful for the world. For if we would speak the truth, the soldier who carries out that which his captain commands, doth no less than the captain himself who orders it. I would say that the monks, in all peace and tranquillity, seek of Heaven the good of the earth; but we soldiers and knights execute what they pray for, defending it with the valour of our arms and the edge of our swords, not under roofs, but under the open sky, exposed for a mark to the insufferable beams of the sun in summer, and the bristling frosts of winter. Thus are we God’s ministers upon earth, and arms by which he executes his justice. And since the affairs of war, and those relating and appertaining thereto, cannot be put in execution, except with sweat, pain, labour, and corporal toil, it follows that they who profess it have, without doubt, greater travail than those who, in quiet, peace, and repose, are praying to God to favour them who are able for little. I do not mean to say, nor does it come into my thought, that the condition of knights-errant is as good as that of the cloistered monk. I would only argue, from what I suffer, that it is, without doubt, more laborious, more exposed to stripes, more hungry, and more thirsty, miserable, ragged, and lousy;⁴ for there is no doubt but that the knights-errant of old

suffered much ill fortune in the course of their lives. And if some of them rose to be emperors by the valour of their arms, i' faith, they paid right well for it with their blood and sweat; and if those who had thus mounted to so high a degree had lacked enchanters and sages to help them, they would have remained cheated of their desires, and utterly deceived in their hopes."

"Of that way of thinking am I," replied the traveller; "but one thing among many seems to me very ill in your knights-errant, which is, that when they see themselves on the point of engaging in a great and perilous adventure, wherein they run a manifest risk of losing their lives, never at that moment of encounter do they mind to commend themselves to God, as every Christian is bound to do in like dangers, but rather to their mistresses, and with as much fervour and devotion as if they were their God—a thing which seems to me to smack somewhat of heathenism."

"Sir," responded Don Quixote, "it cannot be other than this, and ill would it betide the knight-errant who did any other thing; for it is the use and custom in knight-errantry that the knight-errant, upon engaging in any great feat of arms, should have his lady before him, and turn his eyes to her sweetly and amorously, as if, through them, to implore her to favour and protect him in the doubtful enterprise which he attempts. And even though no one hear him, he is bound to utter some words under his breath, in which he commends himself to her with all his heart; and of this

we have numberless examples in the histories. And it is not to be understood by this that they have to neglect commending themselves to God, for time and place will serve them to do it in course of the work."

"For all that," replied the traveller, "I have yet one scruple left, and it is that I have often read that two knights-errant fall to words, and from one word to another rage begins to influence them; they wheel their steeds and take up a good sweep of ground, and presently, without more ado, return to the encounter at full gallop, and in mid career commend themselves to their mistresses. And what usually comes from that encounter is, that one of them falls over his horse's crupper, pierced through and through with his enemy's lance; and to the other one it happens, also, that if he does not take hold of his horse's mane, he too cannot help coming to the ground; and I do not see how he who was slain had leisure to commend himself to God in the course of this so hasty a business. Better were it that the words which he spent in commending himself to his mistress in his career were spent in his duty and obligation as a Christian; the rather that, as I fancy, not all those knights-errant had mistresses to whom to commend themselves, for all are not in love."

"That is impossible," answered Don Quixote. "I say it is impossible that there should be a knight-errant without a mistress; for to love is as proper and natural to such, as it is to the heavens to have stars. And of a surety there has not been seen a history where can be found a knight-errant without love; and by the

same token, if these were lacking to him, then he would be held to be no true knight, but a bastard, and one who entered the fortress of the said chivalry, not by the door, but over the palings, like a thief and a robber."

"With all that," said the traveller, "it seems to me, if I mind me well, I have read that Don Galaor, brother of the valorous Amadis of Gaul, never had a notable mistress to whom he could commend himself; but still he was not esteemed the less, and was a very valiant and famous knight."

To the which our Don Quixote responded, "Sir, 'one swallow doth not make a summer'—how much more that I know that this knight was privily very much enamoured; besides that his loving all, as many as seemed to him fair, was his natural disposition, which he was unable to restrain. But in effect it is very well attested that he had one alone whom he made sovereign of his will, to whom he commended himself very often, and very secretly, for he rated himself a cautelous knight."

"Since, then, it is essential that every knight-errant must be in love," said the traveller, "it may well be presumed that your worship is so, being of the profession; and if your worship does not rate yourself to be as cautelous as Don Galaor, I entreat you as earnestly as I may, on behalf of all this company and my own, to tell us of the name, country, quality, and charms of your lady, who should esteem herself happy, that all the world knows that she is beloved and served by a knight of your worship's seeming."

Here Don Quixote gave forth a great sigh, and said, "I cannot affirm that my sweet enemy is pleased, or not, that the world should know I serve her. I can only say, replying to that which is asked of me so graciously, that her name is Dulcinea; her country Toboso, a village of La Mancha: her quality should be that of princess, since she is my queen and mistress; her beauty superhuman, for in her are met to be realized all the impossible and fantastical attributes of beauty, which the poets ascribe to their dames;—that her hair is gold, her forehead the Elysian fields, her eyebrows bows of heaven, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips corals, pearls her teeth, alabaster her neck, marble her bosom, ivory her hands, her whiteness that of snow, and the parts which modesty has veiled from mortal eyes are such, according as I think and believe, that the acutest judgment may extol, but not estimate them." ⁵

"We would know her lineage, race, and family," replied Vivaldo.

To which Don Quixote replied, "She is not of the ancient Curtii, Caii, and Scipiones of Rome, nor of the modern Colonnas or Orsinos, nor of the Moncadas and Requesenes of Catalonia; as little of the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valencia; the Palafoxes, Nuzas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Foces, and Gurrucas of Arragon; the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas, and Guzmanes of Castile; Alencastres, Pallas, and Maneses of Portugal;—but, she is of those of Toboso of La Mancha—a lineage, though modern, yet such as may give a noble

beginning to the most illustrious families of future ages ; and let me not be gainsaid in this, except on the condition which Zerbino set at the foot of the trophy of Orlando's arms, to wit—

*Let none but he these arms remove
Who dares Orlando's strength to prove."*

"Albeit my line be of the Cachopines of Laredo,"⁶ replied the traveller, "I shall not presume to compare it with that of Toboso de la Mancha ; though, to say the truth, such a name has never, till now, reached my ears."

"How not reached you ?" exclaimed Don Quixote.

All the rest, as they travelled on, listened with great attention to the discourses of the two, and even the very goatherds and the shepherds perceived the utter lack of wits in our Don Quixote. Sancho Panza alone believed that all his master had said was true, knowing who he was, and having known him from his birth. But what staggered him somewhat was in believing that which concerned the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso, for never had such name or such princess reached his ears, although he lived so near to Toboso.

As they went thus discoursing, they saw, descending through a gorge formed of two lofty mountains, about twenty shepherds, all clad in skins of black wool, and crowned with garlands, a few of which, as afterwards appeared, were of yew, and some of cypress. Between six of them they carried a bier, covered with many kinds of flowers and branches.

This being seen by one of the goatherds, he exclaimed, "Yonder are they who bear the body of Chrysostom, and at the foot of that mountain is the place where he commanded them to bury him."

Therefore they made haste to arrive; and it was at the time when those who came placed the bier on the ground, and four of them with pick-axes were hewing a grave in the side of a solid rock. They greeted one another courteously; and presently Don Quixote, and those who had come with him, turned to look at the bier, and on it they saw, in the garb of a shepherd, covered with flowers, a dead corpse, seemingly of thirty years of age; and, although dead, yet was it plain that, when living, he had been of a fair countenance and graceful form. All around him were placed on the same bier some books, and many papers, open and sealed. And those who looked on, as well as those who stood by, and those who were making the sepulchre, preserved a wondrous silence, until one of those who had borne the corpse said to another—

"Note well, Ambrosio, if this be the place of which Chrysostom spoke, since you wish that everything he commanded in his will should be exactly done."

"This it is," answered Ambrosio. "Here, oftentimes, my unhappy friend recounted to me the story of his woe; and here it was he told me that he saw for the first time that mortal enemy of the human race, and here also was it where he first declared to her his mind, so honest and ardent; and here it was where Marcela, for the last time, disabused his mind and

showed her disdain—in such sort that he put an end to the tragedy of his wretched life ; and here, in memory of misfortunes so great, he desired to be buried in the bowels of eternal oblivion.” Turning to Don Quixote and the travellers, he proceeded, saying, “ This body, my masters, which with pitying eyes you are beholding, was the depository of a soul in which heaven had placed an infinite portion of its riches. This is the body of Chrysostom, who was unique in genius, singular in courtesy, and extreme in gentleness; a phoenix in friendship ; magnificent without measure, lofty without presumption, pleasant without vulgarity, and, in fine, the first in all the art of goodness, and without a second in the way of all misfortune. He loved well, and was hated ; he adored, and was disdained ; he wooed a wild beast ; he importuned a statue ; he pursued the wind ; he cried to the desert ; he was the slave of ingratitude, of which he obtained for reward to be the spoil of death in the midst of the career of his life, brought to an end by a shepherdess, whom he laboured to make immortal, that she might live in the memory of all the people—all which those papers you behold could prove, had he not enjoined me to commit them to the fire, as we commit his body to the earth.”

“ You would treat them with greater cruelty,” said Vivaldo, “ than their master himself ; for it is neither just nor right to fulfil the will of him who, in what he commands, goes beyond all reasonable discourse. Nor would you have deemed it good in Augustus Cæsar, if he had consented to put in execu-

tion that which the divine Mantuan had ordered in his will. So, Sir Ambrosio, whilst you give your friend's body to the earth, you should not give his writings to oblivion; for if he has commanded like a man aggrieved, it is not well that you should comply like one indiscreet, but rather, letting those papers live, keep the cruelty of Marcela ever quick, so as to serve as an ensample to the living in the times to come, that they may shun and fly from falling down all such precipices. For I already know, and these who come with me, the story of this your enamoured and ill-fated friend, and we wot of your friendship and the occasion of his death, and what he enjoined at the closing of his life; from which pitiful story may be gathered how great has been the cruelty of Marcela, the love of Chrysostom, the fidelity of your affection, with the ending those make who rush loose-reined down the path which headlong passion sets before their eyes. Yesternight we heard of Chrysostom's death, and that he was to be buried in this place; and so, of curiosity and compassion, we turned out of our straight road, and agreed to come, and behold with our own eyes what had moved us so much in the hearing; and in token of our grief and the desire engendered in us to relieve it—if that were possible—we beseech thee, O good Ambrosio—at least, I pray thee on my own part—that thou abstain from burning these papers, and leave some of them to me."

Without waiting for the shepherd's reply, he stretched forth his hand, and took some of those that were nearest; seeing which, Ambrosio said, "From

courtesy, sir, I consent to your keeping what you have taken; but to think that I shall desist from burning the rest is a vain thought."

Vivaldo, who desired to see what the papers contained, presently unfolded one of them, and saw that it had for title, *A Lay of Despair*.

Ambrosio, hearing it, said, "That is the last piece which the unhappy one wrote; and that you may see the end to which his misfortunes brought him, read it so as you might be heard, for you will have time enough while they are making the grave."

"That I will do with right good will," said Vivaldo; and as all the bystanders had the same desire, they gathered round him, and he, reading in a clear voice, perceived that it ran thus.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIII.

Note 1, page 146.

The renowned exploits of King Arthur. "Shall the Jewes and the heathen be honoured in the memory and magnificent prowesse of their worthies? shall the French and German nations glorifie their triumphs with their Godfrey and Charles? and shall we of this island be so possest with incredulitie, diffidence, stupiditie, and ingratitude to deny, make doubt, or expresse in speech and history, the immortall name and fame of our victorious Arthur?"—Caxton's preface to *La Mort d'Arthur*, i., xxi.

Note 2, page 146.

That any Englishman has ever killed a raven.

*That very night the raven came,
And sat upon the roof,
And claimed what Lady Ermeline,
Had vowed in his behoof.*

See Prior's *Ancient Danish Ballads*, ii. 357.

The raven was a sacred bird in pre-Christian times; afterwards, in Denmark, it became a symbol of the devil. This ballad is the only foundation I have found on which the legend of the text could have been built.

Note 3, page 146.

Knights of the Round Table. "King Arthur stablished all his knights, and gave them lands that were not rich in land, and charged them never to do murder, nor outrage, and alway to flee treason: also by no means to be cruel; but to give mercy unto him that asked mercy, upon pain of forfeiture of their worship and lordship of King Arthur for evermore, and alway to doe ladies, damosels, and gentlewomen succour, upon pain of death. Also that no man take no battailes in a wrong quarell, for no law, and no worldly goods. Unto

this were all the knights sworne of the round table, both old and young. And every year they were sworne at the high feast of Pentecost."—*La Mort d'Arthur*, i. 115, 116.

Note 4, page 148.

Miserable, ragged, and lousy. Clemencin observes that "the last word ought to be omitted, as being *low* and harsh in the noble and decorous tone of the rest of Don Quixote's discourse." To which it might be answered that Don Quixote was a great stickler for the truth.

Note 5, page 152.

But not estimate them.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;

Coral is far more red than her lips' red ;

If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ; etc., etc.

See Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, cxxx.

Note 6, page 153.

The Cachopines of Laredo. Bowle says, on the authority of Sir Isaac Heard, King-of-Arms, that not many years ago (1781) certain houses were accidentally burnt down in the neighbourhood of St. Andrews, in Fife, on which was found the following inscription :

*Antes fallen Robles y Enzinas,
Que las casas Cachopinas.*

*Robles shall fail, and eke Encinas,
Before the house of Cachopinas.*

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEREIN ARE SET FORTH THE DESPAIRING VERSES OF
THE DEAD SHEPHERD, WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS NOT
EXPECTED.

CHRYSOSTOM'S LAY.¹

*Since 'tis thy wish, O cruel, men should publish
From tongue to tongue, from this to every nation,
The stern persistence of thy bitter rigour,
Then do I call on hell itself to furnish
To my sad breast a sound of lamentation,
That shall the sweet use of my voice disfigure ;
And, seconding my will, which now gains vigour
To tell my sorrow and thy cruel action,
Forth of my fearsome voice shall flow the accent,
And of my wretched bowels many a fragment^a
Shall go to swell the horrible distraction.
Then listen thou, and give an ear unfailing,
Not to concerted sound, but to the wailing
That from my bosom's depths in wild profusion,
Stirred up by inward frenzy without measure,
Flows for my pleasure and for thy confusion.*

*The roaring of the lion, and the dismal
Howling of the fierce wolf ; the scaly, craven
Serpent's dread hissing, and the awful groaning
Of some weird monster housed in depths abysmal ;
The hoarse prophetic croaking of the raven ;
Athwart the restless sea, the wind's wild moaning ;
The mad bellowing of the bull o'erthrown in
The frantic strife ; the cooing, low, heart-breaking,*

*Of the lone turtle-dove ; the dreary whining
Of the sad widowed owl ;³—all these, combining
With the whole sooty squadron's hellish shrieking,
Rush out together with my spirit doleful,
Mingling in one vast sound, so fell and woeful,
That shakes the senses to their very centre ;
So vast my pains, 'tis madness to repress them,
And to express them I must on strange means venture.*

*Neither the yellow sands of Father Tagus,
Nor the green olives of the famous Bétis,
Shall hear the echoes of such dismal uproar ;
But there, 'mid beetling cliffs and gloomy gorges,
My bitter lamentation, as it meet is,
With a dead tongue, but living words, shall outpour ;
Or in dark dells, or on the arid seashore,
Where breaks no human footstep the deep slumbers ;
Or where the sun for ever hides his lustre ;
Or there, among the venomous broods that cluster
On the Nile's⁴ level banks in swarming numbers ;
So that while, 'mid the deserts wild and dreary,
The rude, hoarse echoes, of my pains grown weary,
Thine unexampled cruelty reiterate,
Making amends for my existence shattered,
Through the world scattered they shall reverberate.*

*Scorn's wound is mortal ; and one slight suspicion,
Be it or true or false, prostrates the spirit ;
Jealousy kills, and with a stroke more sudden ;
Long absence dooms the life to slow perdition ;
No firm hope of a happier life has merit
The keen dread of forgetfulness to deaden—
In all of them most certain death lies hidden.
Yet I live on (O miracle amazing),
Jealous, disdained, and absent, left to languish
In sure suspicions, fraught with mortal anguish,
And clean forgotten, while my flame is blazing ;
And, while my bitter pangs are ever near me,
No ray of hope darts through the gloom to cheer me.
Nor care I, in my sullen wrath, about it ;
Nay swear, to push my quarrel to extremity,
To all eternity to live without it.*

*May one perchance within the self-same instant
 Both hope and fear? Or were it well to do it,
 Being the grounds of fear so overbearing?
 What matters it, if jealousy be rampant,
 To shut these eyes of mine, when I must view it
 Through thousand wounds within my breast wide staring?
 Who would not open with a hand unsparing
 The gates to dire distrust, when all apparent
 He sees disdain uncovered, and suspicion
 Changed into patent fact—(oh, sad transition!)—
 And limpid truth become a lie transparent?
 Fiercest of tyrants thou in love's dominion,
 O Jealousy! my hands with irons pinion;
 Give me, Disdain, a cord of twisted rushes!
 But woe is me! with what a cruel victory
 Thy living memory the suffering crushes.*

*At length I die; and since no hope's afforded,
 In death or life, of happier condition,
 I'll rooted stand in this my phantasy:
 He who loves well, I'll say, is well rewarded;
 His soul is freest who has made submission
 Deepest to love's old-fangled tyranny;
 I'll say that she, my constant enemy,
 Retains a soul as lovely as her face is;
 That her forgetfulness springs from my folly;
 That by his very woes and melancholy
 Love builds his empire on the firmest basis.
 With such conclusions, and a cord's assistance
 Short'ning my narrow limit of existence—
 Most bitter issue of her scornful quarrel—
 I'll give the winds my body and my spirit,
 Never to inherit or palm or laurel.*

*Thou who with such unreason art the reason
 That forces me to end, nowise unwilling,
 The weary life abhorrent to my spirit!
 Right well thou know'st, by many a proof in season,
 By this wound in my heart my life's blood spilling,
 Thy cruel stroke, how joyfully I bear it;
 So peradventure, should'st thou think I merit
 That thy most lovely eyes in their clear heaven*

*Should at my death be dimmed, spare me this pleasure ;
 No wish have I that for my heart's rich treasure,
 By thee despoiled, alonement should be given ;
 Nay, let thy laughter in this hour so fatal
 Show that my fate has been thy festival.
 'Tis weak to give thee this advice unbidden,
 For well I know 'twill but increase thy glory,
 That my life's story has an end so sudden.*

*The hour has struck. Up from the depths abysmal
 Let Tantalus come forth with dire thirst panting,
 And Sisyphus roll up his stone of terror ;
 Let Ticius bring his vulture ; nor the dismal
 Ixion with his ruthless wheel be wanting,
 Nor the dread sisters with their endless labour ;
 And all combined transfer their deadly horror
 Into my breast, and with low voice, and sighing—
 If so much grace to such a wretch be granted—
 Let mournful obsequies by them be chanted
 Over my body, stark and shroudless lying ;
 And let the infernal porter, gaunt, three-headed,
 With thousand monsters and chimeras dreaded,
 The shrill and dolorous counter-strain deliver ;
 Methinks no better style or pomp funereal
 Befits the burial of a wretched lover !*

*O song of Desperation, do not grieve thee
 When my too sad companionship shall leave thee ;
 Nay, since the cause that gave thee birth has hurried
 From my misfortune to augment her gladness,
 Be free from sadness, even when thou'rt buried !*

The lay of Chrysostom was well liked by those who listened to it ; but he who read declared that it seemed to him not to accord with the report which he had heard of the modesty and goodness of Marcela, for that in it Chrysostom did complain of jealousies, suspicions, and neglect, all to the injury of the good credit and fair name of Marcela. To which Am-

brozio, as one who knew well the most secret thoughts of his friend, responded—

“That you, sir, may satisfy such doubt, it is well you should know that when the hapless shepherd wrote this lay, he was absent from Marcela, from whom he had withdrawn himself of his own will, to see if absence might exert upon him her wonted power. And as there is nothing that does not vex the absent lover, and no fear that does not haunt him, so was Chrysostom tormented by imagined jealousies and feared suspicions, as much as if they were true. Thus, the truth which fame proclaims of Marcela’s goodness stands confirmed; to whom, save that she is cruel, and somewhat proud, and much disdainful, envy herself neither should nor can impute any defect.”

“That is the truth,” replied Vivaldo; and desiring to read another paper of those he had rescued from the fire, he was interrupted by a marvellous vision—for such it seemed—which suddenly presented itself before their eyes.

On the top of the rock wherein they were making the grave, there appeared the shepherdess Marcela, so fair that her beauty surpassed the very fame thereof. Those who till then had never seen her, gazed upon her in wonder and silence; and those accustomed to the sight of her remained no less astonished than those who had never till then beheld her. Scarce had Ambrosio spied her thus, than, with indignation in his heart, he spake—

“Comest thou, by chance, O fierce basilisk of these mountains, to see if at thy presence the wounds of this

wretch whom thy cruelty has slain will bleed afresh? Or comest thou to glory in thy nature's fell work; or to behold from that height, like another pitiless Nero, the burning of his fired Rome; or proudly to trample on this hapless corse, as did her father Tarquinus his ingrate daughter? Tell us quickly for what thou comest, or what thou desirest; for, as I know that the thoughts of Chrysostom, when living, were ever obedient to thee, I will take care, although he be dead, that all those who call themselves his friends shall do thy bidding."

"I come not, O Ambrosio, for any of the things of which thou hast spoken," responded Marcela, "but rather in mine own defence, and to make all know how unreasonable they are who charge me with their pains, or the death of Chrysostom; therefore I entreat all who are here to lend me their attention, for not much time, nor many words, will be needed to convince wise men of what is true. Heaven, as you tell, made me beautiful, and in such wise that, whether you will or no, my beauty moves you to love; and for the love you show me, you say and you desire that I should be bound to love you. I know, by the natural mind which God has given me, that all that is beautiful is lovable; but I do not apprehend why, by reason of its being loved, the object which is beloved for its beauty is compelled to love that which gives it love. More, it might happen that the lover of the beautiful may be ugly, and being ugly, deserving of abhorrence, it would be absurd to say, 'I love thee for thy beauty; thou must love me for my ugliness!' But suppose that

beauty is on both sides, not therefore must this inclination be equal. For all beauties do not breed love; some delight the eye and not subject the heart. If all beauties enamoured and captivated, it would end in this, that all desires would go confused and astray, without knowing where to settle. For, beauteous objects being infinite, the desires must be infinite; and as I have heard say true love brooks no division, it must be voluntary and not enforced. That being so, as I believe it is, why would you have me surrender my will upon compulsion, obliged by nothing more than that you say you love me well? If not, tell me:— Suppose that Heaven had made me ugly, as it has made me fair, would it be just in me to mourn because you did not love me? How much the more, then, when you have to consider that I did not choose the beauty I have. For, such as it is, Heaven gave it me of grace, without my asking or selecting it, and as the viper deserves no blame for the poison which it bears, even although therewith it kills, since it was given her by nature, no more do I deserve reproof for being beautiful. Beauty in a chaste woman is like a distant fire, or a sharp sword; neither doth the one burn nor the other cut him who comes not to it. Honour and virtues are the ornaments of the soul, without which the body, although it may be beautiful, ought not to be so esteemed. Then, if honesty be one of the virtues which most adorn and beautify body and soul, why should she lose it who is loved for being beautiful, to return his desire who, for his sole pleasing, procures to rob her of it with all his force and industry? I was

born free, and that I might live free I chose the solitude of the fields. The trees of these mountains are my companions ; the clear waters of these brooks are my mirrors ; with the trees and the brooks I share my thoughts and my beauty. I am like a fire apart, and a sword afar off. Those whom my sight hath captivated, my words have undeceived ; and, if desires are sustained by hopes, I having given none to Chrysostom, nor to any other of them, it may surely be said that he was slain by his own stubbornness, rather than by my cruelty. And if they reproach me with the honesty of his intentions, and that therefore I was bound to respond to them, I say that when in this same place where now you make his grave he discovered to me the goodness of his purpose, I told him that mine was to live in perpetual singleness, and that the earth alone should rejoice in the fruits of my reservedness, and the spoils of my beauty. If he, with all this undeceiving, chose to contend against hope, and sail against the wind, what wonder that he should be drowned in the mid gulf of his folly ? Had I encouraged him, I had been false ; had I gratified him, I had done contrary to my better purpose and resolve. Though undeceived, he persisted ; without being hated, he despaired. See, then, whether it is just that of his fate I should bear the blame. Let him complain who has been deceived, him despair who has lacked the hopes promised ; let him trust whom I shall invite, him boast whom I shall encourage ; but let not him call me cruel, or murderess, whom I neither promise, deceive, invite, nor encourage. Heaven until now has

not willed that I should love by destiny, and to think that I shall love by election may be excused. Let this general warning serve for each one of those who court me for his selfish pleasure; and be it known henceforth that, if any dies for me, he dies not of jealousy or misfortune. For who loves nobody cannot cause jealousy in any, and disabusing should not be taken for disdain. He who calls me a savage and a basilisk, let him not serve me; if ungrateful, not know me; if cruel, not follow me: for this savage, this basilisk, this ingrate, this strange and cruel one, will neither seek, serve, know, nor pursue them in any manner. If his impatience and headstrong passion have slain Chrysostom, why should my honest carriage and modesty bear the blame? If I preserve my purity in the company of trees, why should any wish me to lose it in that of men? I, as you know, have wealth of my own, and do not covet that of others. My condition is free, and to be in subjection is not to my taste. I neither love nor hate any one; I neither deceive this one nor court that; I neither jest with one, nor dally with another. The honest conversation of the shepherdesses of these villages, and the care of my goats, are my pastime. My desires are bounded by these mountains, and if they soar beyond it is to contemplate the beauty of heaven, steps by which the soul journeys to her first abode."

So saying, without caring to hear any answer, she turned away, and passed into a dense thicket, which was close by, leaving all there as much astonished at her good sense as at her beauty. And some of them,

pierced as with a mighty dart by the beams of her beautiful eyes, gave signs of wishing to follow her, without profiting by the plain warnings which they had heard. Seeing which, Don Quixote, as it appeared to him the occasion had come to exercise his chivalry, and to succour damsels in distress, laying his hand on the pommel of his sword, cried out in clear, lofty tones—

“ Let no person, of whatever state or condition he be, dare to pursue the beauteous Marcela, on pain of falling under the fury of my indignation. She has shown, by manifest and ample argument, the little or no fault she had in Chrysostom’s death, and how alien is her life from condescending to the desires of any of her lovers ; for which cause it is just that, in place of being followed and persecuted, she be honoured and esteemed by all good men in the world, for she proves that only she lives therein with pure intent.”

Now, whether through the menaces of Don Quixote, or because Ambrosio told them that they should finish with what was due to their dear friend, not one of the shepherds stirred or departed thence, until, the grave being dug, the papers of Chrysostom burnt, they placed his body in it, not without many tears from the bystanders. They closed the sepulchre with a heavy stone, until a monument might be completed, which, as Ambrosio said, he intended to have made with an epitaph after this manner :—

*Here lies^b of a fond, loving swain
The wretched stiffened corse ;
He lived a shepherd’s life, was slain
By Love’s relentless force.*

*A scornful fair one's cruelty
His hapless life did end.
By deeds like these Love's tyranny
His empire doth extend.*

They presently strewed upon the sepulchre flowers and branches of trees, and all, after condoling with their friend Ambrosio, took their leave of him. The same did Vivaldo and his companions ; and Don Quixote bade farewell to his hosts and the travellers, who entreated him to accompany them to Seville—for it was a city very fit for the finding of adventures, as in every street, and at every corner, they were to be met with more than in any other place.

Don Quixote thanked them for their tidings, and for the disposition which they showed to do him a courtesy, and said that he neither wished nor desired to go to Seville, until he had purged all those mountains⁶ of thieves and robbers, of which fame reported they were filled.

The travellers, perceiving his good intention, would importune him no more, but turning to bid him farewell anew, left him and pursued their journey, in course of which they failed not to occupy themselves as well with the story of Marcela and Chrysostom, as with the follies of Don Quixote ; who, for his part, determined to follow in quest of the shepherdess Marcela, and offer her all he could do in her service. But it fell out not as he imagined, according as is recounted in this veracious history.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XV.

Note 1, page 160.

Chrysostom's Lay. Not only is this composed by a man who died mad; the lay itself proves that its writer was evidently mad at the time he wrote it. A literal translation was therefore imperative, and the metre of the original, with some of its jingling assonance, had to be preserved.

Note 2, page 160.

My wretched bowels many a fragment. Shelton, who is always honest, has "lumps of my wretched bowels." The original is sufficiently bald: *pedazos de las miseras entrañas*.

The chapter is full of slips of the pen and mistakes of the printer. Cervantes errs in the matter of Tarquin's daughter—it was his wife to whom Ambrosio alludes in page 165, as Bowle points out; nevertheless, it is not for me to alter the text as proposed by the Spanish critics, who remark that Ambrosio's speech is unsupportable pedantry, and the "sermon of Marcela impertinent, affected, and as ridiculous as you please." This is not the opinion of Godwin and other masters of style; and Clemencin does not appear to have known that Marcela was brought up in the house of a priest.

Note 3, page 161.

The dreary whining of the sad widowed owl. This is the reading of the London edition, departing from the original, which I reluctantly follow. It is still a tradition in Spain that the owl was the only bird that witnessed the Crucifixion, and was envied on that account by all creation. The Spanish Academy adopted the London reading in its edition of 1787; but in subsequent editions it restored the original word. It is a small matter, except that in Spain I have met with Cervantists who support Shelton's reading of "envious" owl.

Salvá sustains "*envidiado*"—*æmulatione dignus*, whilst Hartz-enbusch insists on the word being "*infamous*."

Note 4, page 161.

On the Nile's, etc. The critics, especially of Spain, have been greatly exercised on many words in this mad lay of the wretched Chrysostom, and they are all unanimous in altering Nile into Libian. The discussion has often reached fever heat ; but it is evident that not one of these busy-bodies knew as much of the classics as the author whom he presumes to correct ; *e.g.* :

*Hic quæ prima caput movit de pulvere tabes
Aspida somniferam tumida cervice levavit.
Plenior huic sanguis et crassi gutta veneni
Decidit : in nulla plus est serpente coactum.
Ipse caloris egens gelidum non transit in orbem
Sponte sua, Niloque tenuis metitur arenas.*

Lucanus, l. ix. 700, etc.

Note 5, page 169.

Here lies, etc. The same constant critics grieve over the mistake which they say Cervantes made in aspiring to the glory of being a poet, not knowing that his true vocation lay in the writing of prose. This epitaph, they observe, is the vilest ever written ; it is insipid in the beginning, and the end is a lack-lustre mess. *Vide Clemencin, i. 308.* Nor is this opinion confined to the academicians of Argamasillo.

Note 6, page 170.

Until he had purged all those mountains. The Sierra Morena was of old a perfect nest of thieves and robbers. Some of the worst crimes in the darkest annals of crime were committed here, the recital of which still sends a thrill of horror through the souls of all who hear them ; nor have they ceased, as travellers by the railway which passes Linares, and over several bridges between Madrid and Cordova, can testify.

PART III.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE
WHICH BEFEL DON QUIXOTE ON FALLING IN WITH
CERTAIN EVIL-MINDED YANGUESIANS.

THE sage Cid Hamete Benengeli recounts that as soon as Don Quixote had taken leave of his hosts and all those who were present at the burial of the shepherd Chrysostom, he and his squire struck into the same wood into which they had seen the shepherdess Marcela enter. Having ranged it for more than two hours, searching for her everywhere without being able to find her, they came to a halt in a meadow, rich in fresh grass, near to which there ran a pleasant and refreshing stream; and so much that it invited, yea, compelled them to pass there the sultry hours of the day, which already began to set in with great fierceness.

Don Quixote and Sancho dismounted, and leaving the ass and Rozinante to feed at large on the plenteous herbage thereby, they emptied out the wallets, and, without any ceremony, master and man, in good will and fellowship, set to eating of what they found in them. Sancho had not taken care to tie up Rozinante, relying on his knowledge of him as a beast so quiet and little

wanton, that not all the mares in the paddocks of Cordova could provoke him to anything vicious. But fortune ordained—or the devil, who sleeps not at all times—that there went grazing by that valley a troop of Galician she-ponies, belonging to some Yanguesian carriers, whose custom it is to rest at noon with their team in spots and places where grass and water abound ; and that to which Don Quixote happened to betake himself much suited the purpose of the Yanguesians. So it befel that the desire came to Rozinante to enliven himself with the lady mares ; and as soon as he scented them, forsaking his wonted gait and habit, without asking licence of his master, at a little sharp trot he set off to communicate his needs to them. But they, who as it seemed were more inclined for feeding than for anything else, received him with their heels and teeth, and in such sort that in a trice they had torn his girths, and he remained stripped of his saddle and naked. But what he must needs have felt most was, that the carriers, seeing the violence he was offering to their mares, ran up with their cudgels, and so belaboured him that they left him on the ground in evil plight. Upon this, Don Quixote and Sancho, who had seen the basting of Rozinante, ran up breathless ; and Don Quixote said—

“ From what I perceive, friend Sancho, these be no knights, but base fellows of a vile breed. This I say that thou mayest freely aid me to take due vengeance for the wrong which, before our eyes, they have done to Rozinante.”

“ What devil of a vengeance may we take,” answered

Sancho, "if these are more than twenty and we not more than two—nay, perhaps, only one and a half?"

"I count for a hundred," replied Don Quixote; and, without further parley, he drew his sword and rushed upon the Yanguesians; and the same did Sancho Panza, encouraged and moved by his master's example. And at the first stroke Don Quixote gave a blow to one which slit open the jacket of leather in which he was clothed, with a great part of his shoulder.

The Yanguesians, on seeing themselves so rudely handled, and by those two men only, themselves being so many, betook themselves to their staves, and, driving these two into their midst, began to shower blows upon them with great fury and vehemence. And true it is that at the second thwack they brought Sancho to the ground; and the like befel Don Quixote, despite his dexterity and courage. And, as his fate ordained, he fell at the feet of Rozinante, who had not yet been able to rise; whence we may learn how staves can batter when wielded by rustic and enraged hands. Then, seeing the mischief they had done, the Yanguesians loaded their team with as great haste as possible, and went on their way, leaving the two adventurers in bad case and worse humour.

Sancho Panza, who was the first to come to his senses, and was near his master's side, cried in a weak and doleful voice, "Sir Don Quixote, oh, Sir Don Quixote!"

"What wouldst thou, brother Sancho?" answered

Don Quixote, in the same weak and grievous tone as Sancho.

“ I would, if it were possible,” said Sancho Panza, “ that your worship would give me two draughts of that same drink of Firebras, if so be that your worship has it here at hand. Perhaps it will be as good for broken bones as for wounds.”

“ Ah ! if I had it here, unhappy me ! what should we lack ? ” returned Don Quixote. “ But I swear to thee, Sancho Panza, by the faith of a knight-errant, that before two days do pass, if fortune do not otherwise ordain, I will have it in my possession, or it shall go ill with my hands.”

“ But in how many days does your worship think we shall be able to stir our feet ? ”

“ For myself, I can say,” cried the battered knight, “ that I cannot fix a term to these days. But on me be the blame for all. I should not have drawn my sword against men who were not armed knights like myself ; and therefore I believe that, as a penalty for having transgressed the laws of chivalry, the God of Battles has suffered them to inflict this chastisement on me. Wherefore, brother Sancho, it behoves thee to take care of this that I am about to tell thee, for it mightily concerns the health of us both. It is that when thou seest such-like rabble do us any wrong, do not wait for me to put hand to the sword for them—for I shall in no wise do so—but lay thou thy hand to thy sword, and chastise them to thy liking ; and if any knights should come to their assistance and defence, I shall know how to defend thee, and offend them with

all my might; for thou hast already seen, by a thousand tokens and proofs, how far the valour of this my puissant arm can reach"—so proud had the poor gentleman grown with his vanquishing of the valiant Biscayan.

But this advice of his master did not seem so good to Sancho Panza as to restrain him from answering thus: "Sir, I am a peaceful man, meek and quiet, and know how to dissemble any injury soever, for I have a wife and children to keep and rear. So let me also a'vise your worship—for it is not for me to command—that in no manner will I put hand to sword, either against clown or knight; and that, from this time forward, I pardon 'fore God whatever injuries they may have done or shall do to me, whether they were, be, or shall be done by persons high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without excepting any estate or condition whatever."

Which being heard by his master, he said to him: "Would that I had breath enough to be able to speak with a little ease, and that the pain which I feel in this rib would somewhat assuage, that I might give thee to understand, Panza, the error wherein thou liest. Hark ye me, sinner! Should the wind of fortune, till now so contrary, turn in our favour, swelling the sails of our desires, so that safely and without any check we make port in one of those islands which I have promised thee, what would become of thee if, on winning it, I make thee governor thereof, thou shouldst come to frustrate all by not being a knight, nor wishing to be one—by having neither courage, nor

resolve to avenge thy wrongs nor defend thy dominion? For thou must know that, in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of their inhabitants are at no time so quiet, nor so much disposed to their new lord, as to allay the fear that they intend, in order to alter things anew, and, as they say, try their fortune again; and hence it is necessary that the new possessor should have understanding to know how to govern, and courage to attack or defend himself in every emergency."

"In this our present emergency," answered Sancho, "I would I had that understanding and that courage of which your worship speaks; but I swear to you, on the faith of a poor devil, that I am more fit for plasters than for preachments. See if your worship can rise, and we will help Rozinante, although he does not deserve it, for he was the principal cause of all this mauling. Never did I believe it of Rozinante, whom I took for as chaste and sober-minded a fellow as myself. In fact, it is well said that much time is needed to know folk, and that there is nothing sure in this life. Who would have said that, after those mighty slashings which your worship gave that unlucky knight-errant, there would come so quickly at the tail of them, this great storm of thwacks which has poured upon our shoulders?"

"Thine, indeed, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "which were made for such showers; but mine, nursed between linens and cambrics, it is clear, will feel much more severely the pain of this misadventure. And were it not that I imagine—why do I say

imagine? I know for certain—that all these inconveniences much pertain to the exercise of arms, I would let myself die here of pure vexation.”

To this answered the squire, “Sir, if these misadventures are the harvest of knight-errantry, tell me, your worship, do they come very often, or have they set times when they befall? For methinks that two such crops would leave us useless for a third, if God, of his infinite mercy, did not help us.”

“Know, friend Sancho,” responded Don Quixote, “that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand dangers and mischances; and just equally are knights-errant in near possibility to become kings and emperors, as has been shown by the experience of many and divers knights, of whose histories I have a perfect knowledge. And I could tell thee now, if my pain would permit, of some who by their valour of arms alone have mounted to those exalted dignities which I have mentioned; and these same found themselves, both before and since, in sundry calamities and misfortunes. For the valorous Amadis of Gaul fell into the power of his mortal enemy, Arcalaus the enchanter, of whom it is well attested that, holding the knight captive, he gave him—being tied to a pillar in a courtyard—more than two hundred stripes with his horse’s reins. There is also a second unknown author, of no little credit, who tells that the Knight of the Sun, being caught in a certain trap which fell from beneath his feet in a certain castle, found himself after his fall in a deep cavern underground, bound hand and foot; and then they gave him what they call a clyster of

snow-water and sand, which had well-nigh finished him; and if he had not been succoured in that dire distress by a sage, his great friend, it had gone very hard with the poor knight. Thus, I may well pass in such good company, for greater affronts were those which they suffered than which we now suffer. And I would have thee well informed, Sancho, that wounds which are given by instruments that are in one's hands by chance do not disgrace a man; and this is written in the law of single combat in express words; so that if a shoemaker strike another with the last which he holds in his hand, provided that it is really of wood, not for that shall it be reckoned that he was struck as being cudgelled. I say this that thou mayest not think, although we come out well provided from this affray, that we remain disgraced, for the arms which those men carried, and with which they hammered us, were no other than their pack-staves, and not one of them, as far as I remember, had rapier, sword, or dagger."

"They gave me no time," answered Sancho, "to look at them so closely; for scarcely had I laid hand on my *tizona*,¹ when they crossed my shoulders with their pines, in such sort that they knocked the sight from my eyes and the power from my feet, putting me where I now lie, where I am not concerned so much to think if those cudgellings be a disgrace or no, as pained at the blows, which will remain as deeply printed on my memory as on my back."

"In all that thou shalt understand, brother Panza," replied Don Quixote, "that there is no remembrance

which time may not end, nor pain which death does not consume."

"What misery can there be," returned Panza, "greater than that which looks for time to consume it, and death to end it? If this misfortune of ours were one of those which are cured by a couple of poultices, it would not be so bad; but from what I well see, not all the plasters of a hospital will be enough to set us to rights again."

"No more of this; but out of weakness gather strength, Sancho, as I shall do," answered Don Quixote. "And let us see how Rozinante fares; for, as it seems to me, not the least part of this misfortune has fallen upon the poor beast."

"There is nothing to wonder at in that," answered Sancho, "he also being a knight-errant. What is wonderful to me is that my ass should get off without a cross, while we have come out crossed all over."

"Fortune ever leaves one door open in disasters, to provide a remedy for them," said Don Quixote. "I say that because this little beast will be able now to supply the want of Rozinante, and carry me hence to some castle where I may be healed of my wounds. Nor shall I esteem such horsemanship dishonourable, for I remember to have read that the good old Silenus, tutor and guide of the merry god of laughter, when he entered the City of the Hundred Gates, rode much at his pleasure on a very handsome ass."

"It is like that he was mounted as your worship says," answered Sancho; "but there is a great difference between riding and being laid athwart like a sack of rubbish."

To which Don Quixote replied, "The wounds received in battle rather confer honour than take it away. So, friend Panza, make me no more replies; but, as I have told thee, rise as well as thou art able, and place me as likest thee best upon thy ass, and let us go hence before night comes and overtakes us in this wilderness."

"Yet have I heard your worship say," quoth Panza, "that it is very much the thing for knights-errant to sleep on downs and deserts the most of the year, and hold it for good luck."

"That is," replied Don Quixote, "when they cannot do better, or when they are in love; and true is it that there was once a knight who dwelt upon a rock, under sun and shade and the inclemency of heaven, for two years without his lady's knowledge. One of these was Amadis; while calling himself Beltenebros, he abode on the rock Dolorous. I do not know whether it was for eight years or eight months, for I am not very sure of the account; enough that he was there, doing penance for I know not what displeasure which the Lady Oriana had caused him. But leave we this now, Sancho, and despatch, before a like misfortune happen to the ass as to Rozinante."

"Even there the devil lurks," quoth Sancho; and heaving thirty ohs, threescore sighs, and one hundred and twenty damns and execrations on him who had brought him there, he raised himself up; but staying half-way, stood bent like a Turkish bow, without power to complete his straightening. But for all this suffering, he harnessed his ass, who also had

gone somewhat astray through that day's excessive liberty. He then raised up Rozinante, who, if he had tongue wherewith to complain, would verily not have been behind either Sancho or his master.

Sancho at length arranged Don Quixote upon the ass, and, tying Rozinante to the tail, took the ass by the halter, travelling on as best he could toward where the highway seemed to be. They had scarcely gone a short league, when fortune, who was guiding their affairs from good to better, discovered to him the road, on which he spied an inn, which in spite of him, and to Don Quixote's joy, must needs be a castle. Sancho protested that it was an inn, and his master that such it was not, but a castle; and the dispute lasted so long that they had time to arrive there without finishing it, Sancho entering in without further argument, with all his drove.

NOTE TO CHAPTER XV.

Note 1, page 182.

Scarcely had I laid hand on my tizona. Tizona was the name of one of the swords of the Cid, which he took from Bucar, the Moorish king; the other was the Colada, taken from Don Ramon, the Count of Barcelona. Both names have a jocose side; *tison* is a half-burnt brand, and *colada* is a bucking-trough. According to Clemencin, there is a document in the archives of Simancas, which refers to these two swords, and it is very likely, from certain marks upon it, that the one preserved in the Royal Armoury at Madrid is the Tizona. It is a magnificent weapon, but does not appear to have seen much service. From one of the ballads of the Cid, it appears that he parted with these two swords as wedding presents to his faithless sons-in-law, from whom he subsequently recovered them.

*Up rose the Cid, and made request to have his trusty brands
Tizona and Colada restored into his hands.*

* * * * *

*"Restore them both!" exclaimed the king; "scant courtesy is yours.
Ye did not gain them, like the Cid, in battle with the Moors."*

CHAPTER XVI.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE INGENIOUS KNIGHT AT
THE INN, WHICH HE IMAGINED TO BE A CASTLE.

THE innkeeper, seeing Don Quixote lying athwart on the ass, asked Sancho what ill he bore. Sancho answered him that it was nothing, only that he had fallen down from a rock, and came with his ribs somewhat bruised.

The innkeeper had for wife one not of the disposition of those who are wont to follow such a calling, for she was by nature charitable, and would feel for the calamities of her neighbours. She ran at once to attend on Don Quixote, and made her young daughter—a girl of very good looks—help her in relieving her guest. There served also in the inn an Asturian wench, broad-faced, stiff-necked,¹ and of snub nose, blind of one eye, and not very sound in the other. It is true that the elegance of her body made up for her other defects. She was not seven hand-breadths from head to foot, and her shoulders, which somewhat overloaded her, made her look to the ground more than she wished. This graceful lass went to help the damsel, and the two made up a very sorry bed for Don Quixote in a garret, which gave evident tokens of

having served for many years, in former times, as a straw-loft.

In this room a carrier was also lodged, who had his bed a little way off from that of our Don Quixote, which, though it was made of the pack-saddles and coverings of his mules, held much the advantage over that of Don Quixote, which only consisted of four ill-planed boards upon two unequal benches ; a mattress which for thickness might be a counterpane, full of knots which, had they not shown that they were of wool through certain rents, seemed to the touch like pebbles in hardness ; a pair of sheets made of target leather, and a coverlet, the threads of which, if one desired to count, he would not lose one from the reckoning.

On this accursed bed Don Quixote laid himself down, and presently the hostess and her daughter plastered him over from top to bottom, Maritornes—for such was the Asturian's name—holding the candle to them. And as she was poulticing him, the hostess, seeing that Don Quixote was black and blue in every part, said that such seemed to come from blows rather than a fall.

“ They were not blows,” cried Sancho, “ but the rock had many sharp points and knobs, and every one of them left its bruise ; ” and he added, “ Of your grace, good mistress, pray leave some of that tow behind, for there lacks not one who wants it, for my loins give me no little pain.”

“ By that token,” answered the hostess, “ you also must have fallen.”

"I did not fall," replied Sancho Panza, "but from the sudden fright which I took on seeing my master tumble, my body is in so great pain that I feel as if they had given me a thousand bastings."

"That might well be so," cried the damsel, "for it has many times happened to me to dream that I was falling from a high tower and yet never reached the ground, and, when I awoke from my dream, to find myself as bruised and battered as if I had verily fallen."

"There lies the trouble, mistress," replied Sancho Panza, "that I, without dreaming at all, but being more awake than I am now, found myself with only a few less bruises than my lord Don Quixote."

"What is this gentleman's name?" demanded Maritornes the Asturian.

"Don Quixote de la Mancha," answered Sancho Panza; "and he is a knight adventurer, and of the best and most valiant that have been seen in the world for these many long ages."

"What is a knight adventurer?" inquired the wench.

"Art thou so fresh in the world," answered Sancho Panza, "as not to know that? Know then, sister mine, that knight adventurer is a thing which, without the least trouble, is seen becudgelled and an emperor. To-day he is the most unfortunate creature and the most needy in the world, and to-morrow he will have a couple or so of crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire."

"How comes it, then," said the hostess, "that thou, being this to so good a lord, hast not, for all that seems to me, so much as even a county?"

“It is still early,” answered Sancho, “for it is but a month that we have gone looking for adventures, and as yet we have not come across a single one; for it happens sometimes that you look for one thing and find another. Of a truth, should my lord Don Quixote get healed of his wound—or fall—and I remain not crippled of mine, I would not truck my hopes for the best title in Spain.”

Don Quixote was listening very attentively to all this colloquy, and sitting up in bed as well as he could, he took the hand of the hostess, and said, “Believe me, beauteous lady, you may esteem yourself fortunate in having entertained in this your castle my person, which is such that if I praise it not, it is because they are wont to say that self-praise is vilification. But my squire will tell you who I am; only this I say to you, that I shall hold eternally inscribed on my memory the service which you have done to me, in order that I may be grateful to you as long as my life shall endure; and would it might please the high heavens that love held me not so enthralled, and so subject to its laws and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate, whose name I silently utter—that those of this lovely damsel were rulers of my destiny.”

The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes were confounded at hearing this speech of the knight-errant, which they understood as much as if he had spoken Greek, although they perceived well enough that it all ran in the way of compliments and tokens of love; and as being unused to such language, they gazed on him and wondered, taking him for another man

from those to whom they were accustomed ; and, thanking him for his compliments in tavern-like phrases, they left him—Maritornes the Asturian tending on Sancho, who had need of it as much as his master.

The carrier and she had arranged that they should meet together that night, and she had given him her word that when all the guests were at rest, and her master and mistress asleep, she would go seek him to do his will in all that he might command.² And it is told of this good lass that she never made the like promise, but she kept it, even though she made it in a word and without any witness ; for she piqued herself on her gentle blood, and deemed it no shame to be in that service at the inn, declaring that ill luck and mischances had brought her to that state.

The hard and narrow, beggarly, and treacherous bed of Don Quixote stood first in the middle of that starlit loft, and close to it Sancho had made his own, which contained but a rush mat and coverlet, which seemed to be rather of threadbare canvas than of wool. After these two beds came that of the carrier, made up, as we have said, of the pannels and all the trappings of two of the best mules he drove, although there were a dozen, sleek, fat, and goodly ; for he was one of the rich carriers of Arevalo, as the author of this story says, who makes special mention of him, for he knew him very well, and they would even say that he was some kinsman of his. Moreover, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a very careful historian, and ever exact in all things, as can well be seen, since

those which are related, although so trivial and mean, he would not pass over in silence. By which those grave historians may take example who recount to us actions so briefly and succinctly that we scarcely have a smack of them, drowning in the ink-horn, through neglect, or malice, or ignorance, the most substantial part of the work. Blessed a thousand times be the author of *Tablante de Ricamonte*,³ and he of the other book wherein are related the deeds of the Count Tomillos. With what minuteness do they describe everything!⁴

I say, then, the carrier, after having visited his team and given them their second feed, stretched himself on his pannels, and lay expecting his most punctual Martornes. Sancho was already plastered and in bed, and, though he tried to sleep, the pain of his ribs would not let him; and Don Quixote, with the smarting of his, had his eyes open like a hare. The whole inn was in silence, and there was no other light in it but that given by a lamp which hung burning in the middle of the gateway. This marvellous stillness, and the thoughts which continually possessed our knight concerning the events which at every step are related in the books—authors of his affliction—brought to his fancy one of the strangest follies that can well be imagined; and it was that he conceived himself to have arrived at a famous castle (for, as we have said, all the inns wherein he lodged were to his seeming castles), and that the daughter of the innkeeper was daughter to the lord of the castle, who, subdued by his comeliness, was enamoured of him, and had promised, without the

privity of her parents, she would come that night to lie with him a good space.

Holding all this craze, which he had framed, to be very fact, he began to be distressed, and to meditate on the perilous strait in which his honour found itself; but resolved in his heart not to commit disloyalty to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, even though Queen Guinevere herself, with her duenna Quintanona, presented themselves before him.

Absorbed in these follies, the time arrived and the hour (which was fatal to him) for the Asturian's coming, who, in her smock and bare feet, her hair trussed up in a flaxen net, with soft and wary steps entered the chamber where the three were lodged, in quest of the carrier. But she had hardly reached the door, when Don Quixote perceived her, and seating himself on the bed, in spite of his poultices and the pain of his ribs, stretched out his arms to receive his beauteous damsel, the Asturian, who, crouching and silent, went groping with her hands before her for her lover.

Thus she struck against Don Quixote's arms, who seized her forcibly by the wrist, and drawing her towards him (she not daring to speak a word), made her sit down on the bed. He then felt her smock, and, although it was of pack-cloth, it seemed to him to be of finest and most delicate lawn. She wore on her wrists some beads of glass, but to him they gave the glimmer of precious oriental pearls. Her hair, which somewise resembled a horse's mane, he took for threads of shiniest gold of Araby, whose splendour

obscures that of the sun itself. Her breath, which, without any doubt, reeked of last night's salad, seemed to him to shed from her lips a soft aromatic perfume. And, in fine, he painted her in his imagination after the very form and model which he had read in his books of the other princess who came, conquered by love, to visit her sorely wounded knight in all the charms here noted. And so great was the blindness of the poor gentleman, that neither the touch, nor the breath, nor other things which the good damsel had about her, could undeceive him, although these might serve to turn the stomach of any one save a carrier. Rather it appeared to him that he held in his arms the goddess of beauty; and, grasping her very tightly, with a low and amorous voice, he began to say to her—

“Would that I could find myself, beauteous and exalted lady, in a condition to be able to return so great a favour as this, which the vision of your exceeding loveliness hath conferred on me. But fortune, which is never weary of persecuting the good, hath pleased to lay me on this bed, whereon I lie so bruised and broken, that although it were my pleasure to grant your will, yet it is impossible. And more, that there is added to this impossibility another and greater, which is the plighted faith that I have sworn to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my most secret thoughts. For, did not this intervene, I would not be so dull a knight as to let slip this happy adventure, in which your great bounty hath placed me.”

Maritornes was in a mortal agony, and sweating at finding herself thus caught by Don Quixote, she, without understanding or giving heed to his address, strove to free herself without speaking a word.

The good carrier, whom his evil desires had kept awake, heard his doxy from the moment she entered the door, and was listening attentively to all that Don Quixote said. Jealous that the Asturian had failed in her word to him for another, he drew close to Don Quixote's bed, and stood quiet to see whither that speech might tend, which he was unable to understand. When he saw that the lass tried to release herself, and that Don Quixote strove to detain her, he, not relishing the jest, lifted his arm on high, and let go so terrible a stroke on the meagre jaws of the enamoured knight that he bathed all his mouth in blood; and not content with this, he mounted on his ribs, and trampled them under his feet at a trot from end to end. The bed, which was somewhat crazy and not over firm in its supports, unable to bear the addition of the carrier, came to the ground with him; at the great crash of which the innkeeper awoke, and at once suspected that this was one of the brabbles of Maritornes, for, having called to her, she did not respond. With this idea, he got up and, lighting a candle, proceeded to where he had heard the scuffle.

The wench, seeing her master coming, and knowing that he was of terrible temper, all fearful and scared, took refuge in the bed of Sancho Panza, who still slept, and, there ensconced, rolled herself into a bundle. The innkeeper came in, crying—

“Where art thou, trollop? I warrant me, these be some pranks of thine.”

At this Sancho awoke, and, feeling that big mass lying atop of him, fancied he had the nightmare, and began to lay about with his fists on either side. Among the rest, not a few of his blows reached Maritornes, who, smarting with the pain, cast all decorum aside, and gave an exchange to Sancho, with so many as bereft him, to his great discomfort, of sleep. Finding himself thus handled and not knowing by whom, he raised himself as best he could, and grappled with Maritornes, and there began between the two the fiercest and drollest battle in the world.

The carrier, seeing by the light of the landlord's candle what plight his mistress was in, quitted Don Quixote, and ran to give her the succour she needed. The same did the innkeeper, but with a different motive, for he flew to chastise the girl, believing, without doubt, that she alone was the cause of all that harmony.

And so, as they are wont to say, the cat to the rat, the rat to the string, and the string to the stick, the carrier pommelled Sancho, Sancho the wench, the wench him, the innkeeper the wench, and they rang the changes so quickly that they gave themselves not a moment's breathing. The best of it was that the landlord's candle went out, and, being left in the dark, they went at one another so pitilessly, helter-skelter, that they left no sound spot wherever their hands fell.

There was lodging, by chance, that night at the inn one of the officers of the ancient Holy Brother-

hood of Toledo, who, hearing at the moment the strange din of the battle, seized his staff and tin-box of titles, and entered the room in the dark, calling out, "Hold, in the name of justice! Hold, in the name of the Holy Brotherhood!" The first he came against was the bethumped Don Quixote, who lay on his shattered bed, stretched with his chin in the air and without any sign of life; and, catching hold of his beard, ceased not to cry, "Help, in the name of justice!" But finding that he whom he had hold of did neither breathe nor stir, he concluded that he was dead, and that those who were within there were his murderers. In this belief he raised his voice, crying, "Shut the inn door; see that none go out, for they have killed a man here."

This cry startled them all, and each left the strife as the voice reached him. The landlord slunk away to his chamber, the carrier to his packs, the wench to her hovel; the ill-starred Don Quixote and Sancho alone were unable to budge from where they lay.

The officer now let go Don Quixote's beard, and went out for a light, in order to search for and secure the delinquents; but he could find none, for the inn-keeper had designedly put out the lamp as he retreated to his room. He was, therefore, compelled to go to the fireplace, where, after much time and trouble, he lighted another candle.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVI.

Note 1, page 187.

An Asturian wench . . . stiff-necked. Not in a moral sense, but otherwise, having no occiput. Bowle supposes the name of Maritornes to come from the French Malitorne, *mechante femme, mulier improba*; but Clemencin points out that the name is purely Spanish, and is made from Maria, coupled with another name like Maricruz, Marimorena, etc.

Note 2, page 191.

She had given him her word, etc. Such promises and engagements of high-born ladies are of common occurrence in those romances of chivalry which Cervantes stigmatized as corrupt in design and worse in execution.

Note 3, page 192.

Tablante de Ricamonte. The chronicle of the notable knights Tablante and Jofré, a French work translated into Spanish by Philip Camús, 1526.

Note 4, page 192.

With what minuteness do they describe everything. For Cervantes to triumph in his invective against the books of chivalry, it was necessary to expose to his method of attack that one of their main features in which princesses and high-born ladies were debased into what may aptly be called an incarnation of sin, and the mind of the reader made to share in the infamous debasement. This story of Maritornes should be compared with that of Branducta in the *Amadis*,

cap. 25. In this of ours we have occasion for a gust of laughter, which blows away all indelicacy ; in the other, there is nothing but a superfluity of naughtiness, with nothing to redeem it in aim and end from a gross filthiness peculiar to the darkness of the times and the general corruption of manners.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEREIN ARE CONTINUED THE INNUMERABLE TROUBLES WHICH THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE AND HIS TRUSTY SQUIRE, SANCHE PANZA, SUFFERED AT THE INN, WHICH FOR THE KNIGHT'S MISFORTUNE HE TOOK FOR A CASTLE.

Now, by this time Don Quixote had come to himself out of his swoon, and in the like tone of voice with which he had cried to his squire the day before, when he lay stretched in the valley of pack-staves, he again called to him, saying, "Sancho, friend, art asleep? Art asleep, friend Sancho?"

"How should I be asleep?" answered Sancho, full of sadness and despite. "Beshrew me, if I don't think all the devils have been about me this night."

"Well mayest thou believe so," responded Don Quixote, "for either I am a fool, or this castle is enchanted. Thou must know—— But this that now I shall tell thee, thou must swear to keep secret until after my death."

"I do swear," quoth Sancho.

"I say it," returned Don Quixote, "because I am a foe to what may take away anybody's reputation."

"I tell you, yes, I do swear," again cried Sancho, "for I will be silent till the days of your worship are over; and God send I may be able to let it out to-morrow."

"Have I wrought thee so much harm, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that thou shouldst wish to see me dead in such brief space?"

"It is not for that," replied Sancho, "but I am a foe to keeping things long, and don't wish them to rot in my care."

"Let it be for what it may," quoth Don Quixote, "for I trust more in thy love and courtesy; and so thou must know that there has happened to me this night one of the strangest adventures on which I could plume myself. And, to relate it to thee in brief, know that, a little while since, there came unto me the daughter of the lord of this castle, who is the most gracious and lovely damsel to be found in the greater part of the earth? What shall I be able to tell thee of the elegance of her person? What of her sprightly wit? What of other mysterious things, which, that I may preserve the fealty I owe to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I will let pass untouched and in silence? Only this I will tell thee: that, Heaven being envious of the great bliss which fortune had just put into my hands, or perhaps—and this is more probable, as I have said, this castle being enchanted—at the hour when I was with her in most sweet and amorous converse, there came, I not being able to see or know from whence, a hand, joined to an arm, of some monstrous giant, which fetched me a buffet on the jaws in

such sort that I have them all bathed in blood, and afterwards pounded me so that I am now in worse case than yesterday, when the carriers, on account of Rozinante's excesses, did us the wrong thou knowest; whence I conjecture that the treasure of this damsel's beauty must be guarded by some wizard Moor, and may not be for me."

"Nor for me either," answered Sancho; "for more than four hundred Moors have basted me after a fashion that the pounding of the pack-staves was tarts and gingerbread to it. But tell me, sir, how call you this a good and rare adventure, having left us in such a plight as we are? Your worship, i' faith, was better off, for you had on your hands that wonderful beauty you spoke of. As for me, what had I but the biggest basting I expect to get in all my life? Wretched me, and the mother that bore me, that am no knight-errant, nor mean to be one! yet of all these cursed errantries the largest part falls to my share."

"Then thou hast also been beaten?" inquired Don Quixote.

"Have I not told you I was, curse on my kin?" quoth Sancho.

"Be not troubled, friend," said Don Quixote, "for I will now compound the precious balsam, which shall cure us in the twinkling of an eye."

The officer, having by this time lighted his lamp, came in to see him whom he believed to be dead; and as Sancho saw him enter, coming in his shirt and nightcap, holding the lamp in his hand, and with a very ill expression of face, he asked his master, "Sir, will

this perchance be the wizard Moor, who comes back to torment us, if there is anything left of us for him to finish ? ”

“ It cannot be the Moor,” answered Don Quixote, “ for necromancers never suffer themselves to be seen of any one.”

“ If they do not suffer themselves to be seen, they let themselves be felt,” said Sancho ; “ if not, let my shoulders speak.”

“ Mine also could speak,” responded Don Quixote ; “ but this is no sufficient evidence that he whom we see is the wizard Moor.”

The officer came up, and, finding them discoursing calmly, stood amazed. For, in truth, Don Quixote still lay mouth upward, without being able to stir through pure pounding and plastering. The officer came to him and said, “ Well, how goes it, my good fellow ? ”

“ I would speak more mannerly if I were you,” answered Don Quixote. “ Is it the custom in this country to speak in that sort to knights-errant, clodhopper ? ”

The officer, finding himself thus scurvily addressed by a man of such ill aspect, lost patience, raised his lamp, and dashed it, oil and all, on Don Quixote, so as to leave him with a pate sore broken ; and, all being in darkness, then departed.

Quoth Sancho, “ Without doubt, sir, this is the wizard Moor ; and he must be keeping the treasure for others, and for us only cuffs and candlesticks.”

“ It is even so,” answered Don Quixote, “ and we must make no account of these things of enchantment,

nor must we fall out and be angry with them; for, since they are invisible and fantastical, we shall not find him on whom to take vengeance, however we may try. Rise, Sancho, if thou canst, and call the constable of this fortress, and endeavour to procure me a little oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to prepare the salutiferous balsam; which, in truth, I believe that now I have much need of, for there comes much blood of the wound which this phantom hath given me."

Sancho arose, with much aching of the bones, and crept in the dark to where the innkeeper was; and encountering the officer, who stood listening for how it might fare with his enemy, said to him, "Your lordship, whoever you may be, do us the kindness and favour to give us a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine, which is wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant in the world, who lies in yonder bed, sorely wounded at the hands of the wizard Moor of this inn."

When the officer heard that, he took him for some man out of his wits; and, as the day had now begun to dawn, he opened the inn door, and calling to the host, told him what the poor fellow wanted. The innkeeper supplied him what he asked for; and Sancho carried it to Don Quixote, who lay groaning, with his hands to his head, for the pain from the blow of the lamp; which, however, had done him no more harm than to raise a couple of great bumps—that which he took for blood being no other than the moisture which he had sweated through the anguish of the late tempest. In fine, he took his simples, of which he made a compost, mixing them together and

cooking them awhile, until he thought they were done. He then asked for a bottle, into which to pour the stuff; but, as they had not one in the inn, he concluded to put it into a cruse or tin vessel for oil, of which the innkeeper made him a gracious present. After this he said over the cruse more than fourscore *Pater-nosters*, and as many *Ave Marias*, *Salves*, and *Credos*, accompanying each word with the sign of the cross by way of benediction on all who were present, Sancho, the innkeeper, and the officer; the carrier having quietly gone off to attend to his mules. This done, Don Quixote sought at once himself to make trial of the virtue of that precious balsam, as he imagined it to be, and so drank off about a quart of what remained in the pot in which it was made, and which could not be contained in the cruse.

Hardly had he swallowed it, than he began to vomit so violently, that nothing was left in his stomach, and through the straining and agony of the vomiting, there broke out on him a very copious sweat, upon which he bade them cover him up and leave him alone. This they did, and he slept more than three hours; at the end of which he awoke, and found himself so greatly relieved in body, and so much better of his bruises, that he took himself to be cured, verily believing that he had hit upon the balsam of Fierabras, and with that medicine could encounter from henceforth, without any fear whatever, havoc, battles, and frays, how perilous soever they might be. Sancho Panza, who likewise took his master's recovery for a miracle, begged that he might have what re-

mained in the pot, which was no small quantity. Don Quixote giving him leave, he took the pot in both hands, and with good faith, and better will, tossed it down, swallowing very little less than his master had done. But it chanced that poor Sancho's stomach was less delicate than that of his master, and so before he vomited he suffered such qualms and pangs, such cold sweats and swoons, that he believed, verily and truly, his last hour was come; and, finding himself thus afflicted and tormented, he cursed the balsam and the thief who had given it to him.

Don Quixote, perceiving him in this plight, said, "I imagine, Sancho, that all this ill comes to thee through not being a belted knight, for I am persuaded that this liquor may not profit him who is not one."

"If your worship knew that," replied Sancho, "bad luck to me and all my kin, why did you let me taste it?"

Here the brewage began to operate, and the poor squire began to discharge through both channels with such vehemence, that neither the rush mat on which he had again thrown himself, nor the canvas rug with which he was covered, were of any more use. He sweated and strained with such spasms and shiverings, that not only he, but all the rest, thought that his life was ended. This storm and trouble lasted nearly two hours, at the end of which he found himself not better, like his master, but so shattered and broken that he was unable to hold up his head.

But Don Quixote, who, as we have said, felt himself relieved and sound, wished to depart at once in quest of

adventures—it appearing to him that all the while of his tarrying there he deprived the world, and all who were in distress, of his favour and help, and the more because of the trust and confidence he placed in his balsam. Moved by this impulse, he saddled Rozinante with his own hands, and put the pannel on his squire's beast, whom he also helped to dress and to mount on the ass. He then got on horseback, and, coming up to the porch of the inn, seized hold of a pike which stood there to serve him for a lance. All who were in the inn, who were more than twenty persons, stood staring at him. The innkeeper's daughter also gazed upon him, and he likewise did not take his eyes off her; and ever and anon he heaved a sigh which he appeared to pluck from out of the depth of his bowels, they all thinking that it came from the pain which he felt in his ribs—at least, those who had seen him under plasters the night before. When they were both mounted, Don Quixote, standing by the gate of the inn, called to the host, and, in a very grave and stately voice, said to him—

“Many and very great, sir constable, are the favours which in this your castle I have received, and I remain under the highest obligation to be grateful to you all the days of my life. If I am able to repay you in avenging you on some proud miscreant who has done you any wrong, know that my office is no other than to protect the helpless, to avenge those that are oppressed, and to punish treasons. Have recourse to your memory, and if you find anything of this sort to commend to me, you have but to say it, and I promise

you, by the order of knighthood which I have received, to procure you satisfaction and reparation to your full content."

The innkeeper answered him with the like gravity : " Sir knight, I have no need that your worship should avenge me any wrong, for I know how to take the revenge I should have when they do me any ; all I require is that your worship should pay me the score you have run up this night in my inn, both for the straw and the barley of your two beasts, and your supper and beds."

" Then, this is an inn ? " exclaimed Don Quixote.

" Ay, and a very respectable one," replied the host.

" All this time I have been deceived," said Don Quixote ; " for, in truth, I thought it was a castle, and no mean one.¹ But since it is so that it is no castle, but an inn, all that can be done is that you should absolve me as to the payment ; for I cannot contravene the rule of knights-errant, of whom I know assuredly (without having read anything hitherto to the contrary) that they never paid for lodging or aught else in the inns where they stayed. For every accommodation, however good, that could be furnished was their due by right and charter, in requital of the intolerable toil they endured while seeking adventures, by night and by day, in winter and in summer, on foot and in the saddle, in hunger and thirst, in heat and cold, exposed to all the inclemencies of heaven and all the inconveniences of earth."

" All that is no business of mine," answered the

innkeeper. "Pay me what you owe me, and have done with your tales and your knight-errantries, for all my affair is to get my money."

"You are a fool, and a vile hosteler," returned Don Quixote; and, setting his heels to Rozinante and brandishing his lance, he sallied forth of the inn, without any one stopping him; and, not waiting to see if his squire followed, rode off a good space.

The innkeeper, seeing him go and without paying, ran to get his due from Sancho Panza, who cried that, since his master would not pay, neither would he pay; for, being the squire of a knight-errant, as he was, the same reason and rule held for him as for his master, in respect of not paying for anything at inns and taverns.

The host grew very wroth at this, and threatened that, if he did not pay, he would get it from him in spite of his teeth.

To which Sancho replied that, by the order of chivalry which his master had received, he would not pay a single doit, though it cost him his life; for there should not be infringed through him the good and ancient usage of knights-errant, nor should the squires of those who had to come into the world complain of him, or reproach him for the breaking of so just a law.

The evil star of the unhappy Sancho so ruled that among the people who were stopping at the inn, there were found four wool-combers of Segovia, three needlers from the square of Cordova, and two dealers from the fair of Seville, all merry folk, well-disposed, roguish, and frolicsome, who, almost as if instigated

and moved by one and the same impulse, went up to Sancho; and, pulling him off his ass, one of them ran for the host's coverlet, and threw him into it. Then, looking up and seeing that the ceiling was somewhat lower than they needed for their business, they determined to go out into the yard, which was only bounded by the sky; and there, placing Sancho in the middle of the quilt, they began to toss him aloft, and disport themselves with him as with a dog at Shrove-tide.²

The cries which the hapless quilted one gave forth were so loud that they reached the ears of his master, who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was nigh, until he plainly discovered that he who cried was his squire. Turning rein in a painful gallop, he reached the inn-gate, and, finding it closed, rode round to see where he could enter. Scarce had he arrived at the walls of the inn-yard, which were not very high, when he beheld the foul sport they were making with his squire. He saw him go up and down in the air with such grace and agility that, if his anger had let him, I am persuaded he would have laughed outright. He essayed to climb from his horse on to the fence, but so stiff and bruised was he that he was even unable to dismount. Therefore, from his horse, he began to vent so many reproaches and invectives against those who were tossing Sancho, that it is impossible to write them down; but none the more did they cease from their laughter and labour, nor the flying Sancho from his complaints, mingled now with threats, now with prayers. But all availed him little, till, from sheer

weariness, they left him. They then brought him his ass, and, setting him upon it, wrapped him in his overcoat; and the compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so spent, thought it good to relieve him with a jar of water, which, that it might be the cooler, she fetched from the well. Sancho took it, and, raising it to his lips, was arrested by the voice of his master, who called to him, saying—

“Son Sancho, drink not water; drink it not, my son, for it will kill thee. Behold, I have here that most blessed balsam” (showing him the cruse of the liquid), “two drops of which if thou drinkest, thou shalt, beyond all doubt, be cured.”

At these words Sancho, turning his eyes askant, cried still louder, “Has your worship perchance forgotten that I am no knight, or would you have me finish spewing up the bowels which are left to me from last night? In the name of all the devils, keep your liquor to yourself, and let me be.”

As he ended speaking, he began to drink; but at the first draught, finding that it was water, cared not to go farther, and besought Maritornes to bring him some wine, which she did with a very good will, and paid for it out of her own money; for, indeed, it is said of her that, although of that trade, she had some shadows and outlines of a Christian.

As soon as Sancho had drunk, he stuck his heels to his ass, and the gate of the inn being thrown wide open, he sallied out thence very contented that he had paid for nothing, and had gained his point, although it had been at the cost of his usual securities—namely,

his shoulders. It is true that the innkeeper retained the wallets in payment of his due, but these Sancho did not miss in the confusion of his departure.

The innkeeper would have fast barred the gate as soon as he saw them outside ; but the quilt-tossers would by no means consent, for they were folk of that sort that, even if Don Quixote had been verily of the knights-errant of the Round Table, they would not have cared for him two farthings.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVII.

Note 1, page 208.

I thought it was a castle, and no mean one. In great compassion, it is pointed out by the Spanish commentators of to-day that Don Quixote still held to this belief, in spite of the accursed bed, the terrible blow on his jaws, the pounding of his ribs, the enchanted Moor, and, lastly, the lamp which he so cruelly threw at the knight's head. It will cause no surprise if, in the lapse of time, and the progress of letters in Argamasilla, Cervantes comes to be regarded as an historian who went mad in the course of writing the biography of an illustrious Spaniard.

Note 2, page 210.

As with a dog at Shrove-tide. "The room was high roofed and fitted for their purpose, where, when they had me out amongst them, they began to blanket me, and to toss me up in the air as they use to do dogges at Shrove-tide."—*Guzman d'Alfarache*, p. 183, translated by Mabbe—an old book well worthy to be read by all who care to know Spain of the sixteenth century.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEREIN ARE RELATED THE DISCOURSES WHICH SANCHE PANZA HELD WITH HIS MASTER, DON QUIXOTE, WITH OTHER ADVENTURES WORTHY OF RECITAL.

SANCHE came up to his master so jaded and faint, that he could hardly manage his ass. When Don Quixote saw him thus, he said to him, "Now am I convinced, good Sancho, that yon castle or inn is, without doubt, enchanted, for those who so atrociously took their pastime with thee, what could they be but phantoms and people of the other world? And I affirm this, through having found that when I was by the fences of the inn-yard, witnessing the acts of thy sad tragedy, it was not possible for me to leap them, nor even to alight from Rozinante, since they held me enchanted. For I swear to thee, by the faith of what I am, that if I had been able to leap or dismount, I would have had thee avenged in a wise that those thieves should have remembered their jest for ever, albeit in doing so I should have contravened the laws of chivalry, which, as I have told thee many times, do not allow a knight to draw upon him who is not one, except in defence of his own life and person, in case of urgent and great necessity."

“ I’ faith, I would have avenged myself if I could, knight or no knight, but I could not,” said Sancho ; “ although, for my part, I hold that those who played the fool with me were no phantoms nor enchanted folk, as your worship says, but men of flesh and bones, like ourselves, and all had their names, for I heard them called out as they tossed me up. One they called Pedro Martinez, and the other Tenorio Hernandez ; and the innkeeper I heard called Juan Palomeque the Left-handed. So, master, your not being able to leap the fences of the inn-yard, nor to get off your horse, was owing to something else than enchantments ; and what I make of all this is, that these adventures which we go about seeking after, will bring us, in the long run, to such misadventures, that one will not be able to know which is his right foot. And what would be better and more to the purpose, according to my simple understanding, would be to go back to our village now that it is harvest-time, and look after our own goods, in the place of going about from Ceca to Mecca,¹ ‘ out of the frying-pan into the fire,’ as they say.”

“ How little thou knowest, Sancho,” responded Don Quixote, “ of the secret of chivalry ! Silence, and have patience, for the day will come when thou shalt see with thine own eyes how honourable a thing it is to follow this exercise. Besides, tell me, what greater joy there can be in the world, or what delight can equal that of gaining a battle and of triumphing over an enemy ? None, without any doubt.”

“ So it may be,” answered Sancho, “ for all I know.

I am only certain of this : that since we were knights-errant, or your worship is one (for I have no manner of title to be reckoned of so honourable a number), never have we gained any battle, save that over the Biscayan, and even out of that your worship came with half an ear and half a helmet less. Since then, till now, it has been cudgels and more cudgels, fisticuffs and more fisticuffs, I getting the bed-quilt tossing into the bargain ; and this, forsooth, from enchanted folk on whom I cannot take vengeance, in order to discover wherein is that delight of which your worship speaks, of conquering your enemy."

"That is the pain I feel, and which thou shouldst feel, Sancho," answered Don Quixote ; "but I henceforward will endeavour to have at hand a sword forged with such mystery, that on him who bears it with him they may not be able to work any manner of enchantments, and it may be that even fortune will provide me with that of Amadis, when he was named the Knight of the Flaming Sword, which was one of the best blades that knight ever had in the world ; for, besides that it had the aforesaid virtue, it cut like a razor, and never was armour, let it be never so strong or enchanted, could stand before it."

"It is just like my luck," quoth Sancho, "that when this happens, and your worship comes to find that sword, it will only serve and profit your full knights, like the balsam ; and as for the squires, they may go sup sorrow."

"Fear not that, Sancho," said Don Quixote ; "Heaven will deal better with thee."

Thus discoursing, Don Quixote and his squire jogged on, when the knight descried a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them on the road; seeing which, he turned to Sancho, and said to him, "This is the day, O Sancho, wherein shall be manifested the good which my star has reserved for me. This is the day, I say, on which the valour of mine arm shall be displayed as much as on any other, and on it I have to do deeds that shall remain inscribed in the book of fame for all the ages to come. Seest thou that cloud of dust which rises yonder, Sancho? Well, it is the mustering of an immense army² of divers and innumerable nations which comes marching there."

"By that token there should be two," said Sancho, "for on this side also there is just such another cloud of dust."

Don Quixote turned to look, and, seeing that this was true, rejoiced beyond measure, imagining of a surety that these were two armies, which came to attack one another and encounter in the midst of that spacious plain; for every hour and moment his fancy was full of those battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagancies, amours, challenges, which are related in the books of chivalry, and all that he spoke, thought, or did tended to such-like things. As for the cloud which he saw, it was raised by two large flocks of sheep, which were coming along that same road from two different quarters, and which, by reason of the dust, could not be discerned until they were close at hand. With so much vehemence did Don Quixote affirm

them to be armies, that Sancho came to believe, and asked—

“ Sir, what then are we to do ? ”

“ What should we do,” replied Don Quixote, “ but favour and aid the weak and distressed ? And thou must know, Sancho, that this which comes on our front is commanded and led by the mighty emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Trapobana. This other, which is marching behind us, is the army of his foe, the King of the Garamantas, Pentapolin of the uplifted arm, because he always enters battle with his right arm bare.”

“ Well, why do these two princes bear each other so much ill will ? ” asked Sancho.

“ They bear ill will,” replied Don Quixote, “ because this Alifanfaron is a furious paynim, and is enamoured of the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a very beauteous and eke well-graced lady, and a Christian ; and her father refuses to bestow her on the paynim king, unless he first renounce the faith of his false prophet Mahomet, and become converted to his own.”

“ By my beard,” quoth Sancho, “ if Pentapolin does not do well, and I will help him as well as I can.”

“ In that thou wilt do thy duty, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ for to engage in such battles it is not necessary to be a knight.”

“ That I can well understand,” answered Sancho. “ But where will we put this ass, that we may be certain to find him after the fray is over, for I suppose it is not the custom hitherto to go into action so mounted.”

“That is true,” said Don Quixote. “What thou must now do is to leave him to his adventures, whether he be lost or not, for there will be so many horses to our hands, after we come out victors, that even Rozinante runs a danger of being changed for another. But give me thy attention. I would describe unto thee the principal knights who are coming in these armies, and that thou mayest see and note them the better, let us retire to that hillock which is yonder, whence both the armies may be discerned.”

They did so, and placed themselves upon an eminence from which they could very well see the two flocks which Don Quixote had turned into armies, if the clouds of dust which rose had not obscured and blinded their vision. But nevertheless, seeing in his imagination that which was neither visible nor existing, he began with uplifted voice to exclaim, “That knight whom thou seest yonder in the yellow armour, who bears upon his shield a lion crowned, couching at the feet of a damsel, is the valorous Laurcalco, Lord of the Silver Bridge; the other in the armour with flowers and gold, who bears on his shield three crowns, argent, in an azure field, is the dreaded Micocolembó, Grand Duke of Quirócia. He with the giant limbs, who stands at his right hand, is the ever-fearless Brandabararán of Boliche, Lord of the three Arabys, who comes clothed in that serpent skin, and has for a scutcheon a gate, which fame reports to be one of the temple which Samson demolished, when with his death he avenged himself of his enemies. But turn thine eyes to that other side, and thou shalt behold, before and in the

front of that army, the ever-conquering and never-conquered Timonel de Carcajona, Prince of New Biscay, who comes armed in an armour quartered azure, vert, white, and yellow, and has on his shield a cat *d'or*, in a field tawny, with a motto which says 'MEW,' which is the beginning of his lady's name, who, according to report, is the peerless Minlina, daughter of the Duke de Alfeñiquen of Algarve. The other, who burdens and bears down the loins of that powerful charger, who carries arms as white as snow, and a white shield, is a virgin knight of the French nation, whose name is Pierre Papin, lord of the baronies of Utrique. The third, who scourges with his iron heels, the flanks of that nimble and painted zebra, and carries for arms the cups azure, is the potent Duke of Nerbia, Espartafilardo of the Wood, that bears for device on his shield a field sown with asparagus, with the motto in Castilian, which runs thus: 'My fortune trails the dust.'"

In this manner he went on naming many knights of the one and the other squadron, even as he imagined them, and, carried away by the inspiration of his strange madness, he gave all, off-hand, arms, colours, devices, and mottoes. And thus he proceeded, without pause—

"This squadron in front is formed and composed of peoples of divers nations. Here are they, who drink the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus; the mountaineers who tread the Massilian fields; those who sift the finest gold-dust of Arabia Felix; those who rejoice in the famous and delightful banks of clear Thermodon; those who bleed by many and divers

ways the golden Pactolus ; the Numidians, unsteadfast in their promises ; the Persians, renowned in bows and arrows ; the Parthians, that fight flying ; the Arabs, with their movable homes ; the Scythians, as cruel as white of skin ; the Ethiopians, with pierced lips ; and infinite other nations, whose visages I know and behold, although their names I do not recollect. In that other squadron march who drink of the crystal streams of olive-bearing Bétis ; those who brighten and beautify their faces with the waters of the rich and ever-golden Tagus ; those who enjoy the gainful floods of the divine Genil ; those who tread the Tartesian fields of abounding pasture ; those who delight in the Elysian fields of Xerez ; Manchegans rich and crowned with ruddy ears of corn ; those clad in iron, ancient relics of the Gothic blood ; those that bathe in Pisuerga, famous for the smoothness of its current ; those which feed their flocks on the spacious pastures of the winding Guadiana, famous for its hidden course ; those who shiver through the cold of the woody Pyrenees or the snow-flakes from lofty Apennine ;—in fine, as many as all Europe contains and comprehends.”

God save us ! how many provinces did he mention, how many nations name, giving to each, with marvellous readiness, the attributes which pertained to it, being all stuffed and saturated with what he had read in his lying books !

Sancho hung upon his words without speaking, and from time to time turned his head to see if he could make out the knights and giants whom his master named, and as he could not discover any, he cried,

"Sir, the devil take me if, for all this, a man, or giant, or knight appears of those which your worship mentions; at least, I do not see them. Perhaps it has all to be enchantment, like the phantoms of last night."

"How sayest thou that?" answered Don Quixote. "Dost not hear the neighing of the horses, the sound of the clarions, the beating of drums?"

"I hear nothing else," responded Sancho, "but much bleating of ewes and wethers."

And this was the truth, for the two flocks now came up near them.

"The fear that possesses thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "makes thee nor see nor hear aright, for one of the effects of fright is to disturb the senses, and make things not seem such as they are. If it be that thou art so much afraid, stand aloof to one side, and leave me to myself, for I singly am sufficient to give the victory to the party to which I may render my aid." Saying this, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and setting his lance in rest, rushed amain down the hillock like a thunderbolt.

Sancho called after him, saying, "Come back, your worship, Sir Don Quixote. I swear to God that they are wethers and ewes which you are going to assault; come back! Unhappy the father that begot me! what madness is this? Look! there is no giant, nor any knights, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields, quartered or whole, nor cups, azure nor bedevilled. What is't thou doest, sinner that I am before God?"

For all that, Don Quixote did not turn back, but rode on, crying in a loud voice, "So ho, knights! you

that serve and fight under the banners of the valorous Emperor Pentapolin of the uplifted arm, follow me all ! We shall see how with what ease I will do him vengeance on his enemy, Alifanfaron of Trapobana ;” and, saying this, he rode amidst the sheep squadron, and began to spear them with as much courage and daring as if in good earnest he were spearing his mortal enemies.

The shepherds and drovers who came with the flock called out to him not to do that ; but seeing that their cries availed not, they unloosed their slings, and began to salute his ears with stones as big as one’s fists. Don Quixote cared not for the stones, but ran about every part of the field, crying—

“Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron ? Come to me, who am a single knight, and seek, man to man, to try thy prowess and take thy life for the wrong thou hast done to the valorous Pentapolin the Garamantian.”

Here there came a pebble of the brook, which, hitting him on the side, buried two of his ribs in his body. Beholding himself so ill treated, he believed for certain that he was dead, or badly wounded ; and, remembering him of his balsam, he drew out his cruse, put it to his mouth, and began pouring the liquor into his stomach. But before he had swallowed what he thought a sufficient dose, there came another almond, and struck him so full on the hand and on the cruse, that it shattered it to pieces, carrying away on the road three or four teeth out of his mouth, and sorely bruising two fingers of his hand. Such was the

first blow, and such the second, that the poor knight was tumbled off his horse to the ground.

The shepherds ran up to him, and, believing that they had killed him, with much haste collected their flock, took up the dead sheep, which were more than seven, and made off without further ado.

Sancho all this time was standing on the hill, beholding the follies which his master was committing, tearing his beard, and cursing the hour and the moment wherein fortune had made them acquainted. Then, seeing him stretched on the ground, and the shepherds gone away, he came down the hill, and went up to him, and finding him in very evil case, although not bereft of his senses, said to him, "Did I not tell you, Sir Don Quixote, to come back, for that those you went to engage were not armies, but flocks of sheep?"

"How that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, can counterfeit and make things vanish! Know, Sancho, that it is very easy for such to make seem what they please, and the miscreant who persecutes me, envious of the glory that I was to reap from this battle, hath changed the squadrons of the foe into flocks of sheep. If thou dost not believe, Sancho, do one thing for my sake, that thou mayest undeceive thyself, and perceive that which I affirm to be true; mount thine ass, follow them fair and softly, and thou shalt see how, when they have removed themselves from here, they will return to their original form, and, ceasing to be sheep, become men, right and straight, as I depicted them to thee at the first. But go not now; I need thy help and

service. Draw near to me, and look how many teeth I lack, for it seems to me that they have left me none in the mouth."

Sancho came so near that he almost thrust his eyes down his master's throat, and it was just when the balsam had worked in Don Quixote's stomach ; so that at the moment Sancho came to look into his mouth, he discharged from him, more violently than a musket, what he had within, and sent it all upon the beard of the pitiful squire.

"Holy Mary," cried Sancho, "and what is this that has befallen me ? for sure this sinner is wounded to death, since he vomits blood from his mouth."

But looking closer into it, he discovered by the colour, flavour, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam from the cruse, of which he had seen him drink ; and so great was the loathing he took, that his stomach turning, he vomited his bowels over his own master, and they remained a pair of precious pearls. Sancho ran to his ass to get somewhat out of his wallets with which to clean himself, and relieve his master ; but when he found them not, he was on the point of losing his wits. He cursed himself anew, and it came into his heart to leave his master and return to his country, although he should lose the wages of his service, and the hopes of the governorship of the promised island.

By this Don Quixote arose, and putting his left hand to his mouth, that the rest of his teeth might not fall out, he seized with the other the reins of Rozinante, who had never stirred from his master's side (of such a loyal and good disposition was he), and

went where stood his squire, who was leaning against his ass, his hand to his cheek, in the posture of a man thoughtful overmuch ; and Don Quixote, seeing him in that guise, with marks of so much melancholy, said to him—

“ Know, Sancho, that a man is more than another only as he does more. All these storms which befall us are signs that the weather will soon become serene, and things turn out well with us ; for it is not possible that either the good or the evil shall endure, and hence it follows that the evil having lasted long, the good must be now close at hand ; so that thou shouldst not vex thyself on account of the misfortunes that happen to me, seeing none fall to thy lot.”

“ How not to mine ? ” exclaimed Sancho. “ Was it by chance, then, that some one, other than the son of my father, was tossed in a bed-quilt yesterday,³ and the wallets, which to-day I lack, with all my treasures, are some other’s than mine own ? ’

“ What, are the wallets missing, Sancho ? ” said Don Quixote.

“ Yes, they are missing,” answered Sancho.

“ In that case, we have nothing to eat to-day,” remarked Don Quixote.

“ That would be,” returned Sancho, “ when these herbs should fail along these fields of which your worship says you know, with which unlucky knights-errant, as you are, are used to supply their wants.”

“ Nevertheless,” responded Don Quixote, “ I would liefer have just now a slice of bread, or a brown loaf, and two heads of smoked pilchards, than all the

herbs that Dioscorides describes, although illustrated by Doctor Laguna.⁴ But, mount thine ass withal, Sancho the Good, and come after me ; for God, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, and the more, going in his service, as we go, since he fails not the gnats of the air, nor the little worms of the earth, nor the spawnlings of the water, and so merciful is he that he makes his sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sends his rain upon the just and the unjust."

"Your worship were better for a preacher than a knight-errant," quoth Sancho.

"Knights-errant ever know, and ought to know, about all things, Sancho," said Don Quixote ; "and there have been knights-errant in past days who could as well halt and deliver a sermon or discourse in the midst of a camp royal,⁵ as if he had been a graduate of the University of Paris, whence it may be inferred that never hath the lance blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance."⁶

"Very well ; let it be as your worship says," answered Sancho. "But let us now get out of this, and try where we may get a lodging for the night. And please God that it may be somewhere where there are no bed-quilts and no quilt-tossers, nor phantoms, nor wizard Moors ; for, if there be such, may the devil be your squire, for I will be so no more."

"Ask thou that of God, my son," said Don Quixote, "and guide me whither thou wilt, for this time I would leave our lodging to thy choice. But reach me hither thy hand, and feel with thy finger, and look how many teeth are lacking on this

right side of my upper jaw, for there I feel the pain."

Sancho put in his fingers, and, feeling about, he asked, "How many molars used your worship to have on this side?"

"Four," answered Don Quixote, "besides the eye-tooth, all whole and very sound."

"Mind well what your worship says," answered Sancho.

"I say four, if not five," returned Don Quixote; "for in all my life I have never had a tooth drawn from my mouth, nor has any fallen, nor decayed by rot or rheum."

"Well, then, in this lower part," said Sancho, "your worship has no more than two molars and a half, and in the upper neither half nor any; all is as smooth as the palm of my hand."

"Unfortunate me!" exclaimed Don Quixote, hearing the sad news which his squire gave him; "for I had rather that they had robbed me of an arm, provided it was not that of the sword. For I would have thee know that a mouth without grinders is a mill without stones, and much more is a tooth to be prized than a diamond. But to all this are we subject who profess the strict order of knighthood. Mount, friend, and lead on; I will follow thee at what pace thou wilt."

Sancho did so, and journeyed towards whence it appeared to him he might find entertainment, without quitting the high-road, which about there was much frequented. As they went their way then, slowly, for

the pain of Don Quixote's jaws gave him no rest nor inclination to hurry, Sancho wished to amuse and divert him by speaking of something; and among other things which he said was that which shall be repeated in the following chapter.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVIII.

Note 1, page 215.

Going about from Ceca to Mecca (Andar de Zeca en Meca). *Ceca* is an Arabic word for a mint, or house of money changing. Of these houses the Moors had several in various parts of Spain, and notably in Cordova. The same name was given to the great and glorious mosque of that city ; and why, no one knows. To go from Ceca to Mecca alludes to the numerous pilgrimages of the Moors to their sacred places ; and from *zoca en colodra*, or "out of the frying-pan into the fire," was simply the result of the Spaniards' fondness for the jingle of words. *Zoca* is a wooden trough, and *colodra* another, both being used by the shepherds for different purposes. The same proverb occurs in *La Celestina* in another form : "From Ceca and to Mecca, and the olive-yards of Santander."

Note 2, page 217.

The mustering of an immense army. The original is *Cuajada de un copiosisimo ejercito*, which the Spanish critics take for a printer's error. *Cuajada*, they observe, should be *causada*, taking no notice of *copiosisimo*. It is one of those phrases peculiar to the daring fancy of Cervantes. *Cuajada* was a dish made up of meat and vegetables, herbs and fruits, eggs and sugar, a mess as wonderful as the knight's fancy. I have therefore retained the original word as far as I could, depending on this explanation to add to its force.

Note 3, page 226.

Tossed in a bed-quilt yesterday. Hartzenbusch, the last of the great microscopic critics, points out that the bed-quilt tossing and the loss of the wallets took place on the same morning, and for "yesterday" one must read *yonder*, and for

“to-day” *here*, the writing of Cervantes being peculiar, and printers, he says, make great blunders. The reader does not need to be told that great events, such as those related in books of chivalry, disturb, in certain minds, all recollections of the flight of time, and make to-day appear as yesterday.

Note 4, page 227.

Illustrated by Doctor Laguna. A native of Segovia, and physician to Charles V.; who translated the work from the Greek. It was printed in Salamanca, 1570, and dedicated to Philip, “King of England, and heir apparent of Spain.”

Note 5, page 227.

In the midst of a camp royal. The London edition of 1738 alters the text to *camino real*, “the highway.” Clemencin approves, with the demand, “What is *un campo real*?” and the answer is that it is a royal camp.

Note 6, page 227.

Never hath the lance blunted the pen, etc. (Nunca la lanza emboto la pluma, ni la pluma la lanza.) Of which there are many examples: Julius Cæsar, King James the conqueror of Spain, Garcilaso de la Vega, and Fernandez the eldest brother of Pizarro, Cortes, and notably Ercilla, author of the *Araucana*, and Cervantes himself.

CHAPTER XIX.

OF THE PLEASANT DISCOURSES THAT SANCHE HELD WITH HIS MASTER, AND OF THE ADVENTURES WHICH HAPPENED WITH A DEAD CORPSE, WITH OTHER NOTABLE INCIDENTS.

“METHINKS, master mine, that all these misadventures which in these days have happened, without any doubt have been the penalty of the sin committed by your worship against the order of your knight-errantry, in not having kept the vow which you made, not to eat bread on tablecloth, nor dally with the queen, with all the rest that belongs to it, and which your worship swore to keep until you got that helmet of Malandrino, or whatever they call the Moor—for I don't well remember.”

“Thou art very right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote ; “but to tell thee the truth, it had passed from my memory ; and hold thou also for certain that for the fault of not having put me in mind of it in time, that matter of the bed-quilt befel thee. But I will make amends, for in the order of chivalry there are ways for compounding for everything.”

“ Did I, by chance, swear anything ? ” inquired Sancho.

“ No matter that thou hast not sworn,” said Don Quixote ; “ enough that I hold thee not very clear of the guilt of complicity in my fault. At any rate, it will not be amiss to provide us a dispensation.”

“ ‘Faith, if that is so,” said Sancho, “ see that your worship do not forget again this, as you did the matter of the vow. Perhaps the phantoms may again have a mind to divert themselves with me, and even with your worship, if they see you so perverse.”

In these and other discourses, darkness overtook them in the middle of their journey, without their having or finding anywhere to shelter themselves that night ; and the worst of it was they were perishing of hunger, for, with the loss of the wallets, they lacked their pantry and provisions ; and, wholly to complete their misfortune, there befel them an adventure which, without any artifice, might truly appear one. It was this. The night set in somewhat dark, but, with all that, they journeyed on, Sancho fully believing that they were on the highway, on which, within one or two leagues, they would certainly find some inn. Proceeding thus, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the master with a good appetite, they saw coming towards them, by the same road they were taking, a great multitude of lights, which seemed to them like nothing else but moving stars. Sancho, on seeing them, was startled ; and Don Quixote knew not what to make of them. The one pulled up his ass by the halter, the other his steed by the bridle, and they stood

gazing intently at what that might be; they saw that the lights approached them, and the closer they came the larger they appeared, at which spectacle Sancho began to tremble like one with the palsy, and the hair on the head of Don Quixote stood on end. But he, rousing himself a little, cried—

“This, without doubt, Sancho, should be a very great and perilous adventure, wherein it will be necessary to show all my valour and force.”

“Woe is me!” exclaimed Sancho. “If this by chance should be an adventure of phantoms, as it seemeth like to be, where will there be ribs to bear it?”

“Be they never such phantoms,” said Don Quixote, “I will not allow them to touch a hair of thy garment; and if once they befooled thee, it was because I could not leap the fence of the inn-yard; but now we are in open ground, where I can wield my sword as I will.”

“And if they bewitch and cramp you, as they did the other time,” said Sancho, “what will it profit to be in the open ground or not?”

“For all that,” returned Don Quixote, “I pray thee, Sancho, have courage, for experience shall teach thee how great is mine.”

“I will, an it please God,” answered Sancho.

And the two, withdrawing to one side of the road again looked attentively to see what those moving lights might mean, and in a little while they descried a host clad in white surplices, whose fearful apparition utterly extinguished the courage of Sancho Panza. His teeth began to chatter as if he had a fit of ague, and the

shaking and the chattering increased when he saw distinctly what it was. For they perceived some twenty beshirted men, all mounted, with their blazing torches in their hands, behind whom there came a litter, covered with black; after which there rode six other, draped in mourning down to the feet of their mules—for it was well seen that they were not horses by the slow pace with which they travelled. Those white shirts came on, murmuring to themselves in a low and plaintive voice. This strange vision at such an hour, in so lonely a place, was enough to strike fear into the heart of Sancho, and even into that of his master, had he not been Don Quixote. As for Sancho, his resolution went all awry. But on his master the effect was opposite, for in that moment he pictured to himself vividly in his imagination that this was one of the adventures out of his books. He imagined the litter to be a bier, in which there was being carried some dead or sorely wounded knight, vengeance for whom was reserved for him alone to take; and without more reflection he couched his great lance, settled himself well in the saddle, and, with gallant air and mien, posted himself in the middle of the road by which those beshirted gentry had of necessity to pass; and when he beheld them near, he lifted up his voice and cried—

“Stand, knights, whoever ye may be, and give me an account of who ye are, whence come ye, whither ye go, and what is’t ye carry on that bier; for, to all appearance, either ye have done, or some one has done you, some misdeed, and it is fit and necessary that I should know it, either to chastise you for the ill you

have done, or avenge the wrong they have done to you."

"We are travelling in haste," answered one of the white shirts, "and the inn is far, and we cannot stop to give you that long account you demand;" and, pricking his mule, he passed forward.

Don Quixote, greatly incensed at this answer, seized his bridle and exclaimed, "Halt, and be more courteous, and render me the account I have demanded of you; if not, with me shall ye all do battle."

The mule was shy, and, on being taken by the bridle, was frightened in such wise that, rearing on her hind legs, she threw her master over her haunches on to the ground. A lacquey who marched on foot, seeing him fall, began to revile Don Quixote, who, being thoroughly enraged, without more ado, set his lance in rest, assailed one of the mourners, and brought him to the earth badly wounded; and, turning upon the rest, it was a thing to see with what agility he assaulted and routed them; and it seemed no less than at that instant wings had grown to Rozinante, so nimbly and proudly did he stir. All the white shirts were timorous folk, and unarmed, wherefore in a trice they promptly quitted the fray, and began to run over the plain with their burning torches, looking much like maskers who flit about on festival nights. As for the mourners, wrapped up and muffled in their skirts and garments, they were not able to move; so that Don Quixote belaboured them all very much at his leisure, and made them, greatly to their disgust, to yield the fight, for they all thought that he was no man, but a devil

from hell, who had come out to rob them of the corpse they were carrying in the litter. All this did Sancho behold, astonished at his master's intrepidity, repeating to himself, "Verily this master of mine is as valiant and mighty as he says."

There lay on the ground a burning torch, near him who first had fallen from his mule, by whose light Don Quixote could see him; and, coming up to him, he set the point of his lance to his face, crying to him to surrender, or else he would slay him. To which the fallen one replied—

"I am surrendered enough already, for I am unable to move, having a broken leg. I pray your worship, if you are a Christian gentleman, not to kill me, for you would commit a great sacrilege, I being a licentiate and having taken the first orders."

"Who the devil then brought you here," demanded Don Quixote, "being a man of the Church?"

"Who?" replied the fallen man. "My ill fortune."

"Still another greater threatens you," said Don Quixote, "if you do not satisfy me in all that I first demanded of you."

"Your worship will easily be satisfied," replied the licentiate. "And so your worship shall understand that when I first said I was licentiate, I was only a bachelor, and my name is Alonso Lopez. I am a native of Alcobendas. I come from the city of Baeza, with other eleven priests, who are those that have fled with the torches. We go to the city of Segovia, accompanying the dead body which lies in that litter, which is of a gentleman who died in Baeza, where it was deposited,

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

as I have said, we were bearing his bones to which is in Segovia, where he was born

who slew him?" asked Don Quixote.

through the means of a pestilent fever took him," answered the bachelor.

at case," said Don Quixote, "our Lord has of the trouble which I should have taken g his death, if another had slain him. But lead through him who has killed him, there ; for it but to be silent and shrug one's

I should do the same had he slain me. uld that your reverence should know that I ht of La Mancha, hight Don Quixote ; that and duty are to go through all the world, rongs and redressing injuries."

not understand how that can be of righting aid the bachelor, "since me, from right that i have turned wrong, leaving me a broken will never be seen right in all the days of its the injury you have redressed in me has ave me injured in such wise that I shall ured for ever ; and a sufficient ill adventure ved to fall in with you, who go seeking for k."

ings," answered Don Quixote, "happen not order. The mischief was, sir bachelor opez, in coming, as you came, at night clad surplices, chanting, covered with weeds of at you properly resembled some evil thing er world ; and thus I could not fail to fulfil

my duty in attacking you, and I should have attacked you, even though I had verily known you to be the devils themselves from hell, for such I judged and held you to be always." ¹

"Then, since my fate has so willed it," said the bachelor, "I beseech your worship, sir knight-errant, who hath put on me so ill an errand, to help me to rise from under this mule, who holds my leg fast between the stirrup and the saddle."

"I might have gone on talking till to-morrow," said Don Quixote. "Why did you wait so long to tell me of your trouble?"

He then summoned Sancho Panza. But the squire had no mind to come, for he was occupied in ransacking a sumpter mule which those good gentlemen brought with them, well stored with good provender.

Sancho made a bag of his coat, thrusting into it all that he could, and as much as it would hold, then laid it on his beast, running to his master's call, and helped to relieve the bachelor of the weight of his mule, and placing him upon it, gave him his torch; Don Quixote bidding him follow the track of his companions, of whom, on his part, he should ask pardon for the injury which he could not help doing them.

Quoth Sancho also, "If by chance those gentlemen wish to know who is the valorous one who hath used them thus, let your worship tell them that it is the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, who for another name is called *The Knight of the Rueful Visage*."

With this the bachelor departed, when Don

Quixote demanded of Sancho what had moved him to call him *The Knight of the Rueful Visage* then more than ever.

“I will tell you why,” answered Sancho. “I stood looking at you awhile by the light of the torch which that unlucky wight was carrying, and verily your worship has just now the evilest visage that I have ever seen, and it must be owing either to your being tired of this battle or the loss of your grinders.”

“It is not that,” responded Don Quixote; “but the sage to whom shall be committed the charge of writing the history of my achievements—— It hath appeared that it would be right that I should take some appellative, as did all the knights of yore. One called himself *Of the Flaming Sword*, one *Of the Unicorn*, this *Of the Damsels*, that *Of the Phoenix*; another, *The Knight of the Griffin*; another *Of Death*; and by these names and devices they were known through all the circumference of the earth. So I tell thee that the aforesaid sage has put in thy mouth, and in thy mind, now to call me *The Knight of the Rueful Visage*, as I intend from this day forward to call myself; and, that this name may the better fit me, I am resolved to have painted on my shield a very rueful countenance.”

“There is no need to spend time and money in making that face,” quoth Sancho. “All that you have to do is that your worship should discover your own, and face those that look at you, and without more ado, and without any image or shield, they will call you *Him of the Rueful Visage*; and believe me that I speak

the truth, for I promise your worship (an it be said in jest) that hunger and the loss of your grinders, as I said before, have given you so evil a countenance that you may well excuse the rueful picture."

Don Quixote laughed at the pleasant conceit of Sancho, but nevertheless resolved to call himself by that name, whenever he could have his shield or buckler painted according to his fancy; and quoth he, "I apprehend, Sancho, that I lie under the ban of excommunication for having laid hands violently on sacred things—*Juxta illud: Si quis suadente diabolo*, etc.; although I am well aware that I laid on, not hands, but this lance only. And, moreover, I did not suspect that I was engaging with priests or things of the Church, which I respect and adore, like the catholic and faithful Christian that I am, but with phantoms and spectres of the other world; and, if it come to the worst, I hold in remembrance what happened to the Cid Ruy Diaz,² when he demolished the chair of the ambassador of that king in the presence of his Holiness the Pope, for which he was excommunicated; and yet on that day the good Rodrigo de Bivar bore himself like an honourable and valiant knight."

Don Quixote desired to look whether the corpse they carried in the litter were bones or not; but Sancho would not consent, saying, "Sir, your worship has achieved this perilous adventure with more safety to yourself than all of those I have seen. These people, although conquered and scattered, might fall to thinking that he who conquered them was but one single person, and, abashed and ashamed at this, they

might recover themselves, and seek us, and give us as much as we can do. The ass is in good case, the mountain is close, hunger presses; there is nothing to do but handsomely to step a retreat, for, as the saying is, 'to the grave with the dead, and the quick to the bread;' " and, driving his ass before him, he prayed his master to follow, who, perceiving that Sancho was right, followed him without returning a word.

They had travelled a little way between two low hills, when they found themselves in a spacious and secluded valley, where they alighted, and Sancho unloaded his beast; then, stretched on the green turf, with hunger for sauce, they broke their fast, dined, and supped all at once, appeasing their stomachs with more than one preserved mess which those clerical gentlemen of the dead (who seldom suffer themselves to fare badly) carried on their sumpter mule. But there befel them another misfortune, which Sancho took to be the worst of all, which was that they had no wine to drink, nor even water to put to the mouth; and being parched with thirst, Sancho, perceiving that the meadow where they lay was thick with green and tender grass, said—what shall be related in the following chapter.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIX.

Note 1, page 239.

Held you to be always. Hartzenbusch softens this into "without doubt ;" and so great and many are the instances in which he alters the original, that he gives much reason for their opinions to those who say that Cervantes uttered many asides at priests, whose authority over men's minds he disputed with as much earnestness, and more banter, as he disputed and sought to destroy the influence of the lying books, the study of which had driven his Don Quixote mad.

Note 2, page 241.

The Cid Ruy Diaz. "A single work such as the *Cid*," observes a German critic, "is of more real value to a nation than a whole library of books, however abounding in wit or intellect, which are destitute of the spirit of nationality. Pellecer would point out that this was one of the most apocryphal of the Cid's achievements, and must have been composed at a period when the precedence of France and Spain was matter of courtly dispute."

EXCOMMUNICATION OF THE CID.

From the originals of Timoneda and Escobar.

*In Rome there sat a Council great, the Pope his summons sent,
And good King Sancho, nothing loath, forth to the Council went.
He journeyed on for many a day, the Cid was by his side ;
At length they spied the towers of Rome, and through its gates did ride.*

*King Sancho bent before the Pope, and humbly kissed his hand ;
The Cid too, and his gallant knights, each one of all the band ;
The Cid went to St. Peter's Church, and fain would say his prayers,
When, lo ! of seven Christian kings he saw the seven chairs.*

*The Pope's was high above them all; next came the chair of France;
His lord's he saw a step below, and fire was in his glance;
One stride he took, and the chair of France he kicked it on the floor,
It was of the finest ivorie, and broke in pieces four.*

*With mickle pains the King of Spain's he set upon its place;
When up and spoke a Savoyard, a duke of rank and grace:
"Rodrigo, curses light on thee, the Pope's curse on thee rest,
Thou'st cast contempt upon a king, of all the kings the best."*

*"The kings can right themselves, my lord; and if aggrieved thou stand,
We'll right it too, as knights should do, I wait for thy demand."
With that he smote him on the face, a right good stroke gave he;
The duke he muttered through his teeth, "The devil fight with thee!"*

*The Pope he cursed the daring Cid, and laid on him his ban;
But when the Cid knew what he did, he knelt, and thus began:
"O Pope," he cried, "absolve me, or ill will be thy fame."
The Pope was in a gracious mood, and mild his answer came: **

*"Rodrigo, I absolve thee,
With right good will and free;
But while thou tarriest at my court,
More mild and courteous be."*

Note 3, page 242.

*To the grave with the dead, etc. The older form was,
"To the foss"—El muerto a la fosada y el vivo a la hogaza.*

* These lines, according to *un pliego suelto* of the sixteenth century, found in the university library of Prague, ran as follows:

*"O Pope," he cried, "absolve me, or thou wilt have remorse;
I'll strip the rich robes from thy back, and lay them on my horse."*

CHAPTER XX.

OF THE NEVER BEFORE SEEN OR HEARD OF ADVENTURE
ACHIEVED BY THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE DE LA
MANCHA WITH LESS DANGER THAN ANY WAS EVER
ACHIEVED BY THE MOST FAMOUS KNIGHT IN THE
WORLD.

“IT cannot be, good master, but this grass is witness that about here there should be some spring or brook which keeps it fresh, and it will be well for us to go a little further on, that we may meet with something to quench this horrible thirst which torments us, and, in sooth, gives more pain than hunger itself.”

This counsel seemed good to Don Quixote ; who taking Rozinante by the rein, and Sancho leading his ass by the halter, after having placed upon him the fragments which remained of the supper, they began to travel up the meadow, feeling their way—for the darkness of the night permitted them to see nothing. They had not gone two hundred paces, when there reached their ears a great noise of water, as if tumbling down from some high and steep rocks. The sound cheered them exceedingly, and stopping to listen whence it came, on a sudden they heard another loud clatter, which drowned all their joy of the water, especially in Sancho, who was naturally timid and of a faint heart. They

heard, I say, some blows struck in regular measure, with a certain rattling of irons and chains, which, accompanying the furious roar of the water, would have struck terror into any other heart but that of Don Quixote. The night, as I have said, was dark, and they happened to be among some tall trees, whose leaves, stirred by a gentle breeze, made a soft, fearful sound; so that the solitude, the place, the darkness, the noise of water, with the rustling of the leaves, all caused horror and affright, and the more when they found that the blows ceased not, nor the wind slept, nor the morning came, adding to all this their ignorance of the place where they were. But Don Quixote, sustained by his intrepid heart, leaped on Rozinante, and, bracing on his buckler, wielded his lance and said—

“ Friend Sancho, thou must know that I am born, by the will of Heaven, in this our age of iron, to revive in it that of gold, or the Golden Age, as it is wont to be called. I am he for whom are reserved perils, mighty feats, valorous exploits. I am he, I say again, who shall revive the Order of the Round Table, that of the Twelve of France, and the Nine of Fame, and who will cause to be buried in oblivion the Platirs, the Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the Phœbuses and Belianuses, with the whole host of the famous knights-errant of time past, performing in this in which I live such prodigies, wonders, and feats of arms, as shall eclipse the brightest ever achieved by them. Note well, trusty and loyal squire, the blackness of this night; its solemn stillness; the mysterious, confused noise of these trees; the dreadful roaring of that water, in search

of which we came, which seems to hurl and fling itself down from the lofty mountains of the moon ; and that incessant thumping, which wounds and tears our ears ; which things altogether, or each one by itself, are sufficient to infuse fear, dread, and dismay in the breast of Mars himself—how much more in that of one unused to like events and adventures ? Yet all these that I have described to thee are but incentives and awakeners to my soul ; for now they cause my heart to bound in my bosom with the desire it feels to encounter this adventure, however difficult it may prove. Therefore tighten a little the girths of Rozinante, and—God be with thee !—wait for me three days and no more, in which, if I return not, thou canst go back to our village ; and thence, to do me a favour and good service, thou wilt betake thee to Toboso, where thou shalt tell to the incomparable lady mine, Dulcinea, that her captive knight died in performing deeds which might make him worthy to call himself hers.”

When Sancho heard the words of his master, he began to weep like a child, most pitifully, and said, “ Master, I know not why your worship should engage in such a dreadful venture. It is night now ; there is nobody sees us. We can easily change our course, and get out of the way of danger, even though we should not drink for three days ; and since there is no one to see us, the less will there be any one to put us down for cowards—all the more as I have often heard the priest of our village, whom your worship knows very well, preach that he who seeks danger shall perish by it ;¹ so that it is not good to tempt God

by rushing into such an outrageous business, from which we cannot escape but by a miracle. Let those be sufficient which Heaven has already wrought for your worship, in saving you from being tossed in a bed-quilt as I was, and bringing you out conqueror from among so many enemies as were with that dead one. And should all this not move nor soften that hard heart, let the thought and belief move it, that hardly shall your worship be gone hence, when I, out of fear, will give up my soul to any who shall please to carry it off. I went out of my country, and left children and wife, to come and serve your worship, in hopes to fare better and not worse. But as covetousness bursts the bag, so with me it has torn my hopes; for when I had them all alive for reaching that black and cursed island which your worship has so often promised me, I see that, in payment and change for it, you wish to leave me now in a place away from all human kind. By the one only God, good master, do not wrong me so much, and if your worship will not give up trying this deed altogether, put it off at least till the morning; for, according to what the art I learnt when a shepherd tells me, it should not be three hours from this to dawn, for the muzzle of the Little Bear is over the head, and shows midnight in the left paw."

"How canst thou, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "see where the line shows, or where is that muzzle or that head thou speakest of, the night being so dark that not a star appears in all the sky?"

"That is true," said Sancho. "But fear has many eyes, and sees things under the earth—how much more

above, in the sky ? And one can in reason conclude that it wants but little from this to daybreak."

"Let it lack what it may," answered Don Quixote, "for it shall not be said of me, now nor at any time, that tears and prayers have turned me aside from doing that which is due to the quality of knight. Therefore, Sancho, I pray thee be silent ; for God, who hath put it in my heart now to attempt this unparalleled and dreadful adventure, will take care to look after my safety and console thy affliction. What thou hast to do is to tighten well the girths of Rozinante, and rest here, for I will speedily return, alive or dead."

Sancho, seeing his master's final resolve, and how little his tears, counsels, and prayers availed with him, determined to have recourse to artifice, and compel him, if he might, to wait until day ; and so, while he was tightening the horse's girths, he slyly, and without being perceived, tied the two hind feet of Rozinante with his ass's halter, in such manner that when Don Quixote wished to start he could not, for the horse was unable to move except by jumps. Sancho Panza, seeing the good success of his stratagem, cried—

"See now, sir, how Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has ruled that Rozinante shall not stir ; and if you will go on urging, spurring, and striking him, it will be to anger fortune, and kick, as the saying is, against the pricks."

Don Quixote fretted exceedingly at this, but the more he set spurs to his horse, the less could he move him ; and so, without any suspicion that he was tied, thought it best to be quiet and wait till daybreak, or

until Rozinante could proceed, believing verily that this happened of something else than the artifice of Sancho, to whom he said, "Since it is so, Sancho, that Rozinante is not able to move, I am content to wait here until morning smiles, although I weep that she tarries in coming."

"There's no need to weep," said Sancho; "for I will entertain your worship by telling you stories from now to daybreak, if that you will not dismount and snatch a little sleep upon the green grass, after the custom of knights-errant, so that you may be the fresher when the day and the moment shall come for taking in hand that great adventure which waits you."

"Whom call you to dismount, or whom to sleep?" said Don Quixote. "Do I happen to be one of those knights who take their repose amidst dangers? Sleep thou, that wert born for sleeping, or do what thou wilt, for I will do what I shall perceive to be most fitting to my vocation."

"Do not be angry, your worship, good master," replied Sancho; "I did not mean all that;" and coming to him, he laid one hand on the pommel of the saddle, and the other on the crupper, so that he stood hugging his master's left thigh, without daring to stir from him a finger's breadth—such was his fright at the blows, which still resounded in regular measure.

Don Quixote bade him tell some story for his entertainment, as he had promised; to which Sancho answered that he would do so, if his fear at what he was hearing would let him.

"But for all I will do my best to tell you a story,

which, if I hit upon the telling, and be not interrupted, is the very best of stories ; and let your worship attend, for now I begin. There was what there was ; the good that shall befall be for us all, and the harm for him who would go seek it : and take note, your worship, master mine, that the beginning which the ancients gave to their fables was not just as anyhow, but was a sentence of Cato, the Roman censor, who says, ‘ Evil to him who would go to seek it ; ’ which fits in here like a ring to the finger for your worship to remain quiet, and not go seeking after any harm anywhere, but for us to go back by another road, since no one compels us to follow this, where so many frightful things threaten us.”

“ Go on with thy story, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ and leave the road we have to follow to my charge.”

“ I say, then,” continued Sancho, “ that in a village of Estremadura a shepherd—goatherd I mean, for he kept goats—which shepherd or goatherd, as my story goes, was called Lope Ruiz ; and this Lope Ruiz fell in love with a shepherdess, who was called Torralva, which shepherdess, called Torralva, was daughter to a rich flock-master, and this rich flock-master——”

“ If thou tellest thy story in that fashion, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ repeating twice over what thou hast to say, thou wilt not finish in two days. Tell it connectedly, and rehearse it like a man of intelligence, or, if not, say nothing.”

“ In the same fashion that I tell it,” replied Sancho, “ they tell all the stories in my country ; and I know

no other way of telling it, nor is it fair that your worship should ask me to make new customs."

"Tell it as thou wilt," answered Don Quixote ; "for since fate wills that I cannot do aught than listen to thee, proceed."

"And so, master mine, of my soul," continued Sancho, "as I have already said, this shepherd fell in love with Torralva the shepherdess, who was a buxom, shrewish lass, and somewhat inclined to be mannish, for she had little mustachios. I think I see her now."

"Didst know her, then?" quoth Don Quixote.

"No, I did not know her," answered Sancho ; "but he who told me this tale said that it was so certain and true, that I might, when I told it to any other, curse and swear that I had seen it all. And so, as the days went and the days came, the devil, who sleeps not and embroils everything, so wrought that the love which the shepherd had for the shepherdess was turned to hatred and ill will; and the reason, according to evil tongues, was a certain measure of little jealousies she caused him, such as passed the line and went near to the forbidden. And so much so that the shepherd hated her ever after; and, not to see her any more, he resolved to fly that country, and go where his eyes should never see her again. She, Torralva, finding herself disdained by Lope, then loved him better than she had ever loved before."

"That is the natural disposition of woman," quoth Don Quixote, "to disdain those that love them, and to love those that hate them. Go on, Sancho."

"It happened," said Sancho, "that the shepherd

set his resolve to work, and, gathering up his goats, took the road by the plains of Estremadura, to pass over into the kingdom of Portugal. Torralva, who knew of this, went away after him, on foot and bare-legged, keeping aloof, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and wallets round her neck, in which she carried, as they say, a bit of looking-glass, and another of a comb, and I know not what little bottle of washes for her face. But carry she what she carried, for what I care—not to set myself to verifying it at present—I only tell that they say that our shepherd came with his flock to the passing of the river Guadiana, which at that season was swollen and almost away from its bed. And at the part where he came to there was neither boat nor barque, nor any one to pass him or his flock to the other side ; at which he was much vexed, for he saw that Torralva was now come very near, and was to give him trouble with her prayers and tears. But he went looking about, till at last he saw the fisherman, who had near him a skiff, so little that it was only able to hold one person and one goat ; and upon this he spoke and agreed with him to pass himself and three hundred goats which he was driving. The fisherman got into the skiff and carried over a goat, came back and carried over another, and came back again and carried over another. Let your worship keep count of the goats which the fisherman is carrying over, for, if one slips from your memory, the tale will be ended, and it will not be possible to tell one more word of it. I go on, then, and say that the landing-place on the other side was covered with mud

and slippery, and delayed the fisherman long in going and coming ; yet, for all that, he came back for another goat, and another, and another."

"Reckon that he has passed them all over," said Don Quixote, "and do not keep going and coming after that fashion, for thou wilt not finish passing them over in a twelvemonth."

"How many have passed over up to this time?" inquired Sancho.

"How the devil should I know?" replied Don Quixote.

"There, now, did I not tell you to keep good count? By God, then, the story is over, for there is no passing on."

"How can that be?" replied Don Quixote. "Is it of the essence of the story to know the goats which have passed over so exactly that if one of the number be missed, thou canst not proceed with it?"

"No, sir, in no sort," quoth Sancho; "for as soon as I asked your worship to tell me how many goats had passed over, and you replied that you did not know, in that same instant there flew away out of my memory what was left to tell—and, i' faith, it was of much virtue and diversion."

"So then," quoth Don Quixote, "the story is done?"

"As done as my mother," said Sancho.

"I tell thee of a truth," replied Don Quixote, "that thou hast recounted one of the most novel fables, tale, or history, that any one could conceive in the world; and that never such a manner of telling it and leaving

it was ever seen or ever shall be seen in all life, although I expected no less from thy excellent wit. But I marvel not, for perhaps that ceaseless clatter may have disturbed thine understanding."

"All that may be," answered Sancho ; "but I know that in the matter of my tale there is no more to tell, for there it ends, where begins the mistake in the reckoning of the passing of the goats."

"Let it end and welcome where it listeth," said Don Quixote, "and let us see if Rozinante be able to move."

Again he set spurs to the horse, who again gave some jumps, and stood still, so securely was he tied.

Master and man thus passed the night ; and Sancho, seeing that in a little more the morning would break, very warily unloosed Rozinante. As soon as Rozinante found himself free, although of himself he was never very frisky, he seemed to revive, and began to stamp with his hoofs, for curvetting, by his leave, he was unable to do. Don Quixote, seeing that Rozi-
nante was now stirring, took it for a good sign, and believed that it was for him to attempt that fearful adventure.

By this time the day had begun to dawn, and objects distinctly to appear, and Don Quixote saw that he was among some tall trees, which were chestnuts, that cast a very dark shadow. He perceived likewise that the hammering continued, but saw not who could cause it ; and, without further delay, he made Rozinante feel the spurs, and, turning to take leave of Sancho, ordered him to wait there for him three days at the most, as he had before told him, and if at the

end of them he had not returned, to hold it for certain that it had pleased God he should end his days in that perilous adventure. He again repeated to him his message and errand which he had to carry on his behalf to his lady Dulcinea; and as to that which related to the payment of his services, he should give himself no concern, for he had left his will drawn up before he departed from his village, wherein he would find himself satisfied in all touching his wages, at the rate in proportion to the time he had served; but that if God should bring him out of that danger safe and sound, and without damage, he might hold that promised island as more than assured.

Sancho began anew to weep, hearing anew the pitiful words of his good master, and resolved not to leave him till the final issue and end of that business. (From these tears and this resolution, so honourable to Sancho Panza, the author of this history gathers that he must have been well born, and, at least, an old Christian.²)

This tenderness did somewhat soften his master, but not so much as to betray any weakness—rather, dissembling as best he could, he began to travel towards that point whence the noise of the water and the hammering seemed to come. Sancho followed on foot, leading by the halter, as he was wont, his ass, the constant companion of his prosperous and adverse fortunes. Having gone a good space among those chestnuts and shady trees, they came to a little meadow which lay at the foot of some high rocks, from which descended a mighty fall of water.

At the base of the rocks there stood some houses ill constructed, which rather appeared to be ruins of buildings than houses, out of which they became aware that there issued the noise and the clatter of the hammering, which still ceased not. Rozinante was startled by the din of the water and the blows, and Don Quixote, quieting him, approached gradually nearer to the houses, commending himself with all his soul to his lady, and supplicating her favour in that formidable task and enterprise ; and, by the way, he commended himself also to God, that he might not forget him.

Sancho did not quit his master's side, but stretched out his neck and his eyes as far as he could from between Rozinante's legs, to see if he might spy what it was that so frightened him. It might be other hundred paces that they went, when, on doubling a point, appeared manifest and patent the very cause, for there could be no other, of that horrid and for them fearful noise, which had held them all that night in suspense and terror. This was (if thou take it not, O reader, in anger and bad part) six fulling hammers, which with their successive strokes caused that din.

When Don Quixote saw what it was, he was struck dumb and covered with confusion. Sancho looked at him, and saw that he hung his head down on his breast with signs of being ashamed. Don Quixote also looked at Sancho, and saw that he had his cheeks distended and his mouth filled with laughter, with evident tokens of wishing to burst with it ; and his gloominess did not so prevail with him as that at

the sight of Sancho he could refrain from laughing himself.

When Sancho saw his master had begun, he burst out in such a manner as that he had need to clutch his sides with his hands to prevent them splitting. Four times he rested, and as often renewed his laughter with the same vehemence as at the first. Whereat Don Quixote consigned him to the devil, especially when he heard his squire cry, in jibing manner, "Thou must know, O friend Sancho, that I am born, by the will of Heaven, in this our age of iron, to revive in it the golden, or that of gold. I am he for whom are reserved perils, mighty feats, valorous exploits;" and thus he went repeating all or most of the speeches which Don Quixote uttered when first they heard that terrible hammering.

Don Quixote, seeing that Sancho was mocking him, grew ashamed; then waxed so hot that he lifted his lance, and dealt him two blows such as, if he had received them on his head as he received them on his shoulders, would have freed his master from paying him his wages, unless it were to his heirs.

Sancho, seeing that he got such ill earnest for his jest, in fear that his master would carry it further, said to him with much humility, "Good your worship, be pacified, for, in sooth, I did but jest."

"Then, because you jest, I do not jest," replied Don Quixote. "Come hither, sir merryman. Think you that if, instead of fulling hammers, they had been some other perilous adventure, I should not have shown the courage necessary to undertake and accom-

plish it? Am I under obligation, perchance, being as I am a knight, to know and to distinguish sounds, and to tell which are of fulling-mills or not? And the more since it might be, as in truth it is, that never have I seen them in my life, as you have seen them, churl as you are, born and bred among them. Procure you that these six hammers be turned into six giants, and throw them at my beard, one by one, or all together; and if I do not leave them with all their heels up, mock me as much as you please."

"No more, good master," replied Sancho, "for I confess I went too far with my laughing. But tell me, your worship, now we are in peace, as God shall deliver you out of all the adventures which may befall as whole and sound as you have been delivered out of this, has it not been a thing to laugh at and to tell, the great fright we have had—at least, which I had; for, as to your worship, I trow that you neither know nor understand what is fear or fright?"

"I do not deny," answered Don Quixote, "that what has happened to us is a thing worthy of laughter; but it is not worthy of being recounted, for not all persons are so discreet as to know how to give things their right point."

"At least," replied Sancho, "your worship knew how to give point to your lance, pointing it at my head, and giving it me on the shoulders, thanks be to God, and the nimbleness I used in stepping aside. But go to, for 'it will all come out in the bucking.' As I have heard say, 'he likes thee well who makes thee cry;' and, besides, great lords are wont,

after an ill word to a servant, to bestow on him a pair of breeches, though I know not what they are wont to bestow after giving him blows, if it be not that knights-errant after blows give islands or kingdoms on the main."

"The die may so fall," said Don Quixote, "as that all thou sayest may come to be true; and overlook what has passed, since thou art wise, and knowest that a man's first motions are not in his hand. And be thou advised from henceforth of one thing, that thou mayest restrain thyself and repress thy too much licence of speech with me, that in the many books of chivalry I have read, which are infinite, I have never found any squire speak so much with his lord as thou with thine, and, in truth, I hold it for a great fault in thee and me—in thee, that thou respectest me so little; in me, in not making myself be respected more. So Gandalin, squire of Amadis of Gaul, was Count of the Firm Island, and it is written of him that he always spoke to his lord, cap in hand, with his head bowed, and his body bent in Turkish fashion. What then shall we say of Gasabal, squire of Don Galaor, who was so reserved that, to illustrate the excellence of his marvellous silence, only once is his name named in all that history so great and true.³ From all that I have said, Sancho, thou hast to infer that it is necessary to make a difference between master and man, between lord and servant, and between knight and squire. So, to-day henceforward, we must proceed with more respect, without giving ourselves too much rope, for in whatever sort I may be angry with you,

it will go ill with the pitcher. The favours and benefits I have promised you will come in their time, and if they should not come, the wages, at least, will not be lost, as I have told you already."

"It is well, all that your worship says," answered Sancho; "but I would fain know (in case the time of the favours comes not, and it be necessary to fall back on the matter of the wages) how much did the squire of a knight-errant make in those days, and if they settled by the month or the day, like bricklayers' men."

"I do not believe," replied Don Quixote, "that ever such squires were retained on wages, but on courtesy; and if now I have assigned wages to thee in the sealed testament which I left at home, it was to provide against what might happen. For I know not yet how chivalry may turn out in these so miserable times of ours, and I care not that my soul should suffer for trifles in the other world; for I would that thou shouldst know, Sancho, that in this there is no state more perilous than that of adventurers."

"That is true," quoth Sancho, "since the noise alone of the hammers of a fulling-mill could trouble and disquiet the heart of so valorous and errant adventurer as your worship is; but you may rest full sure that from this henceforth I shall not loosen my lips to make a jest of your worship's doings, but only to honour you as my master and natural lord."

"By so doing," replied Don Quixote, "thou shalt endure upon the face of the earth, for after the parents should masters be honoured like them."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XX.

Note 1, page 247.

He who seeks danger shall perish by it. "A stubborn heart shall fare evil at the last ; and he that loveth danger shall perish therein."—Ecclesiasticus iii. 26.

Note 2, page 256.

An old Christian. Not a renegade, nor a convert, but one of the first old stock, etc. A phrase frequently used throughout the story.

Note 3, page 260.

Only once . . . named in all that history so great and true. The patient and indefatigable Bowle has discovered that the place where this mention is made is in *Amadis de Gaula*, cap. 80, lib. iii. Clemencin, who makes the same reference, has omitted to make mention of the author to whom he is indebted for that hard-earned piece of knowledge.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHICH TREATS OF THE SUBLIME ADVENTURE AND THE
CHOICE CONQUEST OF THE HELMET OF MAMBRINO,
WITH OTHER THINGS WHICH BEFEL OUR INVINCIBLE KNIGHT.

MEANWHILE it began to rain a little, and Sancho desired that they should go into the fulling-mill. But Don Quixote had conceived such a hatred of it, on account of the late fooling, that in no wise would he enter therein; and so, turning to the road on the right hand, they came on another like that which they had taken the day before. A little while onward Don Quixote descried a man on horseback, who bore on his head something that glittered as if it were of gold, and scarce had he seen it when he turned to Sancho and said—

“Methinks, Sancho, that there is no proverb which is not true, for all are maxims drawn from experience itself, mother of all the sciences, especially that which says, ‘when one door is shut another opens.’¹ I say this, for if fortune last night shut upon us the door of that which we sought, beguiling us with the fulling-mills, now it throws wide open to us another, for

another, better, and more certain adventure, by which if I make not good my entry, mine be the blame, without being able to impute it to my small knowledge of fulling-mills or darkness of night. This say I, for, if I am not deceived, towards us comes one who wears on his head the helmet of Mambrino,² concerning which I made the vow of which thou knowest."

"Look well, your worship, what you say, and better what you do," said Sancho, "for I would not there were other fulling-mills to full us off and hammer us out of our senses."

"The devil take thee, fellow!" cried Don Quixote. "What has a helmet to do with fulling-mills?"

"I know nothing," said Sancho; "but, i' faith, if I might speak as I used, perhaps I would give such reasons that your worship would see that you are deceived in what you say."

"How can I be deceived in what I say," exclaimed Don Quixote, "doubting traitor? Tell me, dost thou not see yon knight who comes towards us, mounted upon a dapple-grey steed, who bears upon his head a helmet of gold?"

"What I see and make out," replied Sancho, "is nothing but a man upon a grey ass like mine, who carries on his head a thing which glitters."

"Well, that is the helmet of Mambrino," said Don Quixote. "Stand thou apart, and leave me alone with him. Thou shalt see how, without speaking a word for economy of time, I conclude this adventure, and mine remains the helmet I have desired so much."

"The standing aside I will take care to do," replied Sancho; "but God grant, I say again, it prove sweet marjoram and no milling."

"Now I have already told thee, friend, not to recall any more, even by a thought, that matter of the fulling-mills," said Don Quixote; "for I swear, and I say no more, that I will full thy soul."

Sancho held his tongue, for fear that his master should fulfil the oath he had thrown at him so roundly.

Now, the truth of the matter as to the helmet, the horse, and the knight that Don Quixote saw, was this: There were in that neighbourhood two villages—one so small that it possessed neither doctor's shop nor barber; the other, which was close to it, had both; and so the barber of the greater served the lesser, where a rich man had occasion to be blooded and another to be shaved. On which account the barber was coming, bringing with him a brass basin; and, as chance had it, at the time he was travelling it began to rain, wherefore, that he might not soil his hat, which was a new one, he clapped upon his head the basin, which, being a clean one, shone half a league off. He rode upon a grey ass, as Sancho said, and this was how to Don Quixote there appeared the dapple-grey steed, and knight, and helmet of gold; for all things that he saw he accommodated, with much facility, to his wild chivalries and errant thoughts. When, therefore, he perceived that luckless knight draw near, without attempting to parley with him, he laid his lance low, with Rozinante at full gallop, intending to pierce him through and through; and when

he reached him, without abating the fury of his career, he cried out—

“Defend thee, wretched caitiff, or render me willingly that which is so justly my due.”

The barber, who neither dreamed nor dreaded any such thing, seeing that phantom bearing upon him, had no other resource, to save himself from the thrust of the lance, than to fall down from off his ass; and he had scarcely touched the ground, when he rose more nimbly than a deer, and began to run over the plain so that the wind could not overtake him. He left his basin upon the ground, with which Don Quixote was well pleased, and remarked that the paynim had done wisely, having imitated the beaver, which, finding itself chased by the hunters, tears and cuts away with its teeth that for which it knows, by natural instinct, it is pursued. He commanded Sancho to take up the helmet, who, turning it in his hands, said—

“In sooth, the basin is a good one, and is as well worth a real of eight as a maravedi.”

He gave it to his master, who placed it upon his head, turning it round on every side, and searching for the vizor; and not finding it, he cried, “Without doubt, the paynim for whose measure this famous head-piece was first forged, must have had an enormous head; and the worst of it is, that half of it is lacking.”

When Sancho heard him call the basin a head-piece, he could not contain his laughter; but there came to his mind his master's wrath, and he checked himself midway.

“For what dost thou laugh, Sancho?” inquired Don Quixote.

“I am laughing,” replied he, “for thinking of the big skull the paynim owner of this helmet had; for it looks for all the world like nothing but a barber’s basin.”

“Knowest thou what I imagine, Sancho?—that this famous piece of the enchanted helmet must, by some strange accident, have come into the hands of one who did not know or esteem its worth; and that, without knowing what he did, seeing it was of purest gold, he must have melted the other half to turn it to his profit, and of this half he has made what appears to thee a barber’s basin, as thou sayest. But be that as it may, for me who know it, its transmutation makes no matter, for I will have it rectified in the first village where there is a smith, and in such wise that it shall not be surpassed or approached even by that which was made and forged by the god of smithies for the god of battles. In the mean while I will wear it as I can, for something is better than nothing—the more as it will well suffice to defend me from some blow of a stone.”

“That will be,” quoth Sancho, “if they do not throw them from a sling, as they threw in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship’s grinders, and broke the cruse wherein was carried that most blessed brewage which made me vomit up my entrails.”

“The loss of it gives me no great pain, for, as thou knowest, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “I hold the recipe in my memory.”

“So do I, also,” responded Sancho; “but if ever I make it, or try it any more in my life, let my hour come: more by token that I do not mean to put myself in any occasions for needing it, for I mean, with all my five senses, to keep myself from being wounded by or wounding anybody. As to being tossed again in a quilt, I say nothing, for such mishaps can hardly be hindered; and if they come, there is nothing for it but to shrug shoulders, hold breath, shut your eyes, and let yourself go where fortune and the bed-quilt may carry you.”

“Thou art a bad Christian, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, hearing him say so, “for thou never forgettest the injury once done thee. Know, then, that it is the mark of noble and generous souls to make no account of trifles. What foot hast thou brought out lamed? what rib fractured? what head broken, that thou canst not forget that jest? For the matter, being well sifted, was a jest and a pastime; and had I not taken it so, I should have returned thither, and have done more damage in avenging thee than did the Greeks for the rape of Helen, who, if she had lived in this age, or my Dulcinea in hers, would be certain not to have that reputation for beauty which she has;” and here he breathed a sigh, and sent it to the clouds.

Quoth Sancho, “Let it pass as a jest, since the vengeance cannot pass as earnest; but it is I who know the quality of the earnest and the jest, and know also that they will not slip from my memory, as they never will out of my shoulders. But, leaving this apart, tell me, your worship, what we are to do with

this dapple-grey steed, which looks like a grey ass, which that Martino whom your worship overthrew has left here to shift for itself, and who, since he has taken to his heels and seized the breeches of Villadiego,³ seems not likely ever to return for it; and, by my beard, the dapple is a good beast."

"I am never accustomed," said Don Quixote, "to despoil those whom I conquer; nor is it the custom of chivalry to take their horses and leave them to go on foot, unless it happened that the victor lost his own in the combat, in which case it is lawful to take that of the vanquished as won in fair war. So, Sancho, leave that horse, or ass, or whatever thou would have it be; for when its owner sees us gone away hence, he will return for it."

"God knows if I would not like to take it," replied Sancho, "or to swop it for this of mine, which seems to me not so good. Truly, but the laws of chivalry are strict, since they do not extend to letting us swop one ass for another; and would I knew if we could swop the trappings, if so minded."

"In that I am not very sure," answered Don Quixote, "it being a case of doubt. Until I am better informed, I say thou mayest exchange them, if thy need be extreme."

"So extreme it is," answered Sancho, "that if they were for my own person I could not need them more;" and then, being invested with his licence, he made *mutatio capparum*,⁴ and decked out his ass with a thousand fineries, leaving him mightily improved.

This done, they broke their fast upon the remains

of the provand from the sumpter mule, which they had despoiled. They drank of the water of the runnel which ran by the fulling-mills, without turning their faces to look at them—such was the abhorrence they had of them for the fright which they had caused. Having got rid of their anger, and even their sadness, they mounted; and, without taking any definite road (the not taking any certain one being peculiar to knights-errant), they set out to travel wherever Rozinante pleased, who led behind him his master's will, and even that of the ass, who ever followed whithersoever he might lead, in good love and fellowship. Thus they turned into the high-road, and followed it at random, without any precise purpose.

As they jogged along on their way, said Sancho to his master, "Sir, would your worship give me leave to discourse a little? For, since you have laid upon me that hard command of silence, more than four things have rotted in my stomach, and one alone, which I now have on the tip of my tongue, I would not have wasted."

"Speak it," said Don Quixote; "and be brief in thy discourse, for there is none pleasant if it be long."

"I say then, sir," answered Sancho, "that for some days, up till now, I have thought how little is got and gained by going in search of these adventures, which your worship seeks, by these deserts and cross-ways, where, though the most perilous ones may be overcome and achieved, there is no one to see or to know of them; and so they have to remain for ever in silence, to the harm of your worship's purpose, and of

what they deserve. And so I think it would be better, saving your worship's judgment, that we should go away to serve some emperor, or other great prince, who has a war upon his hands, in whose service your worship might display the valour of your person, your mighty force and greater understanding, which being seen by the lord whom we shall serve, he must, of course, reward us each one after his deserts; and there will not be lacking some one to put in writing the deeds of your worship for everlasting memory. Of mine I say nothing, for they must not go beyond the squirely limits; although I can say that if they use in chivalry to write of the deeds of squires, that I think mine will not be left out."

"Thou sayest not amiss, Sancho," answered Don Quixote. "But before it come to that issue, it is necessary to travel the world, as on probation in quest of adventures, in order that, achieving some, a man may acquire such name and fame that, when he goes to the court of some great monarch, the knight may be already known by his works; and hardly shall he be seen enter by the boys through the gates of the city, when they shall all follow and surround him, crying out, saying, 'This is the Knight of the Sun,' or the Serpent, or of some other device under which he might have achieved mighty deeds. 'This is he,' they will say, 'who vanquished in single combat the great giant Brocabruno of prodigious strength; he that disenchanted the mighty Mameluke of Persia out of the long enchantment in which he had been held for nine hundred years;' and thus they will go proclaiming his deeds in little groups.

And presently, at the clamour of the boys, and of the rest of the people, there will present himself at the window of his royal palace the king of that kingdom ; and as soon as he shall see the knight, recognizing him by his armour or the device on his shield, he must of necessity exclaim, ‘ What, ho ! let my knights go up, as many as are in my court, to receive the flower of chivalry who yonder comes ’—at whose command they will all issue. And he himself will advance half-way down the stairs, and will embrace him very tenderly, and will give him the peace, kissing him on the face ; and straightway he will lead him by the hand to the chamber of his lady queen, where the knight will find her with the princess, her daughter, who should be one of the loveliest and most perfect damsels whom one could find with great difficulty through the vast compass of the discovered earth. After this it will then happen, incontinently, that she will cast her eyes on the knight, and he on her, and each will appear to the other more divine than human ; and, without knowing how or why, they will remain captive and entangled in the inextricable net, and with a great craving in their hearts, for not knowing how to speak in order to discover their anxiety and feelings. From thence they will bear him, without doubt, to some chamber in the palace, richly dight, where, having removed his armour, they will bring him a rich mantle of scarlet to cover him with ; and if when armed he had a goodly aspect, as well and goodlier will he appear in doublet.

“ The night being come, he will sup with the king,

queen, and princess, when he will never take his eyes off her, beholding her unawares of those standing round; and she will do the like with the same sagacity, for, as I have said, she is a damsel most discreet. The tables shall be removed, and there will enter suddenly, by the door of the hall, an ill-favoured little dwarf⁶ with a beauteous lady, who comes behind the dwarf, between two giants, with a certain adventure contrived by a most ancient sage, to the end that he who achieves it may be accounted the best knight in the world. The king will then command all there present to essay it; and none shall give it end or conclusion, save the guest knight, to the great advancement of his fame; whereat the princess will remain well pleased, and will hold herself content, and requited besides, for having placed and settled her thoughts in so high a quarter.

“And the best of it is, that this king, or prince, or whatever he be, has a very obstinate war with another as powerful as he, and the stranger knight doth ask (at the end of some days spent at the court) for licence to go and serve him in that aforesaid war. The king will grant it with great good will, and the knight will courteously kiss his hands for the boon bestowed; and that night he will take leave of his lady, the princess, at the lattice windows of a garden whereupon looks her chamber where she sleeps, by the which he had already many times communed with her, a damsel in whom the princess much confided being instrumental and privy to all. He will sigh; she will swoon. The damsel will bring water, will be concerned greatly because of the dawn of the morning, and will not have

them be discovered for the honour of her mistress. Finally, the princess will come to herself, and will give her lily-white hands through the lattice to the knight, who will kiss them a thousand and a thousand times, and will bathe them in tears.⁶ There will be concerted between the two the means whereby they have to acquaint one another of their good or ill fortunes, and the princess will pray him to stay away as little time as he can. He shall promise it to her with many vows; he will return to kiss her hands, and take his leave of her with so much feeling that it will go near ending his life. Thence he goes to his chamber, and casts himself upon his couch—is unable to sleep through his grief of the parting.

— “He rises very early in the morning, goes to take leave of the king, the queen, and the princess. Saying farewell to the two, they tell him that the lady princess is indisposed, and is unable to receive a visit. The knight believes that it is through grief of his departure. He is transpierced in the heart, and is near giving manifest token of his distress. The damsel accomplice is present, has to note everything, and goes to tell it to her mistress who receives it with tears, and says to her that one of the greatest afflictions she suffers is not to know him who is her knight, and whether he be of king’s lineage or not. The damsel assures her that so much courtesy, gentleness, and valour, as of her knight, could find no place but in a being royal and great. The anguished lady consoles herself with this, and tries to cheer up so as not to afford her parents any suspicion of herself, and at the end of two days again appears in public.

“The knight has already gone; he fights in the war, vanquishes the king’s enemy, captures many cities, triumphs in many battles, returns to the court, sees his lady at the accustomed place. It is agreed that he ask her of her father for wife, in recompense of his services. Her the king does not consent to give, because he knows not who he is; but, for all that, either by carrying her off, or in whatever sort it may be, the princess comes to be his wife, and her father comes to regard it as great good fortune; for it is discovered that such knight is son to a valiant king of I know not what realm, for I believe it is not in the map. The father dies, the princess inherits, and thus, in two words, the knight becomes king. Here follows immediately the bestowing of favours upon the squire, and upon all those who helped him to mount to so high an estate. He marries his squire to the princess’s damsel, who shall be without doubt she who was privy to their loves, who is daughter to a very exalted duke.”

“I go for that and fair play,” said Sancho. “I abide by that; for all to the letter will happen, to your worship calling yourself *The Knight of the Rueful Visage*.”

“Do not doubt it, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote; “for by the very same manners and the very same steps that I have rehearsed to thee mount, and have mounted, knights-errant to be kings and emperors. Only this remains, to look out what king of the Christians or the paynims makes war, and hath a lovely daughter; but there will be time to think of that,

since, as I have told thee, we have first to acquire fame in other parts before we go to court. There is also another thing wanting to me ; for, supposing the king to be found who is at war, and hath a lovely daughter, and that I have acquired incredible fame through all the universe, I know not how I might find that I am of the lineage of kings, or at least second cousin to an emperor—for the king will not like to give me his daughter for wife if he is not first well informed of this, how much so ever my famous deeds should deserve it. So, for this lack, I fear to lose that which my arm has well merited. True it is that I am a gentleman of a known house, of possessions and property, entitled to five hundred gold crowns as reparation ; and it might be that the sage who shall write my history shall define in such manner my parentage and descent as to prove me fifth or sixth in line from a king.

“ For I would have thee know, Sancho, that there are two kinds of lineages in the world. Some which trace and derive their descent from princes and monarchs, which time hath, little by little, diminished and finished in a point, like a pyramid upside down ; others take their beginning from low people, and go ascending from grade to grade, till they arrive to be great lords. So that the difference is this—that some were what they are not, and others are what they never were ; and I might prove to be, after examination, of those which had a grand and famous origin, with which the king, my father-in-law who is to be, must be content. And even if not, the princess will

have to love me, so that in spite of her father, although she may know me plainly enough to be the son of a water-carrier, she will admit me for her lord and spouse ; and, if not, here come in the carrying her off and taking her wherever I please, till time or death shall end the displeasure of her parents."

"There comes in also here," said Sancho, "what certain scapegraces say : 'Never beg as a favour what you can take by force ;' but it is more pat to say, 'A leap over the hedge is worth more than good men's prayers.'⁸ I say it, because if the lord the king, father-in-law to your worship, will not bring himself to hand over to you my lady the princess, there is nothing for it but, as your worship says, to carry her off and hide her. But the mischief is, that as soon as you have made it up and are enjoying yourself peaceably in your kingdom, the poor squire may go and whistle for the matter of the rewards, unless that damsel go-between who has to be his wife runs away together with the princess, and he passes his bad luck with her, until Heaven ordains something else ; for I do think that his lord could well from then give her to him as his lawful wife."

"There is no one can prevent that," quoth Don Quixote.

"Well, since it may be so," said Sancho, "there is nothing for it but to commend ourselves to God, and let fortune run wherever it can best travel."

"God grant it," answered Don Quixote, "as I desire and thou, Sancho, hast need, and let him be vile who holds himself vilely."

"Let him, i' faith," said Sancho. "I am an old Christian, and to be an earl is enough for me."

"And more than enough," quoth Don Quixote. "And if thou wert not one, it would be no matter ; for I, being the king, can well give thee nobility without thy buying it or doing me any service. For in making thee count, presto, thou art a knight ; and let them say what they may say, for, by my faith, they must call you 'my lord' in their own despite."

"Trust me for that," quoth Sancho ; "and shall I not know how to support the malignity ?"

"Dignity, thou must say, not malignity," cried his master.

"Be it so," replied Sancho. "I say I should know how well to behave myself ; for, by my life, I was one time beadle of a company, and the beadle's gown fitted me so fine that every one said that I had a presence which might fit the warden of the same company. Then what will it be when I put on my shoulders the robe of a duke, or be clad in gold and pearls, after the fashion of a foreign count ? I'll be bound they will come a hundred leagues to see me."

"Thou wilt look very well," said Don Quixote ; "but thou wilt need to shave thy beard often, for as thou wearest it now, thick, matted, and disorderly, unless thou usest the razor every two days, what thou art will be seen within the distance of a gun-shot."

"What more is there," said Sancho, "but to take a barber and keep him on wages in the house ? And if need were I could make him follow behind me like the equerry of a grandee."

“ But how knowest thou,” asked Don Quixote, “ that grandees carry their equerries behind them ? ”

“ I will tell you,” answered Sancho. “ Some years ago, I was a month at the capital, and I saw there riding about a very little lord, whom they said ’ was very great. A man followed him on horseback, turning everywhere as he turned, so that he looked like nothing else than his tail. I asked why that man did not ride alongside of the other, but always went behind him. They told me that he was his equerry, and that it was the fashion of grandees to carry such behind them. From that time I have known it so well that I have never forgotten it.”

“ I confess thou art right,” said Don Quixote, “ and that so mayest thou carry thy barber. For fashions come not altogether, nor were invented at once, and thou canst be the first count who shall carry his barber behind him ; and, indeed, the dressing of the beard is a greater trust than the saddling of a horse.”

“ Leave the matter of the barber to my charge,” said Sancho, “ and to your worship’s be left the trying to become king and making me a count.”

“ So shall it be,” responded Don Quixote ; and, raising his eyes, he beheld what shall be told in the following chapter.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXI.

Note 1, page 263.

When one door is shut another opens (Donde una puerta se cierra, otra se abre). Found also in *La Celestina*.

Note 2, page 264.

The helmet of Mambrino. The enchanted helmet made invulnerable by the Moorish king Mambrino, who used it ; and how Gradaso, also King of the Moors, the Saracens, or Pagans, could not slay Reynaldos because he wore this helmet, having taken it from Mambrino, may be seen in the *Orlando Furioso*, lib. i. cant. 4.

Note 3, page 269.

And seized the breeches of Villadiego. This is one of the many proverbs which remain a puzzle, not only to the Spaniards of to-day, but to all critics. Mabbe, in his translation of the *Guzman de Alfarache*, i. 189, fol. 1639, says, " This proverb is in *La Celestina*, but its origin all unknown. It should seeme Villa Diego was driven to his shifts, and, not having time to put on his breeches, was forced to fly away with them in his hand." It occurs also in Cervantes' *Comedies*, ii. 104 :—

*I will put feet in the dust ;
I will snatch from Villadiego
His breeches.*

On the other hand, it has been conjectured that Villadiego was a famous runner. See also the sonnet to Sancho.

Note 4, page 269.

He made mutatio capparum. "It was the time of *mutatio capparum*, when the cardinals change their dress from scarlet to brown, and women their muslins for serges."—Novelas, *The Two Dogs*.

Note 5, page 273.

An ill-favoured little dwarf. Two of these unhappy creatures are mentioned in Cap. 67 of Part II. of *Amadis of Greece*. The service of dwarfs in the palaces of kings and the houses of rich men was one of the fruits of reading books of chivalry. Philip the Third had one of uncommon smallness, called Simon Bonami, for whom Gongora wrote an epitaph, and to whom a certain Spanish author dedicated a book; and he is said not to have been surprised at this, since Pedro Aretino had dedicated his book to a monkey. Simon died in 1616.

Note 6, page 274.

And will bathe them in tears. It is needless to note that all through this speech Don Quixote is talking of his own knowledge derived from his books, and it is wonderfully minute and accurate. One example must suffice; *e.g.* "Amadis took the hands of Oriana through the bars of the window, whilst she bathed them with her tears, which fell from her cheeks. Kissing them many times, they at last parted."—Libro 14.

Note 7, page 276.

Five hundred gold crowns as reparation. According to the ancient rights and laws of Castile, an *hidalgo* or *hijodalgo*, which sometimes means the son of somebody or the son of something, had the right of demanding from his adversary, or any who had done him wrong in body or estate, or had

wounded his honour, five hundred golden crowns ; but a farmer, who was the son of nobody, could only claim three hundred.

Note 8, page 277.

A leap over the hedge is worth more than good men's prayers (Mas vale salto de mata, que ruego de hombres buenos). As was proved by Count de Salvatierra, who died in prison, in spite of all the petitions which his friends made to the king.

Note 9, page 279.

A very little lord, whom they said, etc. Pellicer conjectures that this nobleman was Don Pedro Giron, Duke of Osuna, the first Viceroy of Sicily, and afterwards of Naples. It is said of him, in the history of the Governors of Naples, that he was one of those great men of his age, in whom there was nothing of littleness, save his stature. It is a small matter ; but it affords the opportunity of saying that, perhaps, with the exception of poor little Bonami, these are the only two persons to whom Cervantes makes distinct and pointed allusion, or allusion of any kind, throughout the *Don Quixote*. It has, however, been contended, with much spirit and with not a little show of reason, that Ignatius Loyola, whom many persons believe to have been mad, was the original lay figure of *Don Quixote*. Ignatius took to reading the *Lives of the Saints* at a critical period of his life ; and it is certain that the effect of this reading upon his noble and susceptible mind was to make him ardently long to emulate the deeds of the greatest saint that ever lived, or the bloodiest martyr that ever died. And he did many things which brought him great renown among believers. Some of the miracles which he wrought, and others that were wrought for him, surpass any which are recorded in the sacred Scriptures, notably that of the infant Saviour being seen alive by him in His mother's arms. Others, again, there are who do not scruple to say that Charles V., who tried to make men and Spaniards go like clocks, was at that time of his life also mad, and that the royal monk

suggested the enthusiast whom Cervantes intended to jest with. These are conjectures which could not occur to one who had carefully read the *Don Quixote*, and the most popular of the books of chivalry, whose influence—it cannot be too often reiterated—it was the design of Cervantes to destroy in the world.

CHAPTER XXII.

OF THE LIBERTY WHICH DON QUIXOTE GAVE TO SEVERAL UNFORTUNATE PERSONS, WHO, MUCH AGAINST THEIR WILL, WERE BEING CONVEYED WHERE THEY HAD NO WISH TO GO.

CID Hamete Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, recounts in this most grave, high-sounding, minute, pleasant, and fanciful history, that after those discourses had passed between the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha and Sancho Panza, his squire, which are related at the close of the Twenty-first Chapter, Don Quixote lifted up his eyes, and saw that along the road he was taking there were coming some dozen men on foot, strung together by their necks, like beads, on a great iron chain, and all with shackles on their hands. There came also with them two men on horseback and two on foot ; those on horseback carrying fire-locks, and those on foot swords and pikes ; and as soon as Sancho Panza saw them, he cried—

“ Yonder is a chain of galley-slaves, people compelled by the king, who are going to the galleys.”

“ How people compelled ? ” demanded Don

Quixote. "Is it possible that the king should use compulsion on any people?"

"I say not so," answered Sancho, "but that they are a people who, for their offences, are going, condemned to serve the king, in the galleys by force."

"In fine," replied Don Quixote, "be it as it may, these people, since they are taking them, go by force, and not of their will."

"That is so," quoth Sancho.

"Then, in that case," said his master, "here doth intervene the execution of my office to redress outrages, and to succour and help the afflicted."

"Consider, your worship," said Sancho, "that justice, which is the same as the king, does no violence or wrong to such people, but chastises them in punishment of their crimes."

Here the chain of galley-slaves came up; and Don Quixote, in very courteous terms, besought the guard that they would be pleased to inform and tell him the cause or causes wherefore they were conveying those people in that manner.

One of the guards on horseback answered that they were galley-slaves, king's gentry, who were going to the galleys, and that there was no more to be said, nor had he any more to know.

"For all that," replied Don Quixote, "I would learn from each of them singly the cause of his misfortune." He added to these other and such civil arguments to move them to tell him what he wished, that the other guard on horseback said to him—

"Although we carry here the register and the

warrant of the sentence of each of these unfortunates, this is no time to take them out and read them. Your worship may come and ask it of themselves ; for they may tell it if they please, and they will, for they are gentry who take delight in acting and relating knaveries."

With this licence, which Don Quixote would have taken of himself had they not given it, he came up to the chain, and inquired of the first for what sins he went in such guise. He answered that it was for having been in love.

"For that and no more?" returned Don Quixote. "If for being in love people are sent to the galleys, I might have been rowing in them long ago."

"The love is not such as your worship imagines," said the galley-slave ; "for mine was that I loved over much a buck-basket, stuffed with white linen, which I embraced so vehemently that, if justice had not taken it from me by force, I should not have forsaken it till now of my own free will. I was caught in the act ; there was no need for the torture. The cause was concluded. They accommodated my shoulders with a hundred, and, as a make-weight, three years of *gurapas*; and the job was done."

"What are *gurapas*?" asked Don Quixote.

"*Gurapas* are galleys," answered the galley-slave, who was a young fellow of about twenty-five years of age, and a native, he said, of Piedrahita.

Don Quixote put the same question to the second, who answered not a word, he was so sad and melancholy.

But the first answered for him, and said, "This one, sir, goes for a canary-bird—I mean for a musician and singer."

"How then," repeated Don Quixote, "do men also go to the galleys for being musicians and singers?"

"Yes, sir," replied the galley-slave, "for there is nothing worse than to sing while in the anguish."

"The rather, I have heard say," quoth Don Quixote, "that he who sings gives sorrow wings."¹

"Here it is just the other way," said the galley-slave, "for he who sings once, cries all his life."

"I do not understand it," said Don Quixote.

But one of the guards said to him, "Sir knight, among these ungodly people, to sing in anguish means to confess on the rack. They gave this poor wretch the torture, and he confessed his offence, which was that of being a *cuatrero*, which is a cattle-lifter; and on his having confessed, they condemned him to the galleys for six years, besides two hundred lashes which he carries on his back. And he goes always thus, sad and pensive, because the rest of the thieves who stay there, and those who go with us, maltreat, abuse, flout, and despise him, because he confessed, and had not the courage to say 'No.' For they say that a *No* has as many letters as an *Ay*, and that a criminal has luck enough when his life or his death stands in his tongue, and not in that of witnesses and proofs; and, for my part, I hold they are not far out."

"And so think I," said Don Quixote. And then, passing to the third, he put to him the same inquiry

as to the others ; who with much glibness responded off-hand, and said—

“ I go for five years to Mistress Gurapas for wanting ten ducats.”²

“ I will give twenty, with all my heart,” said Don Quixote, “ to free thee from this misery.”

“ That,” quoth the galley-slave, “ would be like one who has money in the midst of the sea, and is dying of hunger, without having where to buy what he needs. This I say because, if I had had those twenty ducats in their season which your worship now offers me, I would have greased the notary’s pen with them, and quickened the advocate’s wit, so that this day would see me in the middle of the square of Zocodover, at Toledo, and not on this road, leashed like a greyhound. But God is great, and—patience, that is enough.”

Don Quixote passed on to the fourth, who was a man of venerable aspect, with a white beard which reached to his breast ; and hearing himself asked of the cause of his being there, he began to weep, and answered not a word. But the fifth convict lent him a tongue, and said—

“ This honourable man goes for four years to the galleys, having paraded the ordinaries pompously appavelled, and on horseback.”

“ That is,” said Sancho, “ as I take it, to be exposed to public shame.”

“ It is so,” replied the galley-slave ; “ and the crime for which they gave him this penalty is for having been a broker of the ear, and, for that matter, of the whole

body. In fact, I mean that this gentleman goes for being a pander, and also for giving himself the airs and pretensions of a conjurer."

"If he had not added these airs and pretensions," said Don Quixote, "as a pure pander only he did not deserve to be sent to row in the galleys, but to command them, and to be a general of them. For the office of pander is no ordinary one; it is an office for the discreet, and is most necessary in the well-ordered commonwealth, and none should exercise it but people very well born; and there should even be an overseer and examiner of them, as there is for other professions, appointed and recognized, like brokers of the exchange.³ And in this manner might be avoided many evils that are caused through this office and profession being in the hands of idiots and people of small intelligence, such as silly, worthless women, pagelings, and buffoons, raw in years and of very small experience, who on the most critical occasion, and when it is necessary to manage any affair of nicety, let the morsel freeze between the fingers and the mouth, and know not which is their right hand. Fain would I go further, and give reasons why it is expedient to make election of those who should hold so necessary an office in the commonwealth; but this is no convenient place to do so. Some day I will speak of the matter to those who can provide a remedy. Only this I say now: that the pain which has been caused me by seeing these silvery hairs and this venerable countenance in this distress for pandering, has been removed from me by his additional character of conjurer, although I well

know that there are no sorceries in the world which can influence and compel the will, as some simpletons think ; for our will is free, and there is no herb or charm which can compel it. That which certain silly women and certain crafty impostors are wont to make, is some mixture and poison with which they turn men mad, giving us to understand that they have power to excite love—it being, as I say, a thing impossible, to constrain the will.”

“That is so,” said the old fellow ; “and in truth, sir, as I am not guilty in the matter of the conjuring, so in that of the pandering, I cannot deny it but I never thought I was doing harm in that, for all my intention was that the whole world should enjoy itself, and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles. But this my good motive availed me nothing to hinder my going whence I do not hope to return, as my years burden me, and the stone, which lets me not rest an instant.” And here he turned to his weeping as at first ; and Sancho felt so much compassion for him, that he took a real of four out of his bosom, and gave it him for charity.

Don Quixote passed on, and asked another of his offence, who replied with no less, but much more, briskness than the last, “I go here because I played the fool too much with two of my female cousins, and other two cousins which were not mine. In short, I fooled so much with all, that the result of the joke was an increase of the kindred, so intricate that there is no calculator can make it out. It was all proved against me. I had no interest, no money, and came

near to having my windpipe choked. They sentenced me to the galleys for six years. I agreed ; it was a punishment for my fault. I am young. Let my life hold out ; with that all will go right. If your worship, sir knight, has anything about you to succour these poor folk, God will repay you for it in heaven, and we will take care on earth to beseech God in our orisons for your worship's life and health, that they may be as long and as good as your fine appearance deserves."

He that spoke was in the habit of a student ; and one of the guards said that he was a great talker, and a very excellent scholar.

After all these came a man of some thirty years, of a very good mien, save that when he looked he thrust one eye into the other. He was bound a little differently from the rest, for he wore a chain to his leg, so great that it wound round his whole body, and two rings round the neck—one on the chain, and the other of the kind called *keep-friend* or *friend's-foot*. From these descended irons which reached to his waist, whereon were fastened two manacles which held his hands, locked by a heavy padlock, so that neither could he reach his mouth with his hands, nor lower his head to reach his hands.

Don Quixote asked why that man went with so many shackles more than the others. The guard answered that he had more crimes to his charge than all the others together, and that he was so daring and so great a scoundrel that, although they took him in that manner, they were not sure of him, but feared he might give them the slip.

“What, then, can his crimes be,” said Don Quixote, “if they have not merited greater punishment than to be sent to the galleys?”

“He goes for ten years,” replied the guard, “which is equal to civil death. You need wish to know no more than that this fine fellow is the famous Gines de Pasamonte, who by his other name they call Ginesillo de Parapilla.”

“Master commissary,” said then the galley-slave, “fair and softly; let us not now go splitting of names and surnames. I am Gines, and not Ginesillo; and Pasamonte is my stock, and not Parapilla, as your worship says; and let every one turn himself about and look at home, and he will not have little to do.”

“Speak lower, sir thief beyond measure,” said the commissary, “unless you would have me silence you to your sorrow.”

“It is well seen that man goes as God pleases,” answered the galley-slave; “but some day somebody will know whether I am called Ginesillo de Parapilla or not.”

“Do they not call you so then, rascal?” quoth the guard.

“Yes, they do,” answered Gines; “but I will take care they don’t call me so, or I will pluck out my beard where—— But no matter. Sir knight, if you have anything to give us, give it to us now, and begone, in God’s name, for you worry me with so much inquiry after other men’s lives; and if mine you would learn, know that I am Gines de Pasamonte, whose life is written with these pickers and stealers.”

"He says true," quoth the commissary ; "for he himself has written his own history, which leaves nothing to be desired, and has left the work in prison, pawned for two hundred reals."

"Ay, and I intend to redeem it," said Gines, "if I had left it for two hundred ducats."

"Is it so good, then?" quoth Don Quixote.

"It is so good," replied Gines, "that it plays the devil with *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and with all others of that kidney which have been or may be written. What I can vouch for to your worship is that it deals with truths, and they are truths so pretty and pleasant that there are no lies which can come up to them."

"And how is the book entitled?" demanded Don Quixote.

"*The Life of Gines de Pasamonte*," replied the same.

"And is it finished?" asked Don Quixote.

"How can it be finished," answered he, "if my life is not finished? That which is written is from my birth up to the point when this last time they have sent me to the galleys."

"Then have you been there before?" said Don Quixote.

"For the service of God and the king, I have been there once before for four years, and I know already the taste of the biscuit and the cowhide," answered Gines ; "and it does not grieve me much to go there, for then I shall have time to finish my book. There remain many things for me to say ; and in the galleys of Spain there is more leisure than what I need,

although I need not much for what I have to write, for I know it by heart."

"Thou seemest a clever fellow," said Don Quixote.

"And an unlucky one," responded Gines; "for bad luck always pursues good genius."

"Pursues knaves," said the commissary.

"I have already told you, master commissary," returned Pasamonte, "to go fair and softly; for their lordships did not give you that staff that you should maltreat us poor devils who go here, but to guide and carry us where his majesty commands. If not, by the life of—— Enough; for some day there will come out in the bucking the stains which were got in the wineshop. And let every one hold his tongue, and live well, and speak better; and let us get on, for this has been rather above a joke."

The commissary raised his staff to strike Pasamonte in return for his threats; but Don Quixote interfered, and prayed him not to ill-treat the other, for it was not much that he who had his hands so tied should have his tongue a little loose. And turning to all of the chain, he said—

"From all you have told me, dearest brethren, I have clearly gathered that although it is for your crimes they punish you, yet the pains you are to suffer give you no great pleasure, and that you go to them with ill humour, and much against your will; and that it was possibly the little courage which that one had on the rack, the want of money in this, the small interest of the other, and, in fine, the crooked judgment of the judge hath been the cause of your perdition,

and of your not meeting with the justice which you had on your side. All of which doth now present itself to my memory in such wise, that it is prompting, persuading, and even compelling me to manifest in you the purpose for which Heaven launched me upon the world, and made me to profess in it the order of chivalry which I follow, and the vow which I took therein to support the needy, and those oppressed of the stronger. But, forasmuch as I know that it is one of the properties of prudence not to do by foul means what can be done by fair, I would entreat these gentlemen your guardians, and the commissary, to be good enough to release you, and let you go in peace; for there will not be wanting others to serve the king from better cause, and to me it seems a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and nature made free. How much more, sir guards," added Don Quixote, "since these poor fellows have done nothing against you? Yonder shall each one answer for his sin. There is a God in heaven, who neglects not to chastise the wicked, nor to reward the good; and it is not meet that honest men should be the executioners of other men having no interest in the matter. I ask this of you, in this peaceable and quiet manner, that I may have, if you grant it, something to thank you for; but an if you will not do it willingly, then this lance and this sword, with the valour of my arm, shall make you do it by force."

"Mighty pleasant fooling!" answered the commissary. "A capital jest which he has wound up with at last! He would have us let go the king's prisoners,

as if we had authority to free them, or he to command us to do it. Go your way onward, sir, and welcome, and set that pot which you carry straight on your head, and do not go looking for three feet in a cat."

"You are cat, and rat, and villain," retorted Don Quixote; and so, with word and deed at once, he assaulted him so suddenly that, without having time to put himself on his defence he struck him to the earth, sorely wounded with a thrust of his lance, and it happened, fortunately, that this was the one with the fire-lock.

The rest of the guard became astonished and confounded at this unexpected encounter; but coming to themselves, those on horseback put their hands to their swords, and those on foot to their pikes, and set upon Don Quixote, who awaited them with much composure; and, without doubt, it had gone hard with him, if the galley-slaves, seeing the occasion offer itself for achieving their liberty, had not seized it by breaking the chain on which they were linked together. Such was the tumult that the guards, now running to the galley-slaves, who were unloosing themselves, now by engaging with Don Quixote, who was encountering them, did nothing to any purpose.

Sancho, on his part, helped to release Gines de Pasamonte, who was the first to leap upon the plain free and unfettered, and, attacking the fallen commissary, took away his sword and fire-lock; by pointing which at one and levelling it at another, without ever discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guards, who took to flight no less from Pasamonte's fire-lock,

than from the many stones which now the liberated galley-slaves hurled after them.

Sancho was much grieved over this affair, for he represented to himself that those who had fled would give notice of the occurrence to the Holy Brotherhood, who, upon the striking of the alarm bells, would sally out in pursuit of the delinquents; and so he spoke to his master, begging that they might instantly depart thence, and go and hide themselves in the hills which were close by.

"That is well," said Don Quixote; "but I know what is now fitting to be done." And, calling all the galley-slaves, who were in an uproar, and had stripped the commissary to his skin, they ranged themselves in a circle about him to see what he might command, and he thus addressed them: "It is the part of people well born to be grateful for the benefits which they receive, and one of the sins which most offends God is ingratitude. This, I say, gentlemen, because ye have seen of actual experience the benefit ye have received from me, in requital whereof I would desire, and it is my will, that, burdened with this chain which I took from your necks, you at once put yourselves on the road, and wend to the city of Toboso, and there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her knight, he of the Rueful Visage, sends his service to her; and ye shall recount to her, point by point, all which pertains to this famous adventure, up to the conferring upon you your desired freedom; and this done, you may go where you please, good fortune attending."

Gines de Pasamonte replied for all, and said, "That which your worship, our liberator, commands is, of all impossibilities, impossible to do; for we cannot go together along the roads, but alone and separate, and each one for his own part, and try to hide ourselves in the bowels of the earth, lest we be found by the Holy Brotherhood, which, without any doubt, will come out in search of us. What your worship might order, and it is right that we should do, is to exchange this suit and service to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a certain quantity of *Ave Marias* and *Credos*, which we will say for your worship's sake; and this is a thing which can be done by night and by day, in flight and in repose, in peace or in war. But to think that we could now return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and, say I, to take up our chain and put ourselves on the road to Toboso, is to imagine that it is now night, although it is not ten of the morning, and to ask of us that is like asking pears of an elm tree."

"Then, by the faith of my body," cried Don Quixote, now fairly enraged, "Don Whoreson, Don Ginesillo de Parapilla, or however they call thee, thou shalt go alone, thy tail between thy legs, with the whole chain on thy shoulders."

Pasamonte, who was not over patient (being now aware that Don Quixote was not very sane, since he had committed such a folly as to give them their freedom), seeing himself treated in that fashion, gave a wink to his companions; and, retiring apart, they began to shower so many stones upon Don Quixote, that he could not manage to cover himself with his

buckler, and poor Rozinante took no more notice of the spur than if he had been made of bronze. Sancho got behind his ass, and by its help defended himself from the cloud and tempest of stones which rained upon them both.

Don Quixote was not able to defend himself so well but that there struck him—I know not how many—flints on the body, with such force that they brought him to the ground ; and scarce was he fallen, when the student leaped upon him, and took the basin from off his head, and gave him with it three or four blows on the back, and struck it as many other times on the ground, by which he broke it almost to pieces. They stripped him of a tunic which he wore over his armour, and would have taken his hose, if his greaves had not hindered them. From Sancho they took his coat, leaving him in his shirt. Dividing among themselves the rest of the spoils of the battle, they fled each one his way, with more concern to escape from the Brotherhood which they dreaded, than to burden themselves with the chain, and go to present themselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

Only the ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained alone—the ass, with drooping head and pensive, now and then shaking his ears, thinking that the storm of stones which had buzzed about them had not yet ceased ; Rozinante, who also had been brought to the ground by the stones, stretched by the side of his master ; Sancho, naked to his shirt, in terror of the Holy Brotherhood ; Don Quixote very much out of temper at finding himself so ill used by the very men for whom he had done so much.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXII.

Note 1, page 287.

He who sings gives sorrow wings (Quien canta, sus males espanta). Also in *La Diana*, p. 24: *No hay mal que con la musica no se pasa.*

Note 2, page 288.

For wanting ten ducats. This convict must have read the poem of the arch-priest of Hita on the praise of money, of which the following is but a mild translation:—

*It has given many a verdict, has healed many a strife,
Has been to many an advocate the very staff of life,
In pleading wretched causes, in quashing claims disputed;
While crimes themselves, for money's sake, have often been commuted.*

Note 3, page 289.

None should exercise it, etc. It is unnecessary to point out to the reader the solemn irony of the whole of this speech, or to remind him that what Cervantes here proposes as a reform, was a custom, not only in Spain, but at the court of Rome and elsewhere. See the biographies of courtesans by the arch-priest of Hita, *Coloquios de las Damas*, *La Celestina*, and *La Lozana Andaluza*—works for which there is still an eager demand in Spain, and not one writer able to point out their infamous use and original intention. Pellicer nevertheless reminds us (ii. ch. xxii. p. 118), that a Spanish poet expressed the same opinion, and with a eulogium on this scandalous occupation. Who the poet is, I have not been able to discover, or when he wrote. The verses, which had better be left in the original, are as follows:—

*No me engaña aficion. Usar debiera
Este exercicio afable, dignamente
La gente in ciencia, y calidad primera.*

*Un examen discreto, y diligente
Le habia de hacer para olorgar el grado,
Y un colezio tambien para tal gente.*

Father Fray Juan de Cerda, who wrote in the time of Cervantes, informs us that some were of opinion that there was nothing debasing in men serving in this office, if they did not make a gain of it.

Note 4, page 297.

You may go where you please. The idea of this famous adventure is also taken from the *Amadis de Gaula*, lib. iii. cap. 35. Amadis there overcomes the giant Mandarque, and grants him his life on condition that he and all his subjects turn Christians, and also that he liberates all the prisoners from his jails. So long as throwing open the prisons was confined to the story of Amadis, it mattered nothing to the Spaniards; but for Spanish galley-slaves to be let loose among the peaceable farmers of La Mancha was quite another pair of shoes, and the use which Cervantes makes of the mad exploit must have helped to bring even Amadis of Gaul into much contempt. But it should be told that a similar service to thieves and cut-purses is recorded as having been done by Saint Columba while he was at Besancon. See Dunham's *Europe in the Middle Ages*, ii. 183.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF THAT WHICH HAPPENED TO THE FAMOUS DON QUIXOTE
IN THE SIERRA MORENA, BEING ONE OF THE RAREST
ADVENTURES RECOUNTED IN THIS TRUTHFUL HISTORY.

FINDING himself in so evil a plight, Don Quixote said to his squire, "Always, Sancho, have I heard it said that to do good to churls is to cast water into the sea. If I had believed what thou saidst to me, I might have avoided this affliction; but now it is done, patience, and from hence, for the future, let me take warning."

"Your worship will as much take warning as I am a Turk," answered Sancho; "but since you say that if you had believed me, you might have avoided this mischief, believe me now, and avoid a still greater. For let me tell you, there is no using of chivalries with the Holy Brotherhood, for it does not care two maravedis for all the knights-errant in the world; and, i' faith, I seem already to hear their arrows whizzing by my ears."

"Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "but that thou mayest not say I am obstinate, and never do what thou dost counsel, this time I will take thine advice, and withdraw me from

the fury which thou so much darest. But it must be on one condition—that never, in life or in death, thou tellest to any one that I have retreated or withdrawn from this danger through fear, but to humour thy requests. For if thou say aught else, thou wilt lie; and from now until then, and then until now, I give thee the lie, and say that thou liest, and wilt lie every time thou shalt think or say it. And answer me no more; for in the bare thought that I am withdrawing or retreating from some peril, especially from this, which seems to show some ghost of a shadow of danger, I am inclined to remain here, singly and await not only the Holy Brotherhood of which thou speakest and art afraid, but the brethren of the twelve tribes of Israel, and the seven Maccabees, and Castor and Pollux, and even all the brothers and brotherhoods in the world.”

“Sir,” answered Sancho, “to retreat is not to run away, nor is it prudence to stay where the danger exceeds the hope; and it is the part of wise men to keep themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture everything in one day; and believe me, that though I be but a rustic and a clown, still I am up to something in what they call good government. So do not repent of having taken my advice, but mount Rozinante, if you can; and if not, I will help you; and follow me, for my wits tell me that we have more need of our feet than our hands.”

Don Quixote mounted without saying another word; and, Sancho leading on his ass, they entered by a gorge of the Sierra Morena which was close at hand—Sancho

intending to traverse it through, and come out by Viso or Almadover del Campo, and hiding some days among those fastnesses so as not to be found if the Brotherhood sought them. He was encouraged to this through having seen that the provender which he carried on his ass had escaped safely out of that scuffle with the galley-slaves—a thing which he deemed a miracle, considering what the galley-slaves had carried off, and how closely they had searched.

That night they reached the very bowels of the Sierra Morena, where Sancho thought to pass the night, and even a few days—at least, as many as their stores would last them. Accordingly, they rested for the night between two rocks, among a number of cork trees. But destiny, which, according to the opinion of those who have not the light of the true faith, guides, directs, and disposes everything its own way, ordered that Gines de Passamonte, the famous cheat and robber, whom Don Quixote by his valour and his folly had released from the chain, moved by fear of the Holy Brotherhood, whom with just cause he dreaded, had resolved to hide himself in those mountains; and his luck and his fear carried him to the same spot whither the same motives had carried Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, just in time to recognize them at the instant when they had fallen asleep. Now, as the wicked are ever ungrateful, and necessity forces a man to attempt that which it urges, and a present convenience overcomes the future, Gines, who was neither grateful nor well disposed, resolved to rob Sancho Panza of his ass, not caring for Rozinante, he being too poor a jewel,

either for pawning or selling. Sancho Panza slept ; Gines robbed him of his ass, and before the morning broke was so far off as to be past finding.

Aurora came forth, gladding the earth, but bringing grief to Sancho Panza ; for he missed his Dapple, and finding himself without him, began to make the saddest and most doleful lamentation ever heard ; and it was such that Don Quixote awoke at his cries, and heard what he said :—

“ O child of my bowels ! born in my own house, the sport of my children, the delight of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, sharer of my burdens, and, beyond all, the support of half my body ! for with six and twenty maravedis, which thou earnedst for me daily, did I make half my living.”

Don Quixote, who heard him sobbing, and knew the cause, consoled him with the best arguments he could find, and prayed him to have patience, promising to give him a Letter of Exchange, that they might deliver to him three out of the five ass foals he had at home. Sancho was comforted by this, dried his tears, tempered his sighs, and thanked Don Quixote for the favour he had done him. As for the knight, as he entered among the mountains he felt light of heart, those places seeming to him very suitable for the adventures he sought. They recalled to his memory the marvellous events which in similar solitudes and fastnesses¹ had happened to knights-errant. He went brooding over these things, so absorbed and transported by them that he minded nothing else. Nor had Sancho any other concern (since it seemed to him they were travelling

on a safe road) than to satisfy his stomach with the relics of the clerical spoil ; and so he jogged on behind his master, seated sideways on his ass² like a woman, emptying a bag and filling his paunch ; and, employed in this manner, he would not have given a doit to find one other adventure.

While thus occupied, he raised his eyes, and saw that his master had stopped, and was trying with the point of his lance to lift what seemed a bundle that was lying on the ground ; on which he hasted to come to his assistance, if it might be needed ; and when he came up, it was at the moment when his master had raised with his lance's point a pillion, and a valise fast to it, half rotten, or rather thoroughly rotten, and falling to pieces. They were so heavy that Sancho had to dismount to lift them up. His master ordered him to see what was in the valise. Sancho did so with much alacrity, and although the valise was fastened by a chain and its padlock, he saw what was in it through the rents and rottenness—to wit, four shirts of fine cambric, and other linen things, no less curious than delicate ; and in a handkerchief he found a goodly little pile of gold crowns. And when he saw them, he cried, “Blessed be the whole heavens, which hath presented us with one adventure of profit.” And searching farther, he found a small pocket-book, richly decorated. Don Quixote desired this of him, and told him he might take care of the money and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favour, and ransacking the valise of the linen, he thrust it into the provision bag.

Don Quixote, having noted all these things, said, "It seems to me, Sancho (it cannot possibly be otherwise), that some traveller must have passed by these mountains, and being waylaid by bandits, they have slain him, and brought him here to bury in this remote spot."

"That cannot be," answered Sancho; "for, if they had been thieves, they would not have left this money here."

"Thou sayest true," quoth Don Quixote; "and therefore I divine not nor conjecture what this can be. But stay; we will see whether in this pocket-book there be something written, by which we may trace out and come to the knowledge of what we desire."

Then he opened it; and the first thing he found in it, written as though in a first draft, yet in a very fair character, was a sonnet, which reading aloud, so that Sancho also might hear it, he saw that it ran in this wise :—

*Either Love's knowledge is a thing in vain,
His cruelty too great, or woes like these
Are far too slight his rigour to appease,
Since he condemns me to yet keener pain.
If Love's a god, then 'tis presumption plain
He must know everything; and reason sees
No god can cruel be. Who, then, decrees
The matchless woe I worship and sustain?
O Chloe! if I say 'tis thou, I lie;
For no such ill from so much good can flow,
Nor such perdition from a heaven so pure.
One thing is certain, I am doomed to die;
For, when the cause of ill no man can know,
A miracle alone can work a cure.*

"By this verse," quoth Sancho, "nothing is to be

learned, unless by that clue which is there we get to the thread of all."

"What clue is there here?" said Don Quixote.

"Methought," said Sancho, "that your worship mentioned a clue there."

"I did not say clue, but Chloe," responded Don Quixote, "and this doubtless is the name of the lady of whom the author of the sonnet complains; and, in faith, he must be a remarkably good poet, or I know little of the art."

"Why, then," quoth Sancho, "belike your worship also understands the making of verses?"

"And better than thou imaginest," responded Don Quixote, "as thou shalt see when thou hearest a letter, written in verse from top to bottom, to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso. For I would thou knewest, Sancho, that all or most knights-errant of the past age were great troubadours and great musicians; for these two accomplishments, or graces, as I may better term them, are attributes of lovers-errant, though it is true that the couplets of the knights of the past had more spirit than elegance."

"Read on, your worship," said Sancho; "we may yet find something to satisfy us."

Don Quixote turned over the leaf, and said, "This is prose, and looks like a letter."

"A business letter, sir?" asked Sancho.

"From its beginning it appears rather to be a letter of love," replied Don Quixote.

"Then read it aloud, your worship," said Sancho. "I like much these love matters."

“ I shall be pleased to do so,” quoth Don Quixote ; and reading it aloud, as Sancho had begged, found it run thus :—

Thy false pledge and my real misfortune drive me to a place whence there will sooner return to thy ears the news of my death than the cause of my complaining. Thou hast renounced me, O ingrate, for one who has more, but not one who is more worthy, than I ; but if virtue were treasure to be valued, I should not envy the happiness of others, nor lament my own unhappiness. That which thy beauty erected, thy deeds have overthrown : by the one I thought thee an angel ; by the others I know thee a woman. Rest in peace, O causer of my warfare ; and may Heaven grant that the treachery of thy husband remain for ever undiscovered, that thou mayest not repent of what thou didst, and I take not the vengeance which I do not covet !

Having finished reading the letter, Don Quixote said, “ We can gather less from this than from the verses, and no more than that he who wrote them is some rejected lover ; ” and, turning over nearly all the leaves of the little book, he found other verses and letters, of which he could read some, and others not. But they all contained complaints, laments, misgivings, likes and dislikes, favours and disdains, some celebrated, and others bemoaned.

As Don Quixote was going through the book, Sancho was going through the valise, without leaving a corner of it, or of the pillion, which he did not spy into and overhaul ; not a seam which he did not rip up, nor a lock of wool which he did not pick, that nothing might

be left through carelessness or want of diligence ; such was the greed awakened in him by the crowns which he had found, which were more than a hundred. And though he came on no more than he found at first, yet did he account as well invested the capers in the bed-quilt, the vomiting of the balsam, the benedictions of the pack-staves, the fisticuffs of the carrier, the loss of the wallets, the robbery of his coat, and all the hunger, thirst, and weariness which he had suffered in the service of his good lord ; it appearing to him that he was more than repaid by the blessing received from the treasure trove which had been handed over to him.

The Knight of the Rueful Visage was possessed by a great desire to know who might be the owner of the valise ; conjecturing by the sonnet and letter, by the money in gold, and by the fineness of the shirts, that he must be some one of condition, whom the disdain and ill treatment of his lady had brought to some desperate end. But, as in that rude and desolate place there appeared no man who could inform him, he took no care but to pass onward, without choosing any other road than such as Rozi-nante pleased, which was the one easiest for him, imagining all the while that there would not fail in that wilderness some strange adventure.

Riding on with this conceit, he saw, on the top of a hillock which rose before his eyes, a man who went leaping from crag to crag, and bush to bush, with amazing agility. He appeared to be half naked, with a black and matted beard, his hair long and tangled, his feet unshod, and his legs bare ;

his thighs covered with hose which seemed of tawny velvet, but cut to pieces, so that in many places his flesh was discovered. His head was likewise bare; and although he ran by with the speed we have noted, all these particulars the Knight of the Rueful Visage observed and marked. But, for all his endeavours, he could not follow him, for it was not vouchsafed to Rozinante's feebleness to travel so swiftly over those rocks, being, besides, so slow and phlegmatic. Don Quixote at once conceived that he was the owner of the pillion and valise, and proposed to go in quest of him over those mountains, even if he should have to spend a whole year until he found him; so he ordered Sancho to dismount from his ass and well survey one side of the mountain, while he would go by the other, and it might be that by this device they should come up with that man who had fled away from them so hastily.

"I cannot do that," replied Sancho; "for in parting from your worship, fear comes at once upon me, which assails me with a thousand terrors and visions. And let this what I say serve you for a warning, that from henceforth you do not sever me from your presence a finger's breadth."

"It shall be so," quoth he of the Rueful Visage. "I am very well pleased that thou shouldst wish to avail thee of my courage, which shall not fail thee, even though the very soul in thy body shall leave thee. Come thee now behind me, step by step, or as thou canst, and of thine eyes make lanterns, and we will go round this peak. Perhaps we shall overtake

that man whom we saw, who is, without doubt, none other than the owner of what we have found."

To which Sancho replied, "It would be much better not to seek him; for if we find him, and he should perchance prove to be the owner of the money, it is clear I shall have to restore it; and so it would be better, without taking this useless pains, to keep it faithfully, until by some other way, less officious and prying, its real master shall appear; and perhaps that will be when I have spent it, and then the king will hold me free."

"In that thou deceivest thyself, Sancho," responded Don Quixote; "for now that we have come to the suspicion that we have the owner almost before our eyes, we are bound to seek and restore it to him; and should we not seek him, the strong presumption we hold of his being the owner renders us as culpable as if he were so. Therefore, friend Sancho, let not this quest give thee pain, seeing the relief I shall feel if I find him." And, saying this, he spurred Rozinante, and Sancho followed on his customary ass; and having gone round a side of the mountain, they found in a little stream, lying dead, half eaten by dogs and picked by crows, a mule saddled and bridled—all which confirmed in them the suspicion that he who fled was owner of the mule and the pillion.

As they stood looking at it, they heard a whistle, as of a shepherd keeping his flocks; and suddenly there appeared on their left a good number of goats, and behind them, on the top of the mountain, came the goatherd in charge of them, who was an old man.

Don Quixote called to him, and prayed him to come down to where they stood.

He replied by demanding, in the same loud voice, who had brought them there by that place, seldom or never trodden except by the feet of goats, or wolves, and other wild beasts which prowled there.

Sancho responded that, if he would descend, they would give him a good account of everything.

The goatherd came down, and approaching to where Don Quixote stood, cried, "I'll wager that you are looking at the mule hack which lies dead in that hollow. I' faith, it is six months ago that he has been in that place. Tell me, did you meet with his master down yonder?"

"We have met with nothing," answered Don Quixote, "excepting a pillion and a valise, which we found not far from hence."

"I found it too," said the goatherd, "but never cared to lift it or come near it, fearing some mischief, and that they might not accuse me of theft. For the devil is crafty, and from under a man's feet there comes up something that makes him trip and fall, without knowing how or why."

"That same is what I say," quoth Sancho; "for I also found it, and would not come within a stone's throw of it. There I left it, and there it remains as it was; for I have no mind to keep a dog with a bell round his neck."³

"Tell me, good fellow," said Don Quixote, "do you know the owner of these articles?"

"What I am able to tell you is," said the goatherd,

“that—it will be now about some six months, more or less—there arrived at a certain shepherd’s hut, which would be about three leagues from this spot, a youth of genteel figure and comely, mounted on that same mule which lies there dead, and with the same pillion and valise which ye say ye found and did not touch. He inquired of us what part of this range was the roughest and most hidden. We told him it was this where we are standing now. And so it is, truly; and if you go on half a league further, perhaps you could not find your way out again, and I am wondering how you were able to reach here, for there is neither road nor path which makes to this place. Well, I say, on hearing our answer, the young man turned rein and travelled toward the place we pointed out, leaving us all well pleased with his good looks, and wondering at his request and at the speed with which we saw him travel and make towards the ranges.

“Since then we have never seen him, until a few days ago, when he appeared on the road to one of our shepherds; and, without saying a word, he came up to him, gave him many blows and kicks, and then went after the ass which carried our victuals, and took off all the bread and cheese there was; and this done, with wonderful nimbleness, he fled back into the mountains. When we learned of this, some of our herdmen went in search of him nearly two days, in the thickest part of the range, at the end of which we found him lurking in the hollow of a big and stout cork tree. He came out to us with much meekness, his clothes now torn, and his face disfigured and baked by the

sun in such manner that we hardly knew him ; only the clothes, though torn, by the recollection that we had of them, gave us to understand that he was the man we sought. He saluted us courteously, and, in few and very civil words, told us not to be surprised at seeing him wandering about in that state ; for so it behoved him to do, to pay a certain penance which for his many sins had been laid upon him. We begged him to tell us who he was, but we could never get him to that. We also begged him, that when he had need of food, without which he could not live, to tell us where we should find him, for we would bring it to him cheerfully, and with all heed ; and if this should be as little to his liking, leastwise he should come and ask for it, and not take it by force from the shepherds.

“ He thanked us for our offer, begged pardon for the past assault, and engaged thenceafter to ask for it for God’s love, without giving offence to anybody. Touching the place of his abode, he said he had none other than that which chanced where night overtook him ; and he ended his speech with such tender weeping, that we who had listened to him might well have been stones, if therein we did not keep him company, considering how we had seen him the first time, and what we saw him then. For, as I have said, he was a very gentle and comely youth, and, in his courtesies and orderly speech, showed him to be a well-born and courtlike person ; and though we who listened to him were country folk, his good manners were such as to make him known, even to our simpleness. Being in

the height of his discourse, he stopped and was mute, and nailed his eyes to the earth for a good while, during which we all stood still, silent, and waiting to see where that fit would end, with no little pity for the sight; for by what he did, opening his eyes, remaining fixed, staring at the ground without for a long time moving an eyelid, and then shutting them, tightening his lips, and arching his eyebrows, we easily guessed that some burst of madness had come upon him. But he soon let us know that what we thought was the truth, for he rose in great fury from the ground where he had thrown himself, and he set upon the first he found near him, with such passion and rage that, if we had not taken him off, he would have killed him with blows and bites. And all this he did crying out, 'Ah! traitorous Fernando! here, here shalt thou pay me for the wrong thou hast done me. These hands shall pluck out the heart in which are harboured and have lodging all the wickednesses together, especially fraud and deceit;' and to these he added other words, all in the way of abusing of that Fernando, and marking him for traitor and perjured.

"Well, we took off our fellow from him with no little trouble; and he, without saying another word, parted from us, entered the wood, and hid himself, running among these briars and bushes, so that he made it impossible for us to follow him. By this we gather that his madness comes upon him at times, and that some one whom he called Fernando must have done him some ill work, as grievous as the condition to which it has brought him declares; all of which has

been verified since then by the times—which have been many—that he has come out into the road, sometimes to beg of the shepherds to give him aught to eat, and other times to take it from them by force. For when he is in this fit of his madness, although the shepherds offer it to him freely, he does not accept it, but takes it with blows; and when it is that he is in his senses, he will ask it for God's love, courteously and civilly, and gives many thanks for it, and not without tears. And, to tell you the truth, sirs," proceeded the goatherd, "yesterday we agreed, I and four herds, two lads and two friends of mine, to go and seek him till we found him, and having found him, to carry him, willy-nilly, to the town of Almadover, which is eight leagues from here, and there we will have him cured, if his disease has any cure; or we will learn who he is when in his senses, and whether he has kinsmen to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This is, sirs, all I can tell you of what ye have asked me; and understand that the owner of these articles ye have found is the same whom ye saw pass, so naked and nimble." For Don Quixote had already told him that he had seen that man leaping among the rocks.

The knight stood amazed at what he had heard from the goatherd, and with a greater desire to know who the unhappy madman was. He resolved within himself to carry out what he had already designed—to search for him through all the mountain, without leaving cavern or corner in it unspied, till he found him. But chance ordered it better than he expected or hoped; for in that same instant there appeared,

through the gorge of the mountain which opened towards where they stood, the youth he sought, who came muttering to himself things which could not be understood when near, much less at a distance. His apparel was such as has been described; only, as he drew closer, Don Quixote perceived that the tattered jerkin which he wore was dressed with amber, from whence he concluded that one who wore such garments could not be of vulgar quality.

X On coming up to them, the youth saluted them in a voice harsh and unmusical, but with much courtesy. Don Quixote returned his greeting with no less politeness, and, alighting from Rozinante with a gracious mien and pleasant address, went to embrace him; and held him a good space clasped tightly in his arms, as though he had known him long. The other, whom we might call the Tattered One of the Sorry Visage, as Don Quixote of the Rueful, having suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a little, and, placing his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, stood gazing at him, as if desirous to call to mind if he knew him—no less astonished, perhaps, to see the countenance, figure, and armour of Don Quixote than Don Quixote was to see him. In the end, the first to speak after the embracing was the Tattered One, and he said what shall be told anon.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXIII.

Note 1, page 305.

Similar solitudes and fastnesses. Such, for example, as the mountain at "Bireflet in Flaunders, where King Arthur saw by the crest of that hill a great gyant, which had slaine, murdered, and devoured much people of the country; and the king saw wher he sate at supper, gnawing on a limbe of a man, baking his broad limbs by the fire, and brichlesse, and three damosels turning three broches, whereon was broached twelve young children late borne, like young birds." King Arthur encounters the "gyant," who, after a fearful struggle, is overcome, "and then King Arthur commanded Sir Kay to smite off the giant's head," etc.—*La Mort d'Arthur*, cap. 92.

Note 2, page 306.

Seated sideways on his ass. Great searchings of heart have been caused among the Spanish critics and others by Sancho's conduct, now sitting on the ass, which, five minutes before, had been stolen from him by Gines de Passamonte. The venerable Hartzzenbusch proposes to transpose paragraphs, in order "to save all difficulties;" while the Brussels edition of 1607 contains words inserted in the text, to the effect that "Rozinante carried the bag for lack of the ass," in order to save the credit of Cervantes as an author who knew how to preserve the unities. A great hubbub was raised at the time in the Grub streets of Madrid and Seville, Saragosa and Barcelona, Valencia and Cadiz, all these places being in 1605 centres of learning and criticism; and it is astonishing that not one friend of Cervantes appeared to remind these quick critics that the *Don Quixote* was written mainly on purpose to ridicule books of chivalry, which, on account of their unnatural style and their swarming lies, had corrupted the taste and distorted the imagination of the people of Spain. There is no book of chivalry which does not contain some

glaring absurdity of the kind performed by Sancho, while many of them are full of nothing else than this kind of gross improbabilities. It is worthy of notice that by this passage we are able to decide that Shelton translated his first part from the Brussels Spanish edition, and not, as Jarvis asserts, from a corrupt edition in Italian. The amused reader will himself be able to account for the fact that, while the valise was altogether rotten and falling to pieces, the four shirts of fine cambric and the small pocket-book, richly decorated, remained scented and intact. As the author gives his own explanation of this momentous business, I do not think it seemly to anticipate him.

Note 3, page 313.

I have no mind to keep a dog with a bell round his neck. Smollett remarks that he thinks it inconsistent with the character of the knight to allow Sancho to tell such a fraudulent untruth in his hearing, nor is Panza's behaviour much to his honour. It is true. But Smollett had never visited Spain, nor does he give his author much credit for the truth of his drawing of character, or even for his knowledge of words.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE SIERRA
MORENA.

HISTORY reports that very great was the attention with which Don Quixote listened to the ill-starred Knight of the Rock, who thus pursued his discourse, and said, "Assuredly, sir, whoever you may be—for I know you not—I am grateful to you for the demonstration and courtesy which you have used towards me, and I would that I found myself in a position to repay you with more than good will for that which you have done for my entertainment; but my fate allows me nothing else with which I may respond to the good services done me, than the good disposition to return them."

"The desire I have," answered Don Quixote, "is to serve you so much, that I had determined not to leave these mountains until I had found you, and learnt from you whether for the affliction which your strange manner of life denotes that you have there can be found any kind of remedy, and if it were necessary to search for it, then to search with all possible diligence; and should your misfortune be of

those that shut the door against all sort of consolation, I had thought to bear a part in your lamentation, and weep with you as best I could. For it is still a comfort in sorrows to find one who can feel them. And if it may be that my good intention deserves to be acknowledged by any kind of courtesy, I entreat you, sir, by the much which I see is contained in you, and at the same time I conjure you, by whatever in the life you most loved or love, that you tell me who you are, and the cause which has brought you to live and to die in these solitudes, like a brute beast, dwelling amongst them in a manner so alien to yourself, as your apparel and person demonstrate. And I vow," added Don Quixote, "by the order of chivalry which I—although unworthy and a sinner—have received, and by the profession of knight-errant, that if you gratify me in this, sir, to serve you with good earnest, as being what I am obliges me, either in remedying your misfortune, if it has a remedy, or in helping you in your lament of it, as I have promised."

The Knight of the Wood, who heard him of the Rueful Visage speak in this manner, did nothing but stare at him, and stare again and again from head to foot; and after he had well scanned him, he said, "If you have anything to eat, for the love of God give it me; and after I have eaten, I will do all that is demanded of me, in return for the kind offers you have made me."

Sancho immediately took from his bag, and the goatherd from his pouch, that wherewith the Tattered One satisfied his hunger, eating what they gave him

like a man distracted, so fast that he allowed no interval between one mouthful and another, and rather devoured than fed ; and while he ate, neither he, nor they who looked on, spoke a word. When he had finished eating, he made signs to them to follow him, which they did, and he brought them round a rock to a little green plot which was hard by. On arriving there, he laid himself on the grass, and the rest did the same, and all without any one speaking, until the Tattered One, after having settled himself in his seat, spoke as follows—

“If you desire, gentlemen, that I should recount to you in brief words the immensity of my disasters, you have to promise me that you will not interrupt the thread of my sad history with any question, for at the point you do so will stop that which is being told.”

These words brought to Don Quixote's recollection the tale which his squire had told him, when he did not hit the number of the goats which had crossed the river, and the story was left in suspense.

But to return to the Tattered One. He continued, saying, “I give you this warning because I would pass over briefly the tale of my misfortunes, for the bringing them up to mind serves but to add others anew, and the less I am questioned, the quicker I will have done telling them ; yet shall I not leave untold anything of importance to satisfy your desire in everything.”

Don Quixote, in the name of the rest, promised that so it should be. Upon that assurance, he began in this manner :—

“My name is Cardenio ; the place of my birth a city, one of the best in this Andalusia ; my lineage noble, my parents rich ; my misfortune so great that it must have been deplored by my parents, and felt by my kinsfolk, without their wealth being able to alleviate it ; for to remedy the ills of Heaven the goods of fortune are of little avail. In the same earth there was a heaven, in which love had put all the glory that I could covet. Such is the beauty of Lucinda, a damsel as noble and as rich as I, but more happy and of less constancy than was merited by my honourable thoughts. This Lucinda I loved, cherished, and adored from my tenderest and earliest years ; and she loved me with as much sincerity and true-heartedness as accorded with her tender youth.

“Our parents knew of our dispositions, and did not disapprove of them, for they saw that if they proceeded further they could have no other end but in our marriage—a thing which the near equality of our blood and fortune did seem almost to settle. Our years increased, and with them our natural love, inso-much that Lucinda’s father, out of regard for prudence, was compelled to deny me his house, nearly imitating in this the parents of that Thisbe so celebrated of the poets. This denial seemed to add flame to flame, and desire to desire ; but although they imposed silence on our tongues, they could not impose it on our pens, which are wont to reveal greater than the tongue what is contained in the soul—for oftentimes the presence of the beloved object confounds and makes mute the most determined resolve and the boldest tongue.

“Ah, heavens! how many letters I wrote her! how many sweet and honest answers I received! how many ditties did I compose! how many amorous verses, in which the soul declared and revealed its feelings, painted its warm desires, entertained its memories, refreshed its fancies! At length, finding myself reduced to despair, and that my soul was consumed with desire to behold her, I resolved to put into execution and bring to a point what seemed most likely to accomplish my coveted and deserved reward, which was to ask her of her father for my lawful wife. This I did; and he answered that he thanked me for the desire I exhibited to honour him by seeking to honour myself by pledges of his, but that my father being alive, to him belonged of just right to make that demand; for, if it were not with his pleasure, Lucinda was no woman to be taken or given by stealth. I thanked him for his good will, it appearing to me that he had reason for what he said, and that my father would consent to it, as I should explain to him.

“With this intention, and in that same instant, I went at once, at the same moment, to speak of what I desired to my father. At the time I entered the chamber where he was, I found him with an open letter in his hand, which, before I could speak a word, he gave me, and said, ‘By this letter, Cardenio, thou wilt see the desire which the Duke Ricardo has to do thee service.’ This Duke Ricardo, as, sirs, you must know, is a grandee of Spain, who has his estates in the best parts of this Andalucía. I took the letter and

read it, and it was so exceeding kind, that even to me it seemed that it would be ill if my father should not comply with what it asked of him; which was to send me immediately to where he lived, for he wished me to be the companion—not the servant—to his eldest son; and that he would charge himself with placing me in such a station as would correspond with the estimation in which he held me. I read the letter, and stood mute on reading it, and more when I heard my father say, ‘Two days hence, Cardenio, thou wilt depart to do the duke’s pleasure; and give thanks to God for opening the road by which thou wilt reach that which I know thou deservest,’ adding to these other fatherly counsels.

“The time for my departure arrived. I spoke one night to Lucinda, telling her all that had passed, and the same to her father, praying him to wait a few days, and defer giving her away until I saw what was Ricardo’s pleasure with me. He gave me his promise, and she confirmed it with a thousand vows and a thousand swoons. I arrived at length at Duke Ricardo’s; and by him I was so well received and treated, that from then envy began to exercise its office, the old servitors being possessed with it, for it appeared to them that the tokens that the duke gave of doing me favour would be to their prejudice. But he who was most pleased at my coming was the duke’s second son, named Fernando, a sprightly youth, a gentleman of free and amorous disposition, who in a little while held me so dearly for his friend, as to cause all the rest to talk of it; and, although the

elder liked me well, and did me kindness, it did not reach to the extreme degree to which Don Fernando loved and treated me. It happened, then, that as between friends there is nothing secret which is not in common, and the intimacy I had with Fernando had quickly passed into friendship, he declared to me all his thoughts, and specially of an amour which caused him some little anxiety. He loved dearly the daughter of a farmer, who was his father's tenant. Her parents were very rich, and she so beautiful, reserved, discreet, and modest, that no one who knew her could determine in which of those qualities she most excelled or was most accomplished. And these charms of the farmer's beautiful daughter so enthralled the passion of Fernando, that he determined, in order to achieve and conquer her integrity, to give her his word that he would be her husband; for to use other means was to attempt the impossible. I, under the obligation of friendship, tried, by the best arguments I knew, and the strongest warnings I could use, to dissuade and turn him from such a purpose; but seeing that I could not prevail, I determined to tell the Duke Ricardo, his father, of the affair.

“But Don Fernando, being shrewd and astute, suspected and feared this, knowing that I was obliged, by the law of faithful service, not to keep concealed a matter which was so much to the prejudice of the honour of my lord the duke; and therefore, to divert and deceive me, he told me that he found no better remedy to efface from his mind the beauty which held him captive, than to absent himself for some months;

and he wished that this might be by our departing together for my father's home, on the pretext, which he would give to the duke, of going to see and purchase some excellent horses which were in my native city, which breeds the best in the world. Scarce did I hear him say this, than, prompted by my own love, I approved of his resolve, as one of the most judicious which could be conceived, as I should have done had it been less good, on seeing that it offered me so excellent an occasion for once more beholding my Lucinda. With this idea and desire, I seconded his scheme and stimulated his purpose, urging him to put it in execution with all possible despatch ; for, indeed, absence will do its office, in spite of the strongest inclinations. And at the time he came to tell me this, he had—as was afterwards known—already, under the title of husband, enjoyed the country maiden, and only waited an opportunity for divulging it with safety to himself, being fearful of what the duke, his father, might do when he came to know of his folly.

“ Now, it happened, as love in young men is for the greater part not love, but appetite, which, as it has gratification for its ultimate end, in achieving it expires and turns back from what seemed to be love ; for it cannot pass the bounds which nature imposed, which bounds are not imposed in true love ;—I mean to say that as soon as Don Fernando had enjoyed the farmer's daughter, his desires were satiated, and his ardours grew cold ; and if at first he had feigned a wish to absent himself as a remedy for them, he now

in reality sought to go away, in order to avoid putting them in execution.

“The duke gave him leave, and ordered me to accompany him. We reached my city ; my father received him as became his quality. I presently saw Lucinda ; my passion began to revive (although, in truth, it was neither dead nor chilled). To my sorrow, I spoke of it to Don Fernando ; for as it seemed to me that, by the law of the strong friendship that bound us, nothing should be concealed from him, I extolled to him the beauty, grace, and discretion of Lucinda, in such wise as that my many praises stirred in him the desire to see a damsel so adorned with such good parts. I, for my ill fortune, complied with it, letting him see her one evening by the light of taper from a window through which we two were wont to converse. He saw her in such a dress that all the charms he had ever seen were blotted from his memory by hers. He stood mute ; he lost his senses ; he was entranced, and, in short, deeply enamoured, as will appear in the course of my unfortunate tale. The more to inflame his passion (which he concealed from me, and revealed to the stars only), fortune willed that one day he should find a letter of hers, praying me to ask her of her father in marriage, so sensible, modest, and tender, that on reading it he said to me that in Lucinda were contained all the graces of beauty and understanding, which were divided among all the other women in the world. In good sooth, I would now confess that though I saw with what just cause Don Fernando commended Lucinda, yet it vexed me to hear these praises from

his mouth, and I began to fear, and with reason to suspect him; for not a moment passed in which he did not wish us to talk of Lucinda, and even to make occasion for doing so—a thing which caused in me I know not how much jealousy, not because I feared any decline in the goodness and fidelity of Lucinda, but that my fate made me fear the very thing against which it assured me. Don Fernando always contrived to read the letters which I sent to Lucinda, and those with which she replied to me, under the pretext that the wit of us both delighted him much. Now, it happened that Lucinda having asked me for a book of chivalry to read, of which she was very fond, which was the *Amadis of Gaul*——”

Scarce did Don Quixote hear him mention a book of chivalry, than he exclaimed, “If you had told me, good sir, at the beginning of your story that the lady Lucinda was fond of books of chivalry, there would have been no need of further amplification to convince me of the loftiness of her understanding; for it could not, sir, have been so good as you have described it, had she lacked a taste for such savoury reading; so that on my account it is needless to waste words in declaring to me her beauty, worth, and understanding, since from only knowing of this her inclination, I do approve her to be the most beautiful and most discreet woman in the world. And I would, sir, have sent her, along with *Amadis of Gaul*, the good *Don Rugel of Grece*; for I know that the lady Lucinda would be much pleased with Daryada and Garaya, and the pleasant conceits of the shepherd Darinel,

and those admirable verses of his *Bucolics*, sung and rehearsed by him with all grace, discretion, and freedom. But a time will come in which this fault may be amended; and the amend can be made whenever you are good enough to come with me to my village, for there I shall be able to give you more than three hundred books, which are the joy of my soul and the solace of my life; although now I recollect that I have no room left, thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanter. Pardon me, sir, for having transgressed our promise not to interrupt your narration; but on hearing of things of chivalry and knights-errant, it is no more in my power to refrain from speaking of them, than it is that the rays of the sun should refrain from giving warmth, or those of the moon from giving moisture; therefore forgive, and proceed, for it is that which is most to the point."

During the time that Don Quixote was delivering himself of the aforesaid, Cardenio held his head hung down upon his bosom, giving tokens that he was in profound meditation; and although Don Quixote called upon him to pursue his story, he neither raised his head, nor answered Don Quixote. But at the end of a long pause, he lifted his head and said, "I cannot get rid of the thought, nor shall there be any in the world to rid me of it, or to persuade me of aught else—and he would be a blockhead who should understand or believe the contrary—but that Master Elisabat, that arch rogue, was the paramour of the Queen Madasima."

"Not so, I swear by Heaven," retorted Don

Quixote, in great wrath (bursting out, as was his custom); "and that is a very great slander, or rather to say, villainy. The Queen Madasima is a very noble lady, and it is not to be presumed that so exalted a princess could be the leman of a quack physicker;¹ and he who holds the contrary lies like a very great villain. And I will make him know it on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or as he best liketh."

Cardenio stood looking at him very intently, for now the fit had come upon him, and he was in no mood to pursue his narrative; neither would Don Quixote give ear to it, so much aggrieved was he by what he had heard of Madasima. Strange case, that he should champion her as though she had been verily his real and natural mistress, so possessed was he by his accursed books!

By this time Cardenio was mad; and hearing himself called liar and villain, with other such insults, he took the jest in ill part, and lifting up a stone, which he found thereby, he gave such a blow with it to Don Quixote on his breast, that he felled him on his back. Sancho Panza, seeing his master treated after that manner, set upon the madman with closed fist; and the Tattered One received him in such fashion that, with one blow, he laid him prostrate, and then getting upon him, pounded his ribs very much to his own content. The goatherd, who thought to defend Sancho, shared in the same fate; and after Cardenio had overthrown and belaboured them all, he left them, and, with a grave composure, retired to his mountain ambush.

Sancho Panza rose up, and, in a rage at finding himself belaboured thus undeservedly, ran to take vengeance on the goatherd, crying that he was to blame for not having warned them that the man was given to these fits of madness ; for, had they known it, they might have been on their guard. The goatherd replied that he had told him so : and if he had not heard it, the fault was not his. Sancho Panza retorted ; the goatherd rejoined ; and the end of the recrimination was that they each seized the other by the beard, and gave each other such blows that, if Don Quixote had not pacified them, they would have beaten one another to pieces.

Holding fast to the goatherd, Sancho cried, " Let me be, your worship, sir Knight of the Rueful Visage ; for of this fellow, who is a churl like myself, and no dubbed knight, I may take satisfaction for the injury he has done me, fighting him hand to hand, like a man of honour."

" It is true," quoth Don Quixote, " but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened."

Whereupon he pacified them, and again inquired of the goatherd whether it were possible to find Cardenio, for he was possessed of a vehement desire to learn the end of his story.

The goatherd told him, as he had said at first, that there was no knowing for certain where he abode ; but if they hunted those parts awhile, they could not fail of finding him, mad or sane.

NOTE TO CHAPTER XXIV.

Note 1, page 332.

Leman of a quack physicker. There were three Madasimas: one the lady of the castle Gantasi; the other, who was wife to the giant Madanfabul, Lord of the Island of Torrebermeja; and another, who was a niece of hers, and daughter of her sister Gromadaza and of Famongomadán, who was also the Giant of the Burning Lake, and Lord of Mongaza Island. Neither of these, according to Clemencin, was a queen; whilst Elisabat, who was a man of letters and a massmonger in his journeys and voyages, taught Amadis Greek, German, and other tongues, and was, besides, a great master in all the other arts. This good priest, continues our commentator, was at the same time a surgeon, and one of the best in the world, who cured Amadis of the awful wounds which he received in fighting with the great dragon which he slew on Devil's Island; and Amadis declared of Elisabat that God alone could do similar wonders in curing, as well as in raising the dead. Don Quixote, therefore, must have been mad to have called Master Elisabat *un sacapotras*, which is a term of reproach greater than that of quack, for it signifies a quack with a specialty. Bowle, however, thinks that the Madasima alluded to in the text was the lady of Mongaza, whom Amadis and Agraes begged should be given to wife to Don Galvanes.—See *Amadis de Gaula*, cap. 62.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHICH TREATS OF THE STRANGE THINGS WHICH BEFEL
THE VALIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA IN THE SIERRA
MORENA, AND OF THE PENANCE HE DID THERE IN
IMITATION OF BELTENEHBROS.

DON QUIXOTE took leave of the goatherd, and, mounting once again on Rozinante, commanded Sancho to follow him, who did so upon his ass, with a very ill grace. They travelled on slowly, entering upon the most rugged part of the mountain; Sancho dying to converse with his master, desiring that he should begin the discourse, in order not to contravene the rule which had been imposed upon him. Growing at last unable to endure so long a silence, he said—

“Sir Don Quixote, I pray your worship bestow upon me your blessing, and give me my liberty; for from here I wish to go back to my home, to my wife, and to my children, with whom, at least, I may talk and converse as much as I please. For that your worship should expect me to go with you through these deserts, by day and by night, and not to speak when I am inclined, is to bury me alive. If fate had willed that animals should speak, as they used to do

in the days of Guisopete, it would not be so bad; I could then have discoursed with my ass of whatsoever I had a fancy, and thus have whiled away my mishaps. For it is a hard thing, and not to be borne with patience, to go looking for adventures all one's life, and finding nothing but kicks and blanketings, brick-battings and fisticuffs; and, with all this, one has to sew up his mouth, without daring to say what a man has in his heart, as if he were dumb."

"I understand thee, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "thou art dying that I should remove the interdict which I have placed on thy tongue. Account it removed, and say what thou wilt, on one condition—that this removal is to last no longer than whilst we are wandering among these mountains."

"So be it," quoth Sancho. "Let me speak now, for, by-and-by, God only knows what may happen; and by way of a beginning, to turn this licence to profit, I say, then, why did your worship go to stand up so hotly for that Queen Magimasa, or whatever they call her? or what was it to the purpose whether that Abbot was her friend or no? For if your worship had let it pass, seeing that you were not her judge, I verily believe that the madman would have gone on with his story, and we would have been saved the blow with the stone, and the kicks, and even more than half a dozen slaps in the face."

"In faith, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if thou knowest, as I know, how honourable and noble a lady was the Queen Madasima, I am certain thou wouldst own that I had much patience, in that I did not shatter

the mouth out of which such blasphemies issued. For it is a great blasphemy to say, or think, that a queen may be a leman to a medicaster. The truth of the story is, that this Master Elisabat, of whom the madman spoke, was a most discreet man, and of very sound counsel, who served the queen as tutor and physician. But to imagine that she was his mistress is a foppery worthy of the severest chastisement ; and that thou mayest see that Cardenio knew not of what he spoke, thou must bethink thee that when he spoke it he was not in his senses."

"That I say," quoth Sancho, "and you ought not to take account of the words of a madman ; and if your worship's good luck had not helped you, and the stone had taken the way of your head, as it took the road to your breast, we had been in a fine plight through standing up for that my lady, whom God confound ! and my word for it if Cardenio would not go scot-free through being a madman."

"Against the sane, and against the insane, is every knight-errant," said Don Quixote, "bound to stand up for the honour of women, whoever they may be ; but how much more for queens of such lofty condition and worth as was the Queen Madasima, for whom I entertain particular affection, on account of her good parts ? For, besides being beautiful, she was, moreover, very discreet, and very patient in her afflictions, of which she had many, and the counsels and company of Master Elisabat were of much profit and comfort to her, to enable her to bear her troubles with prudence and patience ; and hence the ignorant and evil-minded

vulgar took occasion to think, and to say, that she was his leman ; and they lie, I say again, and will lie twice a hundred times more, all who shall think and say so."

" I neither say nor think it," answered Sancho. " There let them be ; with their bread let them eat it ; and if they were paramours or no, they will have reckoned with God for it. I come from my vineyard ; I know nothing. I am no friend to peering into other people's lives. He who buys and lies, in his purse shall feel it ; all the more that I was born naked, naked I find me, neither lose I nor gain. But whatever they were, what is it to me ? Many think that there is bacon when there are no hooks ?¹ Who can hedge in the wind ? Have they not even said it of God himself ?

" Heaven defend me !" exclaimed Don Quixote, " what quibbles are these that thou art stringing ? What has that of which we speak to do with the proverbs thou art threading ? For the life of thee, Sancho, be silent, and henceforward employ thyself in spurring on thine ass, and cease meddling with what concerns thee not. And understand, with all thy five senses, that all that I have done, do, and shall do, is wholly according to reason, and very conformable to the rules of chivalry ; for I know them better than all the knights who ever professed them in the world."

" Sir," answered Sancho, " and is it a good rule of chivalry that we go wandering and lost among these mountains, without track or road, looking for a

madman, to whom, after he is found, the desire will perhaps return of ending what he began—not his story, but your worship's head and my ribs, finishing them off at all points ? ”

“ Hold thy tongue, I say to thee again, Sancho,” exclaimed Don Quixote ; “ for I would have thee know that not alone the desire of finding the madman brought me to these parts, so much as that which I have to perform in them—a deed by which I shall acquire immortal name and fame throughout the known earth ; and it shall be such that with it I set the seal to all that can make a knight-errant perfect and famous.”

“ And is it of much danger, this deed ? ” asked Sancho Panza.

“ No,” replied he of the Rueful Visage ; “ but the dice may so fall that we only draw a blank instead of a prize. All must depend upon thy diligence.”

“ On my diligence ? ” quoth Sancho.

“ Yea,” answered Don Quixote ; “ for if thou returnest quickly from whence I intend to despatch thee, my pain will be quickly ended, and quickly will begin my glory ; and because it is not well to hold thee longer in suspense, awaiting what may be the purport of my words, I desire thee, Sancho, to know that Amadis of Gaul was one of the most perfect of knights-errant. I say not well that he was one ; he was the sole, the prime, the unique, the lord of all that were in his time in the world. A fig for Don Belianis, and for all who said they were his equal in anything, for I swear they are deceived. I say,

moreover, that when any painter wishes to become famous in his art, he endeavours to imitate the originals of the most unique masters he knows ; and this rule holds good of all offices and professions of account, and which serve for adornment of the commonwealth. And so has he to do, and does, who would acquire a name for being a prudent and patient man ; imitating Ulysses, in whose person and toils Homer paints from a living portrait of prudence and patience, as Virgil has also shown, in the person of Æneas, the courage of a pious son, and the sagacity of a valiant and expert captain ; not painting or describing these as they were, but as they should be, to give ensample of their virtues to men who should come after them. After this manner was Amadis the pole-star, the morning star, the sun of valiant and enamoured knights, whom we all have to copy who do battle under the banner of love and chivalry.

“ This being, then, as it is, Sancho, I find that the knight-errant who shall copy him best will be nearest to reach the perfection of chivalry ; and one of the things in which the knight most showed his discretion, valour, manhood, patience, constancy, and love, was when, disdained of his lady Oriana, he retired to do penance on the Rock Dolorous, changing his name to that of Beltenebros—a name, assuredly, significant and proper for the life which he had chosen of his own will. Now, it is more easy for me to imitate him in this than in cleaving giants, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, routing armies, scattering fleets, and dissolving enchantments. And since these spots are

so well adapted for such purposes, there is no reason why I should let the occasion pass, which now so opportunely presents its forelock."

"In short," quoth Sancho, "what is that your worship wishes to do in this very out of the way place?"

"Have I not told thee already," replied Don Quixote, "that I desire to copy Amadis, acting here the desperate, raving, and furious lover; in imitation likewise of the valiant Don Orlando, when he found, by a fountain, the evidences that Angelica the Fair had dishonoured herself with Medoro; for grief whereof he turned mad, rooted up the trees, troubled the waters of the clear springs, slew shepherds, destroyed herds, fired huts, demolished houses, dragged mares along the ground, and committed a hundred thousand other uncommon things, worthy of eternal mention and record. And although I think not to imitate Orlando, Roldan, or Rotolando (for all these three names he bore) point by point in all the frenzies which he committed, uttered, and conceived, I will outline them as best I can in what appears to me most essential; and it may be that I shall come to content myself with only the imitation of Amadis, who, without committing any mischievous follies, but by raining tears of lamentation, reached as much fame as any of the rest."

"It seems to me," said Sancho, "that the knights who acted in such ways had provocation and cause for doing these fooleries and penances; but, your worship, what cause have you for turning mad? What lady has disdained you, or what signs have you found which

may give you to understand that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso has played the fool with Moor or Christian ? ”

“There lies the point,” answered Don Quixote, “and that is the nicety of my affair. To a knight who goes mad for that he cannot help it, no merit is there, nor thanks; the test is in running mad without occasion, and to give my lady to understand that if without reason² I did this, what shall I do having mighty cause. Moreover, I have sufficient occasion in the long absence suffered from the ever lady mine Dulcinea del Toboso; for, as thou didst hear that shepherd Ambrosio say but lately, ‘He who is absent feels and fears all coming ill.’ Therefore, Sancho, friend, waste no time in counselling me to refrain from so rare, so happy, so unheard-of an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I must be, until the time when thou returnest with an answer to a letter which I intend to send by thee to my lady Dulcinea; and if it be such as is due to my fidelity, my frenzy and my penance must end; and if it be the contrary, I shall be mad indeed, and being so, shall feel nothing. Thus, in whatever manner she replies, I shall issue out of the conflict and trouble in which thou leftest me, enjoying the good which thou shalt bring me, being sane, or not feeling the evil which thou shalt convey, being mad. But tell me, Sancho, hast thou kept sacred the helmet of Mambrino? For I saw thee lift it from the ground when that ingrate attempted to break it in pieces, but could not, from which may be inferred the fineness of its temper.”

To which Sancho replied, “As God liveth, Sir Knight of the Rueful Visage, I cannot suffer, or bear in

patience, some things your worship says ; and by them I come to think that all that you tell me of chivalries, and winning of kingdoms and empires, and giving of islands, and doing other famous and mighty things, as is the custom of knights-errant—that all must be a matter of wind and lying, and all fiction or friction, or however you may call it. For to hear your worship say that a barber's basin is the helmet of Mambrino, and that you should not get out of this blunder in more than four days, what has one to think but that he who so says and affirms must have his brain addled ? The basin I have got in the bag, all dented, and I carry it home to be put to rights, and to lather my beard in it, if God grants me so much grace as that some day I may see myself with my wife and children."

"Look thee, Sancho, by the same oath thou swearest, I swear," said Don Quixote, "that thou hast the shallowest understanding which any squire has, or had, in the world. Is it possible that, as much as thou hast travelled with me, thou hast not discovered that all matters of knights-errant appear chimeras, follies, and absurdities, and are all topsy-turvy; not because it is so, but because there go amongst us always a troop of enchanters, who change and transform all our doings, and turn them to their liking, and according as they are inclined to favour or destroy us ? And so that which to thee seemeth the basin of a barber, to me looks like the helmet of Mambrino, and to another will appear another thing. And it was a rare precaution of the sage who is on my side to make that appear to all a basin, which really and truly is Mambrino's helmet, for the reason

that, being held in such esteem, all the world would follow me to take it from me. But since they see that it is no more than a barber's basin, they care not to obtain it; as was shown in him who would have broken it, and left it on the ground, and did not carry it away; for, in faith, if he had known what it was, he would never have left it. Take care of it, friend; for at present I need it not, but rather must strip me of this armour, and remain naked as I was born, if I should elect to follow in my penance Orlando, more than Amadis."

Thus discoursing, they arrived at the foot of a lofty mountain, which stood alone, like a great hewn rock, in the midst of many others which surrounded it; and by its skirt there ran a gentle streamlet, which encircled a meadow, so green and luxuriant, that it delighted the eyes which looked upon it. There were many trees of the wood, and some plants and flowers, that made the spot pleasant. This place did the Knight of the Rueful Visage select in which to do his penance; and on seeing it, he exclaimed in a loud voice, as one bereft of reason, "This is the place, O ye heavens! which I destine and select for bewailing the misfortune in which ye yourselves have involved me. This is the spot where the humour of mine eyes shall increase the waters of this little stream, and my continual and profound sighs shall stir continually the leaves of these mountain trees, in testimony and sign of the pain which my tormented heart suffers. O ye rural deities, whoever ye may be, that hold your habitation in this inhospitable place, give ear to the

plaints of this unhappy lover, whom a long absence and some imagined jealousies have brought to mourn among these rugged rocks, and to complain of the cruel disposition of that ingrate and fair, the term and end of all human beauty! O ye wood-nymphs and dryads, who are accustomed to haunt the dense mountain groves (so may the nimble, wanton satyrs by whom ye are loved, although in vain, never disturb your sweet repose), aid me to lament my evil fate, or at least be not weary of hearing it! O Dulcinea del Toboso! day of my night! glory of my pain! light of my path! the star of my fortune (so may Heaven grant success in whatever thou mayest happen to ask)! consider the place and condition to which thine absence has led me, and respond with a happy issue to what my fidelity deserves! O ye solitary trees, that from this day forward have to bear me company in my solitude, give some token, with a gentle motion of your boughs, that my presence does not displease you! O thou, my squire, agreeable companion in my prosperous and adverse enterprises, note well in thy memory that which here thou shalt see me do, that thou mayest recount and recite it to the total cause of it all!"

Saying this, he alighted from Rozinante, and in a moment took off from him his bridle and saddle, and giving him a slap on the haunches, exclaimed, "Liberty he bestows on thee who is himself deprived of it. O steed, so exceptional in thy performance, as unfortunate in thy destiny! go whither thou wilt; for thou bearest it written on thy forehead that nor the hippo-

griff of Astolpho, nor the renowned Frontino which cost Bradamante so dear, did equal thee in swiftness."

Sancho, observing this, cried, "Good betide him who releases us now of the trouble of unharnessing Dapple; for, i' faith, there would not be lacking slaps to give, nor things to say in his praise, that if he were here, I would not consent that any should unpannel him, for there was no reason why. For the general rules as to people in love and despair did not touch him, any more than they did his master, when God so pleased it. And, in truth, Sir Knight of the Rueful Visage, if it be so that my going away and your worship's madness are in earnest, it would be well to resaddle Rozinante, that he may supply the place of Dapple; for it will save time in my going and coming, which if I have to do on foot, I know not when I shall get there or when return—for, indeed, I am but a sorry walker."

X "Let it be, Sancho, I say, as thou wilt," said Don Quixote, "for thy design displeases me not; and I tell thee that three days from this thou shalt depart, for I wish that in this interval thou mayest see what I do and say for her, that thou mayest report it to her."

"Well, what more have I to see," quoth Sancho, "than what I have seen?"

"Forsooth, thou art mighty well up in the story!" responded Don Quixote. "There yet lack to me the tearing of my garments, the scattering about of my arms, and the dashing my head against these rocks, with other things of this kind, which shall strike thee with admiration."

“For the love of God,” exclaimed Sancho, “let your worship beware how you give yourself to these dashings of the head; for you may chance to light on such a rock, and on such a point, as with the first you shall put a stop to the whole contrivance of this penance. And it is my notion that, since your worship thinks that these dashings of the head are necessary, and that you cannot do this job without them, you should content yourself, seeing that all this is feigned, counterfeited, and jest—you should be content, I say, with doing it in the water, or against some soft thing, like cotton, and leave it to my charge to tell my lady that your worship had done it against the point of a rock harder than a diamond.”

“I thank thee for thy good intention, friend Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “but I would have thee learn that all these things which I do are not in jest, but much in earnest; for to do them otherwise would be to contravene the rules of chivalry, which command us that we should tell no lie on pain of degradation; and the doing of one thing for another is the same as lying. Thus, the dashings of my head must be real, hard, and substantial, without aught of sophistry or fantasy; and it will be necessary that thou leavest me some lint to cure me, since fortune has willed that we should lack the balsam that we have lost.”

“It was worse to lose the ass,” quoth Sancho, “for in him we lost lint and all; and I pray your worship not to call to mind that accursed brewage, for in only hearing you mention it my very soul is turned inside

me, as much and more as my stomach. And I beseech you further that you account the three days as already past, which you have given me for seeing the mad pranks you perform ; for I take for granted that they were performed, and will tell wonders to my lady. So write the letter, and despatch me at once ; for I have a great longing to return and draw your worship out of this purgatory in which I leave you."

"Purgatory, dost call it, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "Thou hadst better call it hell, or even worse, if anything can be so."

"He who is in hell," answered Sancho, "as I have heard say, *nula es retencio*."³

"I do not understand what *retencio* means," responded Don Quixote.

"*Retencio* is," replied Sancho, "that he who is in hell never comes out of it, nor can ; which will be the contrary with your worship, or my heels shall go ill if I take but spurs to put life into Rozinante. And, spite of all, let me but once get to Toboso, and before my lady Dulcinea, I will tell her such things of the fooleries and pranks (they are all one) which your worship has played and remains playing, that I shall get to make her as soft as a glove, though I find her harder than a cork tree ; and with her answer, sweet and honeyed, I will return through the air like a witch, and snatch your worship from this purgatory, which seems to be hell and is not, seeing there is hope of escaping from it, while, as I have said, those who are in hell have no hope of coming out, nor do I believe that your worship will hold otherwise."

"That is true," answered he of the Rueful Visage. "But how shall we manage the writing of the letter?"

"And the order for the delivering the ass-foals also," added Sancho.

"All shall be included," said Don Quixote. "And it will be well, seeing there is no paper, that we write it, as did the ancients, on leaves of trees or on tablets of wax, although that will be as difficult to find here as paper. But now it has come to my memory where it will be well, or even better than well, to write it, which is in the little pocket-book which belonged to Cardenio; and thou shalt take care to have it transferred on paper, in a good hand, at the first village thou comest to, where there may be a schoolmaster for boys, or, if not, some sacristan, who will transcribe it for thee; and give it not to any notary to transcribe, for they write in an engrossing hand, which the devil himself will not make out."

"But what is to be done about the signature?" asked Sancho.

"The letters of Amadis were never subscribed," remarked Don Quixote.

"Very well," answered Sancho. "But the order for the asses must perforce be signed. And that it be copied, they will say it is a false signature, and I shall go without the foals."

"The order shall go in the same little book, and so, on seeing it, my niece will make no difficulty in complying with it; and as for what relates to the cartel of love, thou shalt put as subscription, *Yours till death, The Knight of the Rueful Visage*. And it makes

little matter that it should come in a strange hand ; for, as far as I can remember, Dulcinea knows neither to write nor to read, and in all her life has never seen handwriting or letter of mine. For my amours and hers have ever been platonical, without going further than a modest gaze ; and even this so rarely, that I dare swear with truth that, during the twelve years I have loved her more than the light of these eyes, which the earth must one day consume, I have not seen her four times, and it may even be that of these four times she did not once notice that I looked upon her ; so great is the reserve and separation with which her father Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother Aldonza Nogales, have brought her up."

"Well for sure!" cried Sancho; "and so the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo is my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, called by another name Aldonza Lorenzo?"

"That is she," said Don Quixote; "and she it is who is worthy to be queen of the whole universe."

"I know her well," said Sancho; "and I dare swear she can pitch a bar as well as the stoutest lad in all the parish. Long live the Giver of all good! but she is a girl of mettle, right and straight, a sturdy lass, who can hold her own in a scrape with any knight-errant that is or is to be, who shall have her for mistress. Oh, the baggage! what a muscle she has! and what a voice! I recollect that she got one day atop of the village belfry, to call some of their men, who were working in one of her father's fallows; and, although they were more than a half league off, they heard her as plainly as if they were standing at the foot of the

tower. And the best of her is that there is nothing coy about her, for she has a great smack of the court lady; she jokes with all, and makes game and jests of everything. Now, I say, Sir Knight-errant of the Rueful Visage, that not only may your worship go mad for her, but you may just despair and go hang yourself; for there will be nobody who knows it but will say that you did better than well, although the devil fetched you away. And I would that I were on the road, if only to see her; for it is many a day since I clapped eyes on her; and by now she must have changed, for it mightily spoils the faces of women to be always going about the fields in the sun and air.

“And I would confess to your worship the truth, Sir Don Quixote, that till now I have been under a great mistake; for I thought, really and truly, that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso must be some princess with whom your worship is in love, or somebody such as to deserve the rich presents your worship has sent her—that of the Biscayan, as well as the galley-slaves, and many others more which there should be, considering the many victories your worship has gained, and gained even before in the days when I was not your squire. But, all things considered, what good will it do the lady Aldonzo Lorenzo—I should say, the lady Dulcinea del Toboso—if the vanquished, whom you send or have to send, should go to bend their knees before her? For it may happen that at the time they arrive she would be combing flax, or threshing on the floor. They would put her to the blush at seeing her, and she would titter and scoff at the presents.”

“I have told thee, Sancho, many times before,” said Don Quixote, “albeit that thou art of an obtuse wit, thou often stingest over sharply. But in order that thou mayest see how foolish thou art, and how sanguine I am, I wish thee to listen to a brief tale. Thou must know that there was once a widow, handsome, young, free, and rich, and, above all, of a merry humour, who fell in love with a young lay brother, robust and brawny. His superior came to hear of it, and one day said to the good widow, by way of paternal reproof, ‘I am astonished, madam, and not without good cause, that a woman of your quality, so beautiful and rich as you are, should be enamoured of a man so mean, so base, so ignorant, as So-and-so; there being in this house so many masters of arts, so many divines, and so many theologians, among whom you might choose, and say, ‘This I like, this not,’ as with pears. But she answered him, with much gaiety and frankness, ‘You are much deceived, my dear sir, and you argue too much in the antique fashion, if you imagine that I have made a bad selection of So-and-so, ignorant as he may appear; since, for that I desire of him, he knows as much philosophy as Aristotle, and more.’ And thus, Sancho, for what I desire of Dulcinea del Toboso she is as much worth as the highest princess of the earth. Yea; for is it not true that all the poets had ladies, whom they praised under the names they gave them at their pleasure. Dost think that the Amyllises, the Phyllises, the Sylvias, the Dianas, the Galateas, the Alidas, and the like other of which the

books, the ballads, the barbers' shops, and the comic theatres are full, were all really ladies of flesh and bone, and mistresses, and belonged to those who celebrate and have celebrated them? No, certainly; but they were for the most part feigned, to supply subjects for their verses, by those who would be taken for lovers, and for men worthy of being so. And thus it is enough for me to imagine and believe that the good Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and chaste; and the matter of her lineage importeth little, for none will go and search it out in order to invest her with some order. And for me, I account her the most exalted princess in the world; for thou must know, Sancho, if thou knowest it not already, that two things, above all others, incite to love. These are great beauty and a good reputation, and these two things are found in surpassing degree in Dulcinea; for in beauty none equal her, and in good reputation few can approach her. And, to conclude withal, I conceive that it is all as I say, without excess or lack of anything; and I paint her in my imagination as I desire her to be, both in beauty and in quality; and neither does Helen approach, nor Lucretia come near her, nor any other of the famous women of past ages, Greek, barbarian, or Latin. And let each one say what he pleases, for if I am reprehended of the foolish, I shall not be punished by the just."

"I say that your worship is right in everything," quoth Sancho, "and I am an ass. But I know not why the name ass comes in my mouth, for one must

not mention a rope in the house of the hanged. But give me the letter, and farewell, for I am off."

Don Quixote drew out the pocket-book, and, betaking himself apart, began with much composure to write the letter; and finishing it, he called Sancho, and said that he wished to read it to him, in order that he might bear it in his memory, lest by chance he should lose it by the way; for everything might be feared of his evil destiny.

To which Sancho replied, "Write it, your worship, two or three times here in the book, and give it to me, that I may have it well preserved; for to think that I can keep it in my memory is nonsense, for I have such a bad one that I often forget my own name. But, for all that, let your worship read it to me. I shall be very glad to hear it, for it is bound to be as good as print."

"Listen," quoth Don Quixote, "for thus it runs:—

"The Letter of Don Quixote to Dulcinea del Toboso.

"SUBLIME AND SOVEREIGN LADY,

"He, the wounded by the barb of absence, and pierced to the membrane of the heart, sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, sends thee the health he wanteth. If thy beauty me despise, if thy worth be not for my gain, if thy disdain be for my anguish, although I be patient, I shall be ill able to sustain myself in the affection, which, besides that it be violent, is very durable. My good squire Sancho will give thee ample relation, O fair ingrate, beloved enemy mine! of the condition in which I remain for thy sake. If thou shouldst please to

succour me, I am thine; and if not, do what cometh to thy liking; for by the ending my life, I shall have satisfied thy cruelty and my passion.

"Thine until death,

"THE KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL VISAGE."

"By the life of my father," cried Sancho, on hearing the letter, "it is the finest thing I ever heard! 'Od's body! and how your worship says everything in it that you please; and how well *The Knight of the Rueful Visage* fits in to the signing! I say of a verity that your worship is the devil himself, for there is nothing you do not know."

"'Tis necessary to know everything," answered Don Quixote, "in the office which I profess."

"Come, then," quoth Sancho, "let your worship put on that other leaf the order for three ass-foals, and sign it very plain, that they may know your hand at sight."

"Willingly," said Don Quixote; and, having written it, he read it out as follows:—

"It shall please your worship,

"By this first of ass-foals, Mistress Niece, to give to Sancho Panza, my squire, three of the five I left at home, and which are in your charge. I order you to deliver and pay for the like number here received in tale; and this, with his receipt, shall be your quittance.

"Done in the heart of the Sierra Morena, the twenty-second of August of the present year."

“It is all right,” said Sancho; “let your worship sign it.”

“It need not be signed,” said Don Quixote, “but I will put my flourish to it, which is the same as my signature, and it will be sufficient for three asses, and even for three hundred.”

“I trust to your worship,” answered Sancho. “Let me go; I will saddle Rozinante; and make ready, your worship, to give me your blessing, for I intend to start at once, without seeing the mad pranks your worship has to perform. I will say that you performed so many that she will want no more.”

“I wish, at least, Sancho, and because it is necessary, therefore I say that I wish, that thou shouldst see me stripped and go through a dozen or two mad things, which I will despatch in less than half an hour; for, having seen them with thine own eyes, thou canst safely swear to the rest which thou mayest please to add; and be assured thou shalt not recount as many as I intend to perform.”

“For God’s love, dear master, let me not see your worship naked; for it would cause me much pity, and I shall not be able to keep from crying; and I have such a sore head for the weeping I did last night for Dapple, that I am not ready for fresh tears. And if it be your worship’s pleasure that I should see some mad tricks, do them with your clothes on, shortly, and such as are most to the purpose; more by token that for me nothing of the sort is needed, and, as I have said already, it will save time in my journey back, which must be with the news your worship desires and deserves. And if not, let

the lady Dulcinea look out ; for, if she does not reply as she should, I make solemn oath—to whom I may—that I fetch a good answer out of her stomach by kicks and cuffs. For where shall it be endured that a knight-errant so famous as your worship should turn mad, without why or wherefore, for a—— Let not my lady make me speak the word, for, afore God, I will out with it. I know how to pile it on and make her wild ; I am rather smart at this. She does not know me well, but, i' faith, if she did, she would have a care."

"In faith, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "it would seem that thou art not more sane than I am."

"I am not so mad," said Sancho, "but I am of hotter temper. But, setting that aside, what is it your worship has to live on until my return ? Will you take to the road like Cardenio, to steal it from the shepherds ?"

"Let not that care give thee trouble," answered Don Quixote ; "for, although I had it, I should eat nothing else but the herbs and fruits which this meadow and these trees should yield me. For the nicety of my business consists in not eating, and enduring other austerities."

To this Sancho answered, "Does your worship know what I fear—that on my return I shall not hit upon this spot where now I leave you, it is so hidden ?"

"Take well the marks, for I will endeavour not to depart from hereabouts," said Don Quixote ; "and I will even take the precaution of climbing up these

highest rocks, that I may descry thee on thy return. But, better still, it will be the surest way, that I may not wander, and thou not lose thyself, to cut some of the bushes of those which abound here, and strew them about as thou goest from place to place, until thou reachest the plain, which shall serve thee as landmarks and signs by which to find me on thy return, in imitation of the clue of the labyrinth of Theseus."

"That will I do," answered Sancho Panza; and, cutting some, he begged his master's blessing, and not without many tears between them both, took his leave.

Mounting Rozinante, whom Don Quixote commended much to his care, that he should look after him as he would after his own proper self, Sancho took the road to the plain, scattering the twigs of the shrubs here and there, as his master had advised him; and then departed, while Don Quixote was still importuning him to see him perform if it were but a couple of his mad pranks. But he had not gone a hundred paces, when he returned and said, "I think, sir, your worship said well that, in order that I might swear without any burden to the conscience that I have seen you do your mad pranks, it might be well that I saw, say, one; although I have seen a good big one in your worship's remaining here."

"Did I not tell thee so?" said Don Quixote. "Stay thee, Sancho; in the space of a *Credo* I will do them." And, stripping himself with all speed of his breeches, he remained but with his skin and his shirt-tail; and then, without more ado, he performed a couple of capers in the air, and two tumbles head over heels, disclosing

things which in order not to see a second time Sancho turned Rozinante's rein, and reckoned himself content, for that he was able to swear that his master was mad. And so will we leave him to go his way, till his return, which was not long delayed. X

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXV.

Note 1, page 338.

Bacon when there are no hooks (Muchos piensan que hai tocinos y no hai estacas). From the pastoral custom of hanging flitches of bacon on their walls. Said of those who pass themselves off for rich people. It is in this chapter that Sancho takes up his parable of proverbs, and it will be seen that they have always an irritating effect upon Don Quixote; and the thoughtful reader will discover for himself, I have no doubt, the purpose which the father of fiction designed they should achieve.

Note 2, page 342.

If without reason. The original is *que si en seco*, "if in the dry." Jarvis observes that this is a profane allusion to Luke xxiii. 31. It is simply a Spanish idiom, and the profanity belongs exclusively to Mr. Jarvis.

Note 3, page 348.

Nula es retencio. Sancho, who certainly did not know Latin, had probably heard the story of Michael Angelo, who once painted a cardinal among the condemned in the pit; on which his Eminence complained to his Holiness, and the Pope is reported to have said, "Had he painted thee in purgatory, I had delivered thee; but in hell *nulla est redemptio*." The saying was evidently known to Ariosto:—

. . . *E cosi avro eterno,
Che nulla redenzione e nell' inferno.*

Orlando, canto 34.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEREIN ARE CONTINUED THE DELICATE PRANKS WHICH,
IN HIS QUALITY OF LOVER, DON QUIXOTE PRACTISED
IN THE SIERRA MORENA.

RETURNING to the narrative of what he of the Rueful Visage did, the history declares that as soon as Don Quixote had ended his tumbles or turnings, naked from the middle below, and clothed above, and when he perceived that Sancho had gone without caring to wait to see any more of his follies, he mounted to the top of a high rock, and there again began to think on what he had oftentimes thought, without ever having resolved the matter, and it was this—whether it were better and most to the purpose to imitate Orlando in his measureless frenzies, or Amadis in his melancholy fits; and communing with himself, he said, “If Orlando was so good a knight, and so valiant, as all say, what marvel? since indeed he was enchanted, and none could slay him without thrusting a brass pin into the sole of his foot, and hence he wore always shoes with seven soles of iron; although these devices availed him nothing with Bernardo del Carpio, who, knowing of them, strangled him in his arms at Roncesvalles. But leaving apart the matter of his valour, let us come to the losing of his wits, which it is certain

that he lost through the signs he discovered in the fountain, and the news which the shepherd brought to him—how that Angelica had slept more than two noons with Medora, a little Moor with curly locks, page to Agramante. And if he understood this to be true, and that his lady had done him that foul wrong, it was not much in him to turn mad. But I—how can I imitate him in his madness, if I imitate him not in the occasion thereof? For my Dulcinea del Toboso, I will dare swear, has never seen, in all the days of her life, any Moor as he is in his own proper dress, and she is to-day as was her mother who bore her; and I should do her a manifest injury if I, imagining anything else of her, went mad, after the manner of Orlando the Furious.

“On the other hand, I perceive that Amadis of Gaul, without losing his wits, and without perpetrating any mad pranks, achieved as great fame as a lover, as the best of them; for what he did, according to his history, was nothing more than that, finding himself disdained by his lady Oriana—who had commanded him not to appear in her presence until it pleased her will—he retired to the Rock Dolorous, in the company of a hermit, and there sated himself with weeping, until Heaven succoured him in the midst of his great anguish and need. And if this be true, as it is, why do I desire now to take pains to strip myself all naked; or to give offence to these trees, which have never done me any harm; or to trouble the clear waters of these streams, which have to give me drink when I am thirsty? Long live the memory of Amadis!

and be he the model, as far as he may be, of Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom it shall be said, as was said of the other, that if he achieved not great things, he died in attempting them. And if I am not rejected nor disdained of my Dulcinea, let it suffice, as I have said, that I be absent from her. Ho! then, hands, to your task! Come to my memory, deeds of Amadis, and teach me how I may begin to imitate you! Now, I know what he did most was to pray, and so will I do. But what shall I do for a rosary, not having one?"

Then it came to his mind what he would do, which was to tear a great piece from off the tail of his shirt,¹ which hung down; and out of it he made eleven knots, one greater than the rest; and this served him for a rosary all the time that he was there, where he said a million *Ave Marias*.

But what much distressed him was the not finding thereabout another hermit to confess him, and from whom he might get some comfort. Then he entertained himself by pacing up and down the little meadow, writing and cutting on the bark of the trees, and in the smooth sand, many verses, all adapted to his sad state, and some in praise of Dulcinea. But those that were found entire, and which could be read after his discovery, were none other than these that follow:—

I.

*Ye trees, and herbs, and bushes all,
That grow within this pleasant site,
So great, and green, and hugely tall!
If in my pangs ye've no delight,
List to my holy wails that fall;*

*Let my loud groanings din you not,
 Though truly terrible they be, ah !
 For, with his tears to pay his scot,
 Don Quixote mourned upon this spot
 The absence of his Dulcinea
 Del Toboso.*

II.

*This is the place to which did fly
 The lovingest and truest wight,
 And from his lady hid did lie,
 And fell into a woeful plight,
 Without his knowing whence or why ;
 Love kept him ever on the trot—
 No rest from such an imp as he, ah !—
 And so, with tears might fill a pot,
 Don Quixote mourned upon this spot
 The absence of his Dulcinea
 Del Toboso.*

III.

*While 'mongst these rocks, with bitter mind
 He sought to cool his wild desires,
 While cursing there his fate unkind
 (For 'mid the crags and 'mid the briars
 The wretch could naught but sorrow find),
 Love scourged him with his heaviest knot—
 No smooth or gentle thong had he, ah !—
 And, smiting wild his noddle hot,
 Don Quixote mourned upon this spot
 The absence of his Dulcinea
 Del Toboso.*

The addition of Toboso to the name of Dulcinea caused no little laughter in those who found the verses which are here recited, because they imagined that Don Quixote must have conceived that if, in naming Dulcinea, he did not also write "Del Toboso," the

stanza would not be understood; and such was the truth, as he afterwards confessed. Many others he wrote, but, as has been said, none but these three stanzas could be deciphered or found entire. In this, and in sighing, and in calling upon the fauns and sylvan deities of those woods, upon the nymphs of the streams, and upon the damp and doleful echo, that they would respond, console, and listen to him, he occupied himself, and also in the search of some herbs on which to sustain himself until Sancho should return, who if he had tarried three weeks, as he did three days, the Knight of the Rueful Visage would have remained so disvisaged, that he would not have been known by the mother who bore him. But now it will be well to leave him, wrapped in his sighings and verses, to relate that which happened to Sancho Panza in his embassy.

In coming upon the highway, he set out in quest of the road for Toboso, and the next day arrived at the inn where happened to him the misfortune of the bed-quilt. Scarcely had he espied it, when he felt himself once more flying through the air, and had no wish to enter therein, although it was the hour that should and might be that of dinner, and he longed to taste something hot, it being now many days during which it was all cold meat. This yearning compelled him to approach near the inn, though still doubtful whether he should enter or not. At this moment there came out of the inn two persons, who presently knew him, and said one to the other—

“Tell me, master licentiate, is not yon horseman

Sancho Panza, whom the housekeeper of our adventurer told us sallied out with her master as squire ? ’

“ Yes, it is,” replied the licentiate ; “ and that is the horse of our Don Quixote.”

They could not but know him well, for they were the priest and the barber of his own village, and they who made the inquisition and gaol delivery of the books. Having now recognized Sancho Panza and Rozinante, they, desirous of hearing about Don Quixote, went to him ; and the priest, calling him by his name, said—

“ Friend Sancho Panza, where have you left your master ? ”

Sancho Panza knew them at once, and made up his mind to conceal from them the place and the condition wherein his master then was ; and so he replied that his master was occupied in a certain spot, and in a certain affair which was to him of much importance, which he could not reveal for even the eyes in his head.

Exclaimed the barber, “ No, no, Sancho Panza ; if you do not tell us where he is, we shall believe, as we already do believe, that you have murdered and robbed him, since you come atop of his horse. Verily you must bring us to the owner of the rouncy, or it shall be the worse for you.”²

“ There is no need to use threats with me ; I am not a man to rob or murder anybody. Let every one’s fate murder him, or the God who made him. My master remains doing of penance in the heart of yon mountain, much to his pleasure.” Then he told them,

right off, without stopping, the state in which he left his lord, the adventures which had befallen him, and how he was carrying a letter to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who was the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom he was over head and ears in love.

They were both struck with amazement at what Sancho Panza related to them; and although they knew already of Don Quixote's madness, and the nature of it, they marvelled anew as often as they heard of it. They asked Sancho Panza to show them the letter which he was bearing to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He told them that it was written in a pocket-book, and that it was his master's order that he should have it copied out on paper in the first village he came to; upon which the priest asked that he might see it, and he would copy it out in a very good character.

Sancho Panza put his hand into his bosom to search for the little book, and found it not; nor would he have found it if he had searched till to-day; for it had remained with Don Quixote, and had not been given to him, nor had he remembered to ask for it. When Sancho perceived that the book was not to be found, his face grew pale as death, and again feeling all over his body very eagerly, he became convinced that he had it not; and, without more ado, he laid hold of his beard with both hands, and tore half of it out, and in a trice, without stopping, he gave himself half a dozen blows in the face and on the nose, so that he bathed it all in blood. Seeing which, the priest and the barber asked him

what had happened that he entreated himself thus scurvily.

“What should happen to me,” answered Sancho, “but that I have let slip through my fingers in one moment three ass-foals, each of which was like a castle?”

“How is that?” inquired the barber.

“I have lost the pocket-book,” replied Sancho, “which had in it the letter for Dulcinea, and a letter, signed by my master, in which he ordered his niece to give me three ass-foals of the three or four which were at home;” and with that he related to them the loss of Dapple.

The priest consoled him, saying that when he found his master, he would make him renew the order, and draw the Letter of Exchange on paper, according to use and custom; for those that were drawn in pocket-books were never accepted nor honoured.

With this Sancho was comforted, and said that since it was so, the loss of Dulcinea’s letter gave him little concern, for he knew it almost by heart, so they might take it down when and where they pleased.

“Then repeat it, Sancho,” said the barber, “and afterwards we will write it down.”

Sancho Panza stopped to scratch his head to fetch the letter to his memory; he stood now upon one leg, and now upon another; some time would he stare at the ground, again at the sky. After having gnawed off half the top of a finger, keeping in suspense those who waited for him to speak, after a very long pause he cried—

“’Fore God, master licentiate, may the devil fetch me if I remember a single thing of the letter, except that at the beginning it said, *Sublime and sloven lady.*”

“It would not say ‘sloven,’” quoth the barber, “but ‘superhuman’ or ‘sovereign.’”

“That’s it,” cried Sancho. “Then, if I do not mistake me, it went on—if,” he continued, “I do not mistake me, ‘The wounded, and the sleepless, and the pierced, kisses your hands, ungrateful and thankless beauty!’ and I do not know what it said of health, and sickness that he sent; and here he went on scrambling, until he ended with *Yours till death, The Knight of the Rueful Visage.*”

The two were not a little diverted at Sancho Panza’s excellent memory; and they praised it much, desiring him to repeat the letter twice more, that they also might have it by heart, to write it down in due time. Three times did Sancho repeat it, and as many times did he repeat three thousand other shallow follies. After this he recounted also other things of his master; but never a word did he speak of the blanket-tossing which had happened to himself in the inn, into which he refused to enter. He told them also how that his lord—when he should bring back a favourable despatch from the lady Dulcinea del Toboso—was to set about trying how to become an emperor, or at least a monarch (for thus it had been arranged between them two), and that it was a very easy thing for him to become one, considering the valour of his person and the strength of his arm; and on this happening, that

he himself had to be married (for by that time he should be a widower, and he could not be less), and his lord would give him to wife one of the empress's damsels, heiress to a rich and great estate on the mainland, without isles and islands, for these he did not covet.

Sancho said all this with so meek gravity, wiping his nose now and then, and with such little reason, that the two were amazed anew, thinking how violent must be Don Quixote's madness since it had carried away that poor fellow's wit.

They would not trouble themselves to dispel his illusion, for it seemed to them—since it did not hurt his conscience at all—that it was better to leave him in it, and that it would be more diverting for them to listen to his fooleries; they therefore told him that he should pray to God for his master's health, since it was a very possible and feasible thing for him to become emperor in process of time, as he had said, or at least archbishop, or some other equal dignitary.

To which Sancho replied, "Sirs, if fortune should compass matters so that my master takes it into his head not to be emperor, but archbishop, I would like to know now what archbishops-errant are accustomed to give to their squires?"

"They are accustomed to give," answered the priest, "some benefice or cure, or some sextonship, which brings them in a good fixed rent, besides the altar gifts, which commonly amount to much."

"For this it will be necessary," replied Sancho, "that the squire should not be married, and that he should know how to assist at Mass, at least; and, if

this be so, woe is me, for I am married, and do not know the first letter of the A B C. What will become of me if my master should take a fancy to be archbishop and not emperor, as is the use and custom of knights-errant?"

"Trouble not yourself, friend Sancho," said the barber, "respecting this; we will entreat your master, and counsel him, and even put it to him, as a point of conscience, that he should be emperor, and not archbishop; for he could be that easier, by reason that he is more of a soldier than a student."

"So it has appeared to me," answered Sancho, "although I can say that he is clever enough for anything. What I, for my part, think of doing is, to pray to our Lord to send him where he can best serve himself, and grant me the most favours."

"You speak like a wise man," said the priest, "and will behave like a good Christian; but what we have now to do is to contrive how we may release your master from that idle penance which you say that he is performing, and to consider the manner of doing it, and also to get something to eat (for it is now the hour); and it will be well for us to enter this inn."

Sancho said that they might go in, but for himself he would wait there, outside, and would tell them afterwards the reason why he did not, and why it was not agreeable for him to enter in there; but he besought them to bring him out a little to eat, which should be something hot, and at the same time barley for Rozinante. They left him and went within, and in a little while the barber brought him some food.

Afterwards, the two having well deliberated between them the course which they should take to accomplish what they desired, there occurred to the priest an idea well fitted to Don Quixote's humour, and also to achieve what they intended. And he said to the barber that what he had thought of was that he should dress himself in the habit of a damsel-errant, and that the other should assume, as best he could, the part of her squire; and in this guise they would go to where Don Quixote was—he feigning to be an afflicted and distressed maiden—and should beseech of him a boon, which he, as a valourous knight-errant, could not fail to grant; and that the boon which he thought of asking was that he should accompany her to wherever she should take him, to redress an injury which a wicked, false knight had done her; she entreating him, at the same time, that he should not require her to remove her mask, nor demand anything of her condition, until he had righted her on that wicked knight. The priest had no doubt that Don Quixote would agree to all they asked of him on these terms, and in this manner they could get him away from that place, and remove him to his village, where they would endeavour to find some remedy for his strange madness.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXVI.

Note 1, page 363.

From off the tail of his shirt. So run the original editions—not only the one printed in Madrid, but also those of Lisbon of the same date. It is well known that Cervantes was staying in Valladolid at the time that these lines were altered in the second edition—made in the same year—into “some large gall-nuts of a cork tree, with which he made his rosary.” I propose to retain the words of which there is no doubt Cervantes was the author. Any fancy might have framed beads out of acorns or gall-nuts, but it required the imagination of Don Quixote to make a rosary out of his shirt-tail.

Note 2, page 366.

Or it shall be the worse for you. The original is “*Ó sobre eso morena:*” a proverbial expression holding a threat, which took its rise, it is supposed, from the doings of a termagant landlady of Madrid, called Maria Morena, and the noisy lawsuits which thence ensued.—*Vide* Clemencin, ii. p. 343.

CHAPTER XXVII.

OF HOW THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER CARRIED OUT THEIR DESIGNS, WITH OTHER THINGS WORTHY OF RECITAL IN THIS GREAT HISTORY.

THE barber misliked not the priest's scheme, but rather it pleased him so well that they immediately set about its execution. They borrowed of the innkeeper's wife a kirtle and a cambric kerchief, leaving in pawn a new cassock of the priest. The barber made him a large beard out of the tail of a pied ox, on which the innkeeper used to hang his comb. The landlady asked them for what purpose they desired those things. The priest told her, in a few words, of the madness of Don Quixote, and how that disguise was expedient for bringing him from the mountain where he was at that present time.

The innkeeper and his wife at once divined that the madman was their guest, he of the balsam and master of the blanket-tossed squire, and they recounted to the priest all that had passed between them, without concealing that on which Sancho kept such silence. Finally, the landlady dressed up the priest to admiration. She put on him a gown of cloth, covered with bands of

sable velvet, each of a span breadth, all slashed, and a bodice of green velvet trimmed with borders of white satin, which, with the gown, might have been made in the days of King Wamba. The priest would not consent to have his head dressed like a woman, so he put on a small cap of quilted linen, which he carried for sleeping in at night. He bound round his forehead a garter of black taffeta, and with another garter tied on a mask, with which he well covered his beard and face. Then he buried his head in his hat, which was so large that it might serve him for an umbrella ; and, covering himself in his cape, he mounted ladywise on his mule, and the barber on his, with his beard reaching down to his girdle, half red, half white, like one which was made, as we have said, out of the tail of a pied ox.

They took leave of all, including the good Martornes, who promised to say a rosary that God would give them good success in so arduous and Christian a business as that which they had undertaken. But hardly had they gone out of the inn, when a thought struck the parson that he did wrong in having himself thus apparelled, for that it was a thing indecent in a priest to appear in such a garb, although upon it much depended. Telling the barber of his scruples, he begged him to exchange dresses, since it was more fitting that he should be the distressed damsel, and for himself to be the squire, and so his dignity would be the less profaned ; adding that, if he would not do so, he would go no farther, though the devil himself should carry off Don Quixote.

Hereupon came up Sancho, who, beholding the two in that garb, could not refrain his laughter.

In brief, the barber consented to all that the priest wished ; and, changing characters, the priest began to instruct him how to behave, and the words that he had to use to Don Quixote, in order to persuade and press him to come with them, and quit his haunt in that spot which he had chosen for his vain penance. The barber declared that without any lesson he could carry his part in perfection. He did not care to attire himself at that moment, until they came near to where Don Quixote was ; and so he folded up his dress, and the priest put away his beard, and they pursued their journey, Sancho Panza being their guide ; who, as they went, related to them what had happened with the madman whom they found in the mountains, concealing, however, the discovery of the valise, and what was in it—for, stupid as he was, the fellow was somewhat avaricious.

The next day they arrived at the place where Sancho had strewn the twigs as marks to guide him to the spot where he had left his master ; and in recognizing it he said to them that this was the entrance to the pass, and that they would do well to attire themselves, if that had anything to do with the deliverance of his master. They had told him that going in that guise and dressing themselves in that fashion were all-important for the rescue of his master from that miserable life which he had chosen, and they charged him strictly that he should not tell Don Quixote who they were, or that he knew them ; and if he should inquire, as he would be sure to do, if the letter had been delivered to

Dulcinea, that Sancho should say it had, and that, not being able to read, she had answered him by word of mouth, saying that she commanded him, on pain of her displeasure, that he should come to see her on the instant—that it was a matter to him of much import. By this means, and what they intended to say to him, they were assured that they could restore him to a better life, and so manage with him that he should soon be on the road to become emperor or monarch; for as to his being archbishop, there was nothing to fear. To all this Sancho listened, and got it well by heart, and thanked them much for the intention they had of counselling his lord to become emperor, and not archbishop; for, on his part, he was persuaded that, in the matter of bestowing favours on their squires, emperors could do more than archbishops-errant. He said to them likewise that it would be well for him to go forward to find his lord and deliver his lady's answer, for that alone might be sufficient to draw him out of that place, without putting themselves to so much trouble. Sancho Panza's advice seemed to them good, and therefore they determined to wait until he returned with the news of the finding of his master.

Sancho struck into the gorges of the mountain, leaving the two behind in one through which there ran a gentle streamlet, to which some neighbouring rocks and trees lent a refreshing shade. The day on which they arrived there was one in the month of August, when the heat in those parts is wont to be very great; the hour was three in the afternoon; all which made the spot more agreeable, and invited

them to wait there Sancho's return, which they did. While the two were reposing at their ease in the shade, a voice reached their ears, which, though unaccompanied by any instrument, sounded sweet and melodious; at which they were not a little surprised, it seeming to them that this was no place where they could look for so good a singer. For, although it is wont to be said that in the woods and fields are found shepherds with exquisite voices, these are rather the exaggeration of poets than plain truths; and, most of all, they were aware that the verses they heard sung were not of rustic herdsmen, but of polished courtiers; the truth of which was confirmed by these stanzas:—

I.

Who makes my happiness to wane?

Disdain.

Who stirreth up my pain to frenzy?

'Tis Jealousy.

Who gives sharp trial to my patience?

'Tis Absence.

*In such a case, to ease my sorrow,
No charm sufficient can I borrow;
Since Hope may war, but wars in vain,
With Absence, Jealousy, Disdain.*

II.

Who gives me pain all pains above?

'Tis Love.

Who hurls me from my proud estate?

'Tis Fate.

Who wills my heart should thus be riven?

'Tis Heaven.

*In such a case my life's at stake,
When foes like these my spirit shake;
Since to no mortal is it given
To conquer Love, and Fate, and Heaven.*

III.

Who gives to Life its finer breath ?

'Tis Death.

Who gives to Love its better range ?

'Tis Change.

Who from it plucks the sting of sadness ?

'Tis Madness.

'Twould not be wise in such a fashion

To seek to cure me of my passion ;

Since all the cures have equal badness—

Grim Death, and cruel Change, and Madness.

The hour, the season, the solitude, the voice, and the skill of him who sang, combined to raise the wonder and delight of the two hearers, who remained quiet that they might hear more. But finding the silence to continue for some time, they resolved to go out in search of the musician who was singing with so fine a voice, and as they were about to do so, they were arrested by the same voice, which touched their ears anew, singing this sonnet :—

O holy Friendship ! who on wings of light

Hast sped with joy to find a welcome rest

In empyrean halls among the blest,

Leaving thy semblance in this world of sight ;

Thence at thy warning we discern aright

Untruth, in veil of thine translucent dressed,

Through which at times there looms a face unblest,

With zealous show of good, all good to blight.

O Friendship ! leave thy heaven, or not allow

That base Deceit thy livery should wear,

Breeding distrust amongst the sons of men ;

For if thy counterfeits thou drive not now

From out the world, Discord will riot there,

And ancient Chaos visit earth again.

The song was concluded with a profound sigh, and

the two again waited attentively to hear if he should sing any more ; but finding the music had changed to sobs and mournful plaints, they agreed to go and learn who was that unhappy one, so exquisite of voice, and so dolorous of heart. They had not gone far, when, on turning the point of a rock, they saw a man of the same figure and aspect that Sancho Panza had described when he told them the story of Cardenio. He, when he perceived them, showed no surprise, but stood still, with his head bowed down on his breast, like one deep in thought, not lifting his eyes to look at them more than once on their sudden appearance.

The priest, who was a well-spoken man (knowing already of his misfortune, since he had recognized him by the tokens given by Sancho), went up to him, and, in brief but very considerate words, besought and pressed him to quit that miserable life, lest he should lose it in that place, which of all miseries would be the greatest.

Cardenio at this time was in his right mind, and free from that mad fit which so often drove him out of himself ; and when he saw the two in an attire so unusual among those who frequented those solitudes, he could not refrain from some surprise, and more, when he heard them speak of his concerns as of something well known (for thus did he understand the words which the priest had spoken to him) ; and so he answered in this manner :—

“ Well do I perceive, gentlemen, whomsoever ye may be, that Heaven, who takes care to succour the good, and even many times the bad, sends to me, unworthy that I am, in these spots so desolate and

remote from the common commerce of human kind, some persons who, setting before my eyes with various and likely arguments how irrational is the mode of life I lead, have designed to remove me from this place to a better; but as they know not what I know, that in flying from this evil I must fall into one greater, they must take me, perhaps, for a man of weak intellect, and even for what would be worse, one without reason. And it would be no marvel if it were so; for I am well aware that the force of my sense of misery is so intense and so powerful for my destruction, that, without my being able to resist it, I am turned into a stone, void of all knowledge and feeling. I have come to know this to be the truth, when they tell me and show me tokens of things which I have done when that terrible fit overmasters me; and I can do no more than vainly bewail and uselessly curse my lot, giving, as an excuse for my madness, the story of its cause to as many as are willing to hear it. For men of sense, when they learn that cause, will not marvel at its effects; and if they should give me no remedy, they will give me no blame—their anger at my outrageous conduct being changed into pity for my misfortunes. If it be that you, gentlemen, come with the same intention that others have come, before you proceed further with your wise admonition, I entreat you to listen to the account—beyond all reckoning—of my calamities; for, perhaps, when you have heard of it, you will spare yourselves the trouble you are taking in seeking solace for an evil which is incapable of any relief.”

The two, who desired nothing else than to know

from his own lips the occasion of his woe, prayed him to recount it, promising to do nothing, by way of advice or remedy, which should be displeasing to him. Upon this, the unhappy gentleman began his piteous history, almost in the same words and with the same details which he had used to Don Quixote and the goatherd, a few days before, when by occasion of Master Elisabat, and Don Quixote's punctiliousness in defending the purity of knight-errantry, the tale was left unfinished, as the history has related. But now fortune pleased that his mad fit should pass, and gave him the opportunity of telling it to the end. And so, arriving at the passage of the letter which Don Fernando found in the book of *Amadis of Gaul*, said Cardenio—

“I remember it well, and that it ran after this manner:—

“*Lucinda to Cardenio.*

“*Every day I discover anew virtues which oblige and enforce me more and more to esteem you; and therefore, if you wish that I should acquit me of this debt without a distrait on my honour, you can easily do so. I have a father, who knows you and who loves me well, who, without forcing my inclination, will satisfy what you shall justly demand, if it be that you esteem me as you say, and as I believe.*

“By this letter I was moved to demand Lucinda for wife, as I have already related, and it was through this that Lucinda passed in the opinion of Don Fernando as one of the cleverest and discreetest women of her time; and this letter also it was which kindled in him the desire to ruin me, before my wishes

could be accomplished. I told Don Fernando how the matter stood with Lucinda's father, namely, that he expected mine to demand her of him, which I dared not to mention to my father, fearful lest he should refuse his consent—not because he was ignorant of the condition, the goodness, virtue, and beauty of Lucinda, and that she had qualities such as might ennoble any family of Spain, but that because I understood from him that he desired me not to marry so soon, before he knew what Duke Ricardo might do for me. Finally, I told him that I could not venture to speak to my father about it, as much because of that obstacle as of many others, which made a coward of me ; not knowing wherefore, except that it seemed to me impossible that my wishes could ever be fulfilled. To all this, Don Fernando made me for answer that he would take upon himself to speak to my father, and induce him to speak to Lucinda's. O greedy Marius ! O cruel Cataline ! O wicked Sylla ! O perfidious Galalon ! O traitorous Vellido ! O vengeful Julius ! O covetous Judas ! traitor, cruel, vengeful, and perfidious ! what disservice had this wretch done thee, who, with so much frankness, had revealed to thee the secrets and the joys of his heart ? What wrong did I to thee ? What words did I utter, or what counsels give thee, which were not all directed to the advancement of thy honour and profit ? But of what do I complain, unhappy me ! since it is certain that when the train of the stars bring misfortune, as they come below from above, hurled with such fury and violence, there is no earthly force can stop, or human skill prevent them ?

Who could imagine that Don Fernando, a noble gentleman of discernment, under an obligation to me for favours, well able to obtain what his amorous desire might covet, wheresoever he turned, should burn to take from me, as I may say, my single lamb, which yet I did not possess ?

“ But, quitting these reflections as vain and profitless, let us take up once more the broken thread of my hapless story. I repeat, then, as it seemed to Don Fernando that my presence was a hindrance to the execution of his false and wicked designs, he purposed to send me to his eldest brother, on the pretext of borrowing from him some money to pay for six horses, which, to the end that I might be got out of the way, in order that he might the better carry out his damned intent, he bought on the very day that he offered to speak to my father. Could I foresee this treachery ? Could it come into my thought to imagine it ? Surely not ; but, rather, with the greatest good-will did I offer to set out forthwith, glad of the fine purchase he had made. That night I spoke to Lucinda, and told her what had been consented to between me and Don Fernando, bidding her have firm hope that our mutual and good desires should be fulfilled. She answered me, as unsuspecting as myself of Don Fernando’s treason, urging me to return with all speed, since she believed that the crowning of our affections would be deferred no longer than my father should delay to speak to hers. I know not how it happened, but as soon as she had said this her eyes filled with tears, and a knot

rose in her throat, which hindered her from uttering one word of the many which methought she strove to speak. I was struck with surprise at this new emotion, till then never seen in her; for, many times as my good fortune and my address allowed me to converse with her, it was in all joy and gladness, our intercourse being unmixed with tears, sighs, jealousies, suspicions, or fears.

“On my part, I was all for extolling my happiness that Heaven had bestowed her on me as a mistress; I would magnify her beauty, and admire her worth and understanding. She repaid me in double measure, commending in me what to her as a lover seemed worthy of praise. And then we would amuse each other with a hundred thousand trifles and things that had happened to our neighbours and acquaintance; and the utmost to which my presumption extended was to take, almost by force, one of her lovely white hands, and carry it to my lips, as well as I might for the narrowness of the nether window grating which divided us. On the night which preceded the sad day of my departure, she cried, moaned, sighed, and fled, leaving me full of confusion and alarm, and frightened at having beheld these unwonted and melancholy signs of grief and tenderness in Lucinda. But, because I would not murder my hopes, I attributed all to the force of the love she bore me, and to the sorrow which absence causes true lovers. In fine, I departed, sad and pensive, my soul filled with imaginations and suspicions, without knowing what I suspected or imagined; clear tokens which presaged the dark event and destiny which were prepared for me.

“I arrived at the town whither I was sent. I delivered the letters to Don Fernando’s brother. I was well received, but not well despatched, for he directed me to wait eight days, much to my disgust, and in a place where the duke, his father, should not see me; for his brother had written to him to send certain money without their father’s cognizance. And all was a contrivance of the false Don Fernando, for his brother lacked not money wherewith to despatch me at once. This order was such as to incline me to disobedience, for it seemed to me impossible to support life so many days absent from Lucinda, especially since I had left her in the distress which I have described to you. Nevertheless, I obeyed, like a good servant, although I knew that it must be at the cost of my salvation.

“But on the fourth day after I had arrived, there came a man in search of me, with a letter, which he gave me; by the superscription of which I knew it was from Lucinda, for the writing was hers. I opened it with fear and trembling, knowing that it must be some great matter which had moved her to write to me in my absence, seeing it was so rarely that she did so when I was present. I asked the man, before reading it, who had given it to him, and how long he had been on the road. He told me that passing by chance through one of the streets of the city, about the middle of the day, a very beautiful lady called to him from a window, her eyes filled with tears, and with much earnestness said to him: ‘Brother, if you are a Christian, as you seem to be, for God’s

love, I implore you, carry this letter quickly to the place and to the person whose address it bears (for they be well known) ; and therein you will do our Lord a great service. And that you may not lack the means to do this, take what is in this handkerchief ;' and, so saying, she threw me from the window a handkerchief in which were tied up a hundred reals, and this gold ring, which I have here, with that letter which I have given you. And then, without waiting my answer, she withdrew from the window ; but first saw me take up the letter and the handkerchief, I telling her by signs that I would do what she commanded me. And thus, seeing myself so well paid for my trouble in bringing it to you, and knowing, by the direction, that it was to you she sent it—for I, sir, know you very well—and moved likewise by the tears of that beautiful lady, I resolved not to trust any other person, but to come myself and deliver it to you ; and in the sixteen hours since it was given to me, I have made the journey, which, you know, is eighteen leagues.

“ Whilst the grateful and unexpected messenger was saying this to me, I hung upon his lips, my legs trembling so that I could hardly support myself. At length I opened the letter, and saw that it contained these words :—

“ The promise which Don Fernando gave you, to speak to your father that he might speak to mine, he has kept more to his liking than to your benefit. Know, sir, that he has demanded me for wife ; and my father, carried away by the advantages which he thinks Don Fernando has over you, has agreed to his wishes in such

good earnest, that in two days hence the espousals are to be celebrated, so secretly and privily that the heavens only, and some people of the family, are to be witnesses. What my state is, imagine. Whether it behoves you to, come; whether I love you well or not, the issue of this business will give you to understand. God grant that this may reach your hand ere mine be in danger of being joined to his who so ill can keep his plighted troth!

“Such, in substance, were the contents of the letter, which made me at once set out on my journey, without waiting either for answer or moneys; for now I plainly saw that it was not the purchase of the horses, but his own pleasure, which had induced Don Fernando to send me to his brother. The rage which I conceived against Don Fernando, joined to the fear of losing the pledge which I had won by so many years of service and affection, lent me wings, and, almost as though I had flown, the next day I reached the town, at the hour and moment favourable for a meeting with Lucinda. I entered secretly, leaving the mule on which I was riding at the house of the good man who had brought me the letter, and fortune pleased to be so kind to me then that I should find Lucinda stationed at the grating which was the witness of our loves. Lucinda knew me straight, and I knew her, but not as we ought to have known one another. But who is there in the world who can vaunt that he has fathomed and learnt the intricate mind and mutable nature of a woman? Assuredly, none. Let me say, then, that as soon as Lucinda saw

me, she said, 'Cardenio, I am dressed for the wedding; they are now waiting for me in the hall, Don Fernando the traitor, and my avaricious father, with others, who shall rather be witnesses of my death than of my espousals. Be not troubled, friend, but contrive how to be present at this sacrifice. If I cannot avert it by my arguments, I carry a hidden dagger, which shall avail me against the most resolute violence, giving thus an end to my life, and a beginning of tokens by which thou shalt know the affection I have ever borne and still do bear thee.' I answered her confusedly and hurriedly, fearing lest the opportunity for a reply should fail me, 'Let thy deeds, lady, prove the truth of thy words; for if thou carriest a dagger to defend thine honour, I here carry a sword, to defend with it thy life, or to kill myself should our fortune prove contrary.' I do not think she heard all these my words, for I perceived that she was called away in haste, as the bridegroom awaited her.

"With this the night of my sorrow set in; the sun of my joy went down; I was without light in my eyes, and without reason in my mind. I was irresolute to enter her house, and without power to stir me elsewhere; but, reflecting how needful was my presence for what might happen in that crisis, I roused myself as well as I could, and went into the house; and, since I knew very well all its entries and issues, and especially by reason of the secret tumult which reigned within, no one noticed me. Thus, without being seen, I found an opportunity of placing myself in the recess of a window in the same hall, which was

covered by the ends and folds of two pieces of tapestry, through which I was able to see, without being seen, all that was done in the hall.

“Who could describe the throbbing my heart gave during the time I stood there, the thoughts that assailed me, the reflections I made, which were so many and such that they can neither be told, nor is it right to tell them? Suffice you to know that the bridegroom entered the hall without other ornament than the clothes he was accustomed to wear. He had for his groomsman a first cousin of Lucinda; and throughout the hall there was no person else, save the servants of the house only. A little while after, there came Lucinda out of her dressing-room, attended by her mother and two of her maids, as bravely attired and decked as became her quality and beauty, and as one who was the perfection of courtly glory and splendour. My anxiety and distraction gave me no time to note what she wore; only was I able to mark the colours, which were crimson and white, and the glimmer which the precious stones and jewels gave out on her head-dress and over all her garments; all which yet were excelled by the singular beauty of her fair and golden tresses, that, in rivalry with the precious stones and the lights of the four torches, shone before the eye more brilliantly. O Memory! mortal foe of my repose! to what end serves it now to recall the incomparable beauty of that mine adored enemy? Were it not better, cruel Memory! that thou recallest and representest to me that which she did then; so that, moved by so flagrant a wrong,

I may strive, if not for vengeance, at least for a term to my life? Be not wearied, gentlemen, of hearing these digressions, for my pain is not one of those which can or should be recounted succinctly or lightly; for every circumstance of it appears to me to be worthy of a long discourse."

To this the priest responded that not only were they not weary of hearing him, but the particulars he related gave them much pleasure, being such as merited the same attention as the body of the story, and should not be passed over in silence.

"I say, then," continued Cardenio, "that they being all assembled in the hall, there entered the priest of the parish, who took them both by the hand, in order to perform what the ceremony required. On his saying, *Wilt thou, Lady Lucinda, take Don Fernando, who is here present, to be thy lawful husband as our holy mother Church directs?* I thrust out my head and neck from between the tapestries, and with eager ears and troubled soul listened for Lucinda's response, waiting, in her answer, the sentence of my death or the warrant of my life. Oh! if one had dared then to issue forth, crying aloud, 'O Lucinda, Lucinda! mark what thou doest; consider what thou owest me; remember, thou art mine, and cannot be another's. Take heed, for thy saying *Yes* and the finishing of my life shall be all in one instant. O traitor Don Fernando! robber of my glory! death of my life! what wouldst thou? What dost thou claim? Think that thou canst not as a Christian achieve thine intention, for Lucinda is my wife, and I am her husband!' O fool that I am! now

that I am absent, and far from danger, I can say what I ought to have said, but did not. Now that I have let my precious jewel be stolen, I curse the robber, on whom I might have taken vengeance, had I as much heart for it as now I have for whining. In fine, since I was then a coward and an idiot, it is no matter I now die ashamed, repentant, and mad. The priest stood awaiting the response of Lucinda, who delayed a long time giving it; and when I thought she would draw out the dagger in her defence, or loose her tongue to speak some truth, or make some disclosure which might redound to my advantage, I heard her, in a voice low and faint, say, *I will*. The same said Don Fernando; and giving her the ring, they were tied with an indissoluble knot. The bridegroom approached to embrace his bride, and she, putting her hand to her heart, fell fainting in her mother's arms.

“It remains now to be told in what state I was left, seeing in that *I will*, which I had heard, the mockery of my hopes, the falsehood of the words and pledges of Lucinda, and myself disabled to recover at any time the happiness which in that moment I had lost. I remained bereft of my senses, abandoned, to my seeming, by all heaven; proclaimed an enemy of the earth which nourished me; the air denying me breath for my sighs, and the water moisture for my tears—only the fire so increased that all within burned with rage and jealousy. When Lucinda fainted, all were in commotion; and, her mother unlacing her bosom to give her air, they discovered a folded paper, which Don Fernando seized at once, and went aside to

read it by the light of one of the torches ; and after he had done reading it, he sat down in a chair and leant his cheek upon his hand, like one in very thoughtful mood, without taking notice of the remedies which they were applying to his bride to recover her of her swoon.

“Seeing all the people of the house in confusion, I ventured to issue forth, caring nothing whether I were seen or not ; but with the determination, if they saw me, to act so desperate a part that all the world should come to know the just indignation of my soul, by the punishment of the baseness of Don Fernando, and even of the perfidy of the fainting traitress. But my fate, which must have reserved me for greater evils—if it be possible for such to be—ordained that then my reason should superabound, which since has failed me ; and so, without caring to take vengeance on my greatest enemies (which it was easy to do, seeing how little they suspected my presence there), I wished to take it on myself, and to inflict on mine own person the penalty they merited, and even, perhaps, with greater rigour than I should have used towards them, had I then put them to death. For, of the death which comes suddenly, the pain is soon ended ; but that which lingers in torments kills always, without ending the life. In a word, I fled from that house, and reached the one where I had left the mule. I had it saddled ; without taking leave, I mounted and rode away from the city like another Lot, not daring to turn my face and look behind me.

“When I found myself alone on the plain, covered by the darkness of night, and invited by its silence

to give vent to my sorrows without care or fear of being overheard or recognized, I loosed my voice and untied my tongue in so many maledictions of Lucinda and Don Fernando, as if thereby I could satisfy the wrong they had done me. I gave her the names of cruel, scornful, false, and thankless ; but, above all, mercenary ; since the wealth of mine enemy had blinded the eyes of her affection, to deprive me thereof, and bestow it upon him, with whom fortune had dealt more freely and bountifully.

“ Yet, in the midst of this torrent of malediction and reproaches, I would excuse her, saying that it was no marvel that a maiden, kept close in her parent’s home, made and accustomed always to obey them, should have wished to conform to their pleasure, seeing that they gave her for husband so noble a cavalier, so rich and accomplished a gentleman ; as to reject him would have been reputed in her either a lack of sense, or that she had placed her affections elsewhere, which would have reflected so much on her honour and good name. Then, again, I would say that though she had told them I was her husband, they might see that in choosing me she had not made so ill a choice as for her not to be excused ; since, before Don Fernando offered himself, they themselves could not possibly desire, had their wishes been measured by reason, any other better than me for their daughter’s husband ; and that she might easily have said, before putting herself in that last-enforced extremity of giving away her hand, that I had already given her mine, when I should have come out and

agreed to all which might have suited her on that occasion. In fine, I concluded how that little love, little judgment, much ambition, and desire for greatness had made her forget the words with which she had deceived, amused, and buoyed me up in my fervent hopes and honest desires.

“ In these lamentations and this disquietude, I journeyed on through the rest of the night, and at day-break I struck into a pass amidst these ranges, over which I travelled other three days, without road or path, until I halted at some meadows that lie I know not on which side of these mountains ; and there I inquired of some herdsmen where lay the most rugged spot in all these hills. They told me that it was in this direction. At once I made for it with the intention of closing my life here. On coming among these crags, my mule fell down dead through weariness and hunger, or rather—as I believe—to rid herself of so useless a load as in me she carried. I remained on foot, nature having succumbed, exhausted with hunger, without help, or mind to seek it. In this state I continued, I know not how long, stretched on the ground. At length I rose, without any feeling of hunger, and discovered close to me some goatherds, who, doubtless, were those who had relieved my necessities ; for they told me of the condition in which they had found me, and how I uttered so many follies and extravagances as clearly gave token that I had lost my wits. And I have felt, since then, that I am not always myself, but so weakened and deranged that I commit a thousand fooleries, tearing my garments, crying aloud

in these solitudes, cursing my fate, and vainly repeating the beloved name of my cruel mistress, without having other motive or intention at the time than to end my life in lamentation. When I come to myself, I find that I am so weary and bruised that I am scarcely able to move. My commonest dwelling is in the hollow of a cork tree, which is large enough to cover this miserable body. The cowherds and goat-herds who frequent these mountains, moved by charity, provide me with sustenance, placing food for me by the tracks and on the rocks, where they think that by chance I shall pass and find it; and so, even when my reason fails, the instinct of nature makes me know my food, and wakes in me the desire to taste, and the will to take it. At other times they tell me, when they find me in my senses, that I rush out upon the roads and take it from them by force, although they would give me willingly what the shepherds bring from the village to the folds. In this manner do I pass what remains of my wretched life, until Heaven shall be pleased to bring it to its final term, or to cause my memory to forget the beauty and the treachery of Lucinda, and the perfidy of Fernando. And if it shall do this without taking from me my life, I will turn my thoughts to a better course; if not, there is nothing else but to implore its infinite mercy upon my soul, for in myself I feel neither courage nor strength to rid my body out of the strait into which, for my own pleasure, I have sought to plunge it.

“ This, O sirs, is the bitter tale of my adversity. Tell me if it is such that it could be recited with less

feeling than that which you have noted in me? And trouble not yourselves to persuade or counsel me as to that which reason may suggest to you as good for my relief ; for it will profit me as much as medicine prescribed by some famous physician profits the patient who will not take it. I care not for health without Lucinda ; and since it is her pleasure to be another's, when she is or ought to be mine, be it my pleasure to give myself up to misery, who might have belonged to happiness. She, with her fickleness, sought to make stable my perdition, and I, by striving to destroy myself, would please to do her will ; and it shall be a lesson to all in future that to me alone there lacked what aboundeth in all wretches to whom the very impossibility of cure is a consolation, which in me is the cause of greater anguish and evil, because I believe that not even with death itself shall they end."

Cardenio here ended his large discourse, and his woeful and amorous story ; and at the moment when the priest was preparing to say to him some words of solace, he was checked by a voice that reached his ears, which, in pitiful accents, they heard declare that which shall be told in the fourth part of this history ; for at this point the wise and considerate historian, Cid Hamete Benengeli, gave ending to the third.

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END OF VOL. I.

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